

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:  
A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXX. — DECEMBER, 1897. — No. CCCCLXXXII.

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THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

A VERY essential preliminary to the consideration of the American historical novel, in the light of either the achievements of the past or the possibilities of the future, must be a decision as to exactly what components go to constitute historical fiction. Though the term is one of common use, and in such use seems sufficiently definite, analysis reveals that it is a very loosely applied expression, and that a satisfactory definition is by no means a simple matter.

Superficially it is apparent that an historical novel is one which grafts upon a story actual incidents or persons well enough known to be recognized as historical elements. But this is inadequate as a line of demarcation, for it is necessarily based wholly on the reader's knowledge of history and thus cannot be accepted as a test, since it becomes solely a matter of personal view. An old story runs that a turfman bought a Life of Petrarch, conceiving it to be a record of his favorite race-horse, and was loud in his complaints when, as he phrased it, the book proved to be "all about a bloomin' poet." Clearly to this gentleman a novel which introduces Petrarch would not inherently be one founded on history. Is Stevenson's *Treasure Island* historical, in that we are somewhat concerned in the doings of Blackbeard and Flint, pirates of much fame in their own day? Is Melville's *Israel Potter* historical, in that it is elaborated from the old prisoner's pamphlet autobiography which he himself hawked about the country? Yet

to most novel-readers Flint and Potter are as absolutely fictitious characters as any in romance. Thus an attempt to use the knowledge of the reader as a test is entirely inadequate.

Nor is the question of accuracy any more serviceable, for the most correct historical novels fall far short of what can be called historical truth, and any separation educed by this test becomes admittedly one merely of degree and, therefore, so wanting in exactness as to be wholly inapplicable for classification. The Pretender never came in disguise to England, as Thackeray by his *Henry Esmond* has made so many people believe, and the colonial laws of Massachusetts decreed a totally different story from that Hawthorne tells in *The Scarlet Letter*.

Granting that we must include all stories involving actual events or characters; even though no attempt is made to be historically correct, we still have not established a satisfactory limit, for another range of books at once claim inclusion. To most of its many thousand readers, Mrs. Foster's famous old story of *The Coquette*, or the History of Eliza Wharton, is simply a piece of imagination, ranking with *Clarissa* and *Evelina*, but to the antiquarian the tale told by the letters of Eliza Wharton and Major Sanford is in truth the narrative of the intrigue of Sarah Whitman and Pierrepont Edwards. Whether Mrs. Rowson's *Charlotte Temple* was really Charlotte Stanley, or her betrayer, Colonel Mon-

treville, the Colonel Montresor whom students of Revolutionary history know as one of the engineers of the British army, is still a matter of dispute. When the truth of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was challenged, she published in a volume her authorities, thus revealing the strong historical basis the book had. The giving of aliases to actual individuals in putting them into novels is certainly but a piece of fictional license akin to the twisting of events, and can scarcely exclude the books in which such liberties are taken from being fairly judged historical.

Still more difficult of classification is what may be termed the Novel of Manners, or, perhaps, more descriptively, the Novel of an Epoch. A book of this class, though dealing with neither historical incidents nor real people, may yet convey a far truer picture of the time than the most elaborate stories of the before-mentioned kinds. An atmosphere can be as historical as an occurrence, and a created character can transmit a truer sense of a generation than the most labored biography of some actual person. It is scarcely possible to obtain a more vivid idea of the eighteenth-century life and people than is to be found in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, and in this sense it is the best of historical fiction. In the three volumes of the *Littlepage MSS.* Cooper took as his central theme the history of the great land grants of New York; *Satanstoe* relates the motives of state which induced the granting of the patents, the means taken to secure them, and the struggle with the Indians for their possession; *The Chainbearer* carries the history one point further by showing the method of settling these land grants, and tells of the struggle for possession between the owner and the squatters; and finally, the third of the series, *The Redskins*, deals with the fierce "antirent" war which broke out on the same estates some fifty years later. It is apparent, therefore, that these three books

are historical novels. In fact, however, they are not more truly historical than the early works of Bret Harte, and it is a safe assertion to make that if the day ever comes when his stories of California are no longer held to be the classics of the West, they will still be read as pictures of the up-building of the Sierra States, or as historical novels.

It appears doubly defective to limit the historical novel to works describing occurrences that have passed out of the realm of contemporaneity into that of history, for it is obvious that every decade and every century must serve to make the pictures less true to life. Possibly it will be urged that time is needed to gain the perspective requisite for historical treatment; that is, to be able to write with breadth of view and without party feeling. This is to overlook a fact long since recognized in the writing of true history: that partisan feeling is a matter not of a generation, but of an individual; it is as rare to find history written without a bias as it is to find an unbiased man. In other words, partisanship is a matter of personality, and it is as easy for a fair-minded writer to treat of contemporary events without feeling as of those of a hundred years ago. Furthermore, the introduction of party feeling, or of bias, tends rather to make a novel truer to life than if it is written from a broader standpoint. In reading *Westward Ho!* few can fail to be irritated at its intense and narrow-minded anti-Romanism, yet no atmosphere could be truer from the English standpoint of the period of the Spanish Armada. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was almost a party platform, and therefore is absolute truth from one point of view. Tourgée's *A Fool's Errand* at the time of its publication could be read as a novel or as a contemporary essay on reconstruction problems in the South, and eventually it should unquestionably rank well up in historical fiction. Charles Brockden Brown's *Arthur Mervyn* was

printed almost immediately after the events described, but that does not prevent its being the best description, in an historical sense, of the Philadelphia pestilence of 1793.

Nor is party feeling avoided by lapse of years, tradition being as partisan as the men who transmit it. Save in one or two of Cooper's novels, it would be well-nigh impossible to find a romance dealing with Revolutionary history which does not make the Whig of that war the patriot, and the Tory the disloyal and, usually, evil-acting man. Yet the student of history knows that the loyalists, if a minority, were largely composed of the gentry and educated classes of the country; that they were the equivalent of what to-day are termed the "better element," and were superior in character to many of the men who opposed them. No American novelist has ventured to write of John Hancock and Jonathan Trumbull as men suspected of smuggling, or of Samuel Adams as a public man who sought, as other officials have done more recently, to vindicate himself from the charge of defalcation by an appeal to the ballots of the masses. Would any American author, striving to write popular fiction, dare to picture one signer of the Declaration as selling the secrets of his country to the French Ministry for a paltry pension, or another taking advantage of information of the need of the Continental cause for wheat to corner the supply at once so far as he was able? In one case alone have our writers dared to draw an approximately faithful portrait of a man who came to the front in early Revolutionary days, to describe the bounty-jumper, deserter, smuggler, and drunkard, who, nevertheless, rose to high honor in the American cause, and the reason for this exception is explained when the name of the man is given as Benedict Arnold.

This ability to see only one side of the Revolution is the more extraordinary since, in another respect, the Ameri-

can people, and the translators of their thought, have shown for the most part a very unusual fairness, and this distinction is in itself proof of the main point contended for: that distance or lapse of time has nothing to do with fairness of view. Already we have a material amount of romance dealing with the civil war period, with scarcely an example that does not take a broad and generous view of both sides, while, as already noted, a fair-minded Revolutionary novel is almost an unknown quantity. In fact, it could be claimed without much exaggeration that Thomas Nelson Page's *Meh Lady* contains more that is irenic than any ten novels treating of the Revolution. This distinction merely is proof, it will be said, of the inherent alienage towards Great Britain, and of the inherent nationalism of the American people; but the rancors of 1783 were little more bitter than the rancors of 1865, and that the first should find continuous expression in historical fiction and the other scarcely at all, though they are equally valuable from the novelist's point of view, illustrates the influence of popular view on the writers, and shows how absolutely reflective they are of the opinions and prejudices of their own generation. Still more it shows how little lapse of time goes to make the historical novel, and therefore how absurd it is to use the most obvious line of demarcation as an adequate limit.

No less absurd, however, would be the inclusion of all stories of contemporary life, for novels of manners do not intrinsically contain the faintest historical suggestion. A host of popular novelists of to-day are drawing for us the life of New York or Boston without embodying in their work the coloring which, in the future, might give their romances the quality of interest that we find in some of the books already mentioned. Yet these contemporary writers intend to convey as true a picture of the particular life they are delineating as did Han-

nah Foster, Charles Brockden Brown, or Bret Harte. It would be easy to pick out from the novels of the last decade one hundred dealing with the every-day life of New Yorkers, most of them written by indwellers of that city of considerable literary reputation, but it would be a bold prophet who should venture to predict for one of these books that it would be read fifty or one hundred years hence for its description of New York life and people.

Recognition of these facts must force the conclusion that a novel is historical or unhistorical because it embodies or does not embody the real feelings and tendencies of the age or generation it attempts to depict, and in no sense because the events it records have happened or the people it describes have lived. That is, the events and characters must be typical, not exceptional, to give it the atmosphere which, to another generation, shall make it seem more than a mere created fancy; and just because it is so much more difficult to draw a type than a freak, and because the exception appeals to the literary mind so much more than the rule, we have in every decade a great mass of romance nominally describing the life of the period, which, if read a few years later, is so untrue to the senses as really to seem caricature rather than true drawing.

Viewing the historical novel from this standpoint, it is obvious that two elements go to constitute it: First, that it must reflect a point of view either of a contemporary party, or else of a succeeding generation, upon some subject which has at one time been a matter of controversy, if not of conflict. Second, that some one or more characters in the novel must be true expressions of the period with which the book deals, or must approximate to contemporary belief of what the people of that period were like. In both these senses the inaccuracy of treatment which probably results does not flow from the writer,

but rather from the reader. This possibly explains what at first thought seems a curious fact in historical fiction. With hardly an exception, true historians have failed signally when they came to write historical novels. In America, John Lothrop Motley, Edward Eggleston, W. Gilmore Simms, and J. Esten Cooke, all of whom have won success in historical writing, have essayed to turn their knowledge to use in historical fiction; yet it is to be questioned if the average reader of to-day has ever heard of Merry Mount, Montezuma, or The Virginian Comedians; and if the works of Mr. Simms have somewhat more repute, it is scarcely because of their greater interest, but because of their greater number. Dr. Eggleston has, notwithstanding, quite unconsciously given us in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* a novel which in its descriptions of mid-western life deserves in every sense a place as an historical novel, and this in itself is proof that the historian is not fundamentally incapable of writing historical fiction.

All this tends to show that the great historical novel in the past has not been notable because of its use of historical events and characters, but because of its use of an historical atmosphere, such as Scott created in his *Ivanhoe* and *Thackeray* in his *Esmond*. It is an actual fact that Queen Anne's time stands out in the latter book with far more clearness than can be obtained from any history of the same period, and a similar assertion can be made almost as strongly of the former. In neither case, however, is it due to the introduction of real characters, and the incidents in both books are notoriously unhistorical. In *Ivanhoe*, by the use of certain elemental moods of mind, as by the struggle between Norman and Saxon, by the universal attitude towards the Jew, by outlaw and Templar, the big feelings of the time of Richard I. stand out clearly; and the book has satisfied the imagination of millions of readers. So in *Esmond* we



have the contest between the Jacobite and the Georgian, with its background of religious conflict, but in place of the tourney and the battlement as the means to an end, we have the intrigue and plotting which belong to the time of Marlborough and Bolingbroke. Briefly, in each case the atmosphere of the book is correct, falsify or pervert history as it may, and, therefore, as already said, each satisfies the imagination of the reader. For a like reason *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Deerslayer* have done the same. The reader breathes Puritanism throughout the first. It is not alone the descriptions of Massachusetts life that give the story this wonderful quality. Dimmesdale's conscience and the intellectual cruelty of his tormentor are truer historically than what in the book purports to be reconstructed from documentary sources. *The Deerslayer* is a description of an isolated outpost struggle between white and red — a series of adventures that Cooper might have placed at almost any date, and in almost any spot in this country. Yet the world over it has been accepted as the classic of the wonderful two hundred and fifty years' struggle between two races for the possession of a continent.

There can be little question that the historical novel has two advantages which well-nigh make it preëminent in interest. Foremost of these is the atmosphere of truth which is conveyed to the mind of the reader by the mention of real persons and places and events. This is equivalent to proving that a part of the book is based on fact, and, admitting this as so, most people fail to make the slightest distinction, but assume that all that is told them is of the same credibility. In other words, the whole story is made more reasonable, that is, more believable, to people, and therefore more interesting. For in however intellectual an attitude a romance is read, its primary enjoyment is due to how far the reader is made to accept the tale as

something that has happened or might have happened.

The secondary advantage is but a development of this first one. As most people like or dislike a book because of what is termed its "convincingness," so a large number of readers seek to combine with their fiction a certain amount of instruction; and this has made the novel in our day a favorite means of education in an historical sense: a tale which would not be read as a story, and which would be laughed out of court as a history, may by the combination of the two obtain a distinct success, much as an inferior cordial and inferior spirits by blending can be made to pass for a fair brew of punch.

The chief advantage already dwelt upon involves none the less two distinct difficulties which seriously handicap historical fiction. The lesser of these is the rigidity of the events and conditions. It will, perhaps, be answered that the most glaring inaccuracies and twistings have been condoned. This cannot be denied, but it can be answered that anything is pardoned in a book with merits positive enough to balance its defects, and that thousands of novels with good in them, which have failed and been forgotten, fully offset the few which have succeeded in spite of their faults. On the contrary, even the most heedless and uninformed writer who attempts to use the materials of actual history must at once become conscious of the enormous hampering of pen freedom, though incidents and character are seemingly twisted at the will of the writer. The knowledge that he is falsifying facts gives to his work a resulting want of verisimilitude in the treatment that materially injures the book. What is more, the effect on the reader who detects this untruthfulness is a most important if intangible quantity. The writer can remember the little shock, and the resulting changed attitude of his own mood towards a novel treating of Shakespeare's

life, upon coming to the statement of the number of guineas paid the dramatist for a play, simply because he happened to know that the guinea was the coinage of the East India Company, and was not in use till Shakespeare had been many years in his grave. So, too, the best American historical novel of English writing excited the utmost merriment among its critics by a mere passing allusion to maple-sugar making in October. The greatest license is allowed the poet as compared to the novelist, but it is to be questioned if an American ever read Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming* without a laugh over the "happy shepherd swain" who danced on the frontier "with timbrels" and "lovely maidens pranked with floweret new," while the "flamingo disported like a meteor on the lakes." Just because the novel purports to be historical, such slips are noted with far closer attention, and to avoid them is a task of great difficulty.

The second difficulty, and one is tempted to say the inherent defect, is the delineation of character—a difficulty so strongly marked that it extends not merely to the historical characters embodied, but often as well to the imaginative ones. Few who have written fiction have escaped the accusation of taking their characters from living models, for the lay reader apparently never realizes how much more easy it is for the author to imagine a type than to copy it. In the one case the plot practically produces the character: that is, your hero or heroine, your good man or your bad man, must, to make your story, speak or be silent at such a point; must make a sacrifice here, or draw back from one there. If your plot is properly made, if there are enough "things to be done," or "action," to use the playwright's technical expression, your character is really created; and the only work left for the writer is to fill in the minor details so that the character shall seem a consistent whole. The task is quite dif-

ferent, however, when an attempt is made to copy from life. Knowledge of any one person is at best superficial, and in conventional life is limited to little more than an impression of drawing-room conduct, or what might be properly termed the dress-parade moments of life. To meet a woman at half a dozen teas, to spend an hour in her opera-box, and to sit on her right hand at a dinner or two, is very far from knowing what her behavior would be in the exceptional moments of life, which is the concern of romance. Inevitably an attempt to copy from life must be but little better than trying to sketch from a model who is differently posed from the attitude you are endeavoring to draw, and it must necessarily produce a sense of unreality in the character. Nor is it an answer to say that as no living person is wholly consistent, if an action of an imaginary man or woman seems uncharacteristic it is only the truer to life. This is to lose sight of a law as fixed as that of perspective in painting. A character in a novel, as in a play, is a failure unless there is in it a distinct quality of fatalism. Your audience in each case must be absolutely prepared for the action taken in the crisis or climax. The situation may be original, there may be entire surprise; but the action of the character in that situation must be as definite and as expected, or, in other words, as reasonable (in accordance with the known qualities of the person) as the movement of pawns in a well-analyzed chess opening.

It will easily be conceived, then, with what difficulty an historical personage is transferred to the pages of a novel. The character is definite while the conditions are new, and unless the events are selected to suit the man, that is, unless the plot is built from the character, instead of the character being evolved from the plot, the result is almost hopelessly artificial. As an example, take the idea of Washington as presented in *The Virginians*. How shadowy the drawing is, how

absolutely weak the personality, as compared with those of George and Harry Warrington! Thackeray had studied the conventional historical portrait of the man and then transferred it as well as could be to new surroundings. But just because the man was so well known, the author was all the more hampered in his treatment of him, and painstakingly as he sought to vivify him, the portrait is at once colorless through its attempted accuracy, yet defective in its truth. Who in reading of the prim, formal, sensible man of twenty-six in the novel could infer from his reading the reality? — the gay young officer who was over-fond of "fashionable" clothes; who held a good cue at billiards; who passed whole days winning or losing money at cards; who loved the theatre and the cock-pit; who could brew bowls of arrack punch, and do his share in drinking them; who could dance for three hours without once resting; and who fell in and out of love so fiercely and so easily. Nor is this artificiality due to a transatlantic point of view of our greatest American. The portrait of Washington as given by Cooper in *The Spy* is equally absurd, though drawn by an American writer who could have talked with many who knew Washington personally. In each case the attempt is made to give us, not Major Washington of the Virginia regiment, or General Washington of the Continental army, but the sobered and aged President Washington of tradition.

These restrictions and limitations have produced their natural result, for in all American historical fiction there cannot be found a celebrated character who was as well a real character. The assertion might, indeed, be extended to English literature, for if Scott's *Louis XI.* or Shakespeare's innumerable characters are cited, it can be said that these characters are so absolutely the creation of the writers that they fall really within the imaginative rather than the histori-

cal class, and to this day the historian finds one of his distinct difficulties to be the existence of preconceived ideas of many historical characters, due solely to the novelist and dramatist. If this goes to prove that there has been no great historical character in fiction, it does not imply that historical fiction has not given us its full share of people who have passed into literature as types. American historical fiction has done even more, for it has created for us our idea concerning two great races which, it is probable, will remain through all time. The character of the black as delineated in *Uncle Tom* and in *Topsy* for some reason satisfies the imagination, and however much one may know and see of the negro in the South to counteract this view, it remains the one to which the mind recurs in thinking of the negro in the abstract. Even more remarkable is the second type, created for us by one man. To Cooper alone is due the accepted idea of the American Indian, and the application of the adjective "noble" to his race. The historian, or even the reader, who has sifted the truth of the red man as told in the early Jesuit Relations and the writings of such voyagers and explorers as Carver, Mackenzie, Lewis and Clark, and Schoolcraft, knows that the Indian ranks low in the scale of man; that he was always so much inferior to the white in intelligence and vigor that the frontiersman excelled him in woodcraft and physical endurance; that he was something of a coward; and that he is practically incapable of romance, or even of kindness, toward a woman. None the less, the Indian Cooper created, typified in Chingachgook and Uncas, will probably remain for all time the model from which future draughtsmen will work. But the historical novel of the past has done more than this for American literature. It has given us in Cooper and Hawthorne our two most famous novelists; and in the best of their work, and in

Uncle Tom's Cabin and Ben-Hur, we have what to this day are the most positive successes of American fiction.

What a blending of history and romance may do as to the future it is idle to attempt to prophesy. At the present moment there seems a revival of interest in American history, and the novelist has been quickly responsive to it. In the resulting literature, however, we find as yet the same defects that appear in much, one is tempted to say all, of our contemporary fiction. That is, an entire disregard of the big elements of American life and an over-accentuation of the untypical. In a general survey of our fiction, one is struck with its almost universal silence on all that has given us distinct nationality. Who in reading American fiction has ever brought away a sense of real glory in his own country? We are told that our people are hopelessly occupied in money-making, and that our politics are shamefully corrupt. Yet the joint product of these forces has won, or is winning, equality of man, religious liberty, the right of asylum, freedom of the ocean, arbitration of international disputes, and universal education; and this, too, while these people were fighting a threefold struggle with man, beast, and nature across a vast continent.

Disregarding all this, the novelist has

turned to the petty in American life. With the most homogeneous people in both thought and language in the world, American literature is overburdened with dialect stories; with no true class distinctions, and with an essential resemblance in American life from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the novel of locality has been accepted as typical and not exceptional; with a people less absorbed in and less influenced by so-called society than any other great nation, we are almost submerged with what may be styled the Afternoon Tea Novel. It may be good fictional material, for human nature should be after all the first consideration of the novelist, but whales are not caught in pails, nor are the great purposes and passions of mankind usually to be found in the neighborhood of "the cups that cheer but not inebriate." And so our novelists may be likened to the early miners of gold, who, overlooking the vast mountain lodes of precious metal, industriously sifted the river-bed for the little shining particles that had been washed down from the former. American history and American life have their rich lodes of gold-bearing quartz; and when our people produce as good literary workers as mechanical engineers, when the best of our imagination turns from the practical to the ideal, there will be no lack of an American fiction.

*Paul Leicester Ford.*

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#### AUTUMN.

BROTHER, Time is a thing how slight!  
 Day lifts and falls, and it is night.  
 Rome stands an hour, and the green leaf  
 Buds into being bright and brief.  
 For us, God has at least in store  
 One shining moment (less or more).  
 Seize, then, what mellow sun we may,  
 To light us in the darker day.

*P. H. Savage.*

FROM A MATTRESS GRAVE.

"I am a Jew, I am a Christian. I am tragedy, I am comedy, — Heraclitus and Democritus in one; a Greek, a Hebrew; an adorer of despotism as incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of communism as embodied in Proudhon; a Latin, a Teuton; a beast, a devil, a god."

THE carriage stopped, and the speckless footman, jumping down, inquired, "Monsieur Heine?"

The concierge, knitting beside the porte-cochère, looked at him, looked at the glittering victoria he represented and at the grande dame who sat in it, shielding herself with a parasol from the glory of the Parisian sunlight; then she shook her head.

"But this is No. 3 Avenue Matignon?"

"Yes, but monsieur receives only his old friends. He is dying."

"Madame knows. Take up her name."

The concierge glanced at the elegant card. She saw "Lady" — which she imagined meant an English duchesse — and words scribbled on it in pencil.

"It is au cinquième," she said, with a sigh.

"I will take it up."

Ere he returned madame descended, and passed from the sparkling sunshine into the gloom of the portico, with a melancholy consciousness of the symbolic; for her spirit, too, had its poetic intuitions and insights, and had been trained by friendship with one of the wittiest and tenderest women of her time to some more than common apprehension of the greater spirit at whose living tomb she was come to worship. Hers was a fine face, wearing the triple aristocracy of beauty, birth, and letters. The complexion was of lustreless ivory, the black hair wound round and round. The stateliness of her figure completed the impression of a Roman matron.

"Monsieur Heine begs that your lady-

ship will do him the honor of mounting, and will forgive him the five stories for the sake of the view."

Her ladyship's sadness was tintured by a faint smile at the message, which the footman delivered without any suspicion that the view in question meant the view of Heine himself. But then that admirable menial had not the advantage of her comprehensive familiarity with Heine's writings. She crossed the blank stony courtyard and toiled up the curving five flights, her mind astir with pictures and emotions.

She had scribbled on her card a reminder of her identity; but could he remember, after all those years and in his grievous sickness, the little girl of twelve who had sat next to him at the Boulogne table d'hôte? And she herself could scarcely realize at times that the fat, good-natured, short-sighted little man who had lounged with her daily at the end of the pier, telling her stories, was the most mordant wit in Europe, "the German Aristophanes," and that those nursery tales, grotesquely compact of mermaids, water-sprites, and a funny old French fiddler with a poodle that diligently took three baths a day, were the frolicsome improvisations of perhaps the greatest lyric poet of his age. She recalled their parting: "When you go back to England, you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine." To which the little girl, "And who is Heinrich Heine?" — a query which had set the fat little man roaring with laughter.

These things might be vivid still in her own vision, — they colored all she had read since from his magic pen: the wonderful poems, interpreting with equal magic the romance of the mediæval world, or the modern soul, naked and unashamed, as if clothed in its own

complexity; the humorous-tragic questionings of the universe; the delicious travel pictures and fantasies; the lucid criticisms of art and politics and philosophy, informed with malicious wisdom, shimmering with poetry and wit. But as for him, doubtless she and her ingenious interrogation had long since faded from his tumultuous life.

The odors of the sick-room recalled her to the disagreeable present. In the sombre light she stumbled against a screen covered with paper painted to look like lacquer-work, and as the slipshod old nurse in a *serre-tête* motioned her forwards she had a dismal sense of a lodging-house interior, a bourgeois barrenness enhanced by two engravings after Léopold Robert, depressingly alien from that dainty *boudoir* atmosphere of the artist life she knew.

But this sordid impression was swallowed up in the vast tragedy behind the screen. Upon a pile of mattresses heaped on the floor lay the poet. He had raised himself a little on his pillows, amid which showed a longish, pointed white face, with high cheek-bones, a Grecian nose, and a large pale mouth, wasted from the sensualism she recollected in it to a strange Christ-like beauty. The outlines of the shriveled body beneath the sheet seemed those of a child of ten, and the legs looked curiously twisted. One thin little hand, as of transparent wax, delicately artistic, upheld a paralyzed eyelid, under which he peered at her.

"Lucy liebechen!" he piped joyously. "So you have found out who Heinrich Heine is!"

He used the familiar German "*du*;" for him she was still his little friend. But to her the moment was too poignant for speech. The terrible passages in the last writings of this greatest of autobiographers, which she had hoped poetically colored, were then painfully, prosaically true.

"Can it be that I still actually exist?

My body is so shrunken that there is hardly anything left of me but my voice, and my bed makes me think of the melodious grave of the enchanter Merlin, which is in the forest of Broceliand, in Brittany, under high oaks whose tops shine like green flames to heaven. Oh, I envy thee those trees, brother Merlin, and their fresh waving! For over my mattress grave here in Paris no green leaves rustle, and early and late I hear nothing but the rattle of carriages, hammering, scolding, and the jingle of pianos. A grave without rest; death without the privileges of the departed, who have no longer any need to spend money, or to write letters, or to compose books."

And then she thought of that ghastly comparison of himself to the ancient German singer, — the poor clerk of the Chronicle of Limburg, — whose sweet songs were sung and whistled from morning to night all through Germany, while he himself, smitten with leprosy, hooded and cloaked and carrying the *lazarus-clapper*, moved through the shuddering city. Silently she held out her hand, and he gave her his bloodless fingers; she touched the strangely satin skin and felt the fever beneath.

"It cannot be my little Lucy," he said reproachfully. "She used to kiss me. But even Lucy's kiss cannot thrill my paralyzed lips."

She stooped and kissed his lips. His little beard felt soft and weak as the hair of a baby.

"Ah, I have made my peace with the world and with God. Now he sends me his death-angel."

She struggled with the lump in her throat. "You must be indeed a prey to illusions if you mistake an Englishwoman for Azrael."

"Ach, why was I so bitter against England? I was only once in England, years ago. I knew nobody, and London seemed so full of fog and Englishmen. And I wrote a ballet for your Mr. Lumley, and it was never produced. Now



England has avenged herself beautifully. She sends me you. Others, too, mount the hundred and five steps. I am an annex to the Paris Exposition. Remains of Heinrich Heine. A very pilgrimage of the royal demimonde. A Russian princess brings the hateful odor of her pipe," he said, with scornful satisfaction; "an Italian princess babbles of *her* aches and pains as if in competition with mine. But the gold medal would fall to *my* nerves, I am convinced, if they were on view at the Exposition. No, no, don't cry; I meant you to laugh. Don't think of me as you see me now; pretend to me I am as you first knew me. But how fine and beautiful *you* have grown, even to my fraction of an eye, which sees the sunlight as through black gauze! Fancy, little Lucy has a husband, a husband — and the poodle still takes three baths a day. Are you happy, darling, are you happy?"

She nodded. It seemed a sacrilege to claim happiness.

"Das ist eigen! Yes, you were always so merry. God be thanked! How refreshing to find one woman with a heart, and that unseared! Here the women have a metronome under their corsets, which beats time, but not music. Himmel! what a whiff of my youth you bring me! Does the sea still roll green at the end of Boulogne pier, and do the sea-gulls fly, while I lie here, a Parisian Prometheus, chained to my bed-post? Ah, had I only the bliss of a rock with the sky above me! But I must not complain. For six years before I moved here I had nothing but a ceiling to defy. Now my balcony gives sideways on the Champs Élysées, and sometimes I dare to lie outside on a sofa, and peer at beautiful, beautiful Paris as she sends up her soul in sparkling fountains, and incarnates herself in pretty women who trip along like dance-music. Look!"

To please him she went to a window, and saw upon the narrow iron-grilled

balcony a tent of striped chintz, like the awning of a café, supported by a light iron framework. Her eyes were blurred by unshed tears, and she divined rather than saw the far-stretching avenue palpitating with the fevered life of the Great Exposition year; the intoxicating sunlight; the horse-chestnut trees dappling with shade the leafy footways; the white fountain-spray and flaming flower-beds of the Rond Point; the flashing, flickering stream of carriages flowing to the Bois with their freight of beauty and wealth and insolent vice.

"The first time I looked out of that window," he said, "I seemed to myself like Dante, at the end of the Divine Comedy, when once again he beheld the stars. You cannot know what I felt when, after so many years, I saw the world again with half an eye for ever so little a space. I had my wife's opera-glass in my hand, and I saw with inexpressible pleasure a young vagrant vender of pastry offering his goods to two ladies in crinolines with a small dog. I closed the glass: I could see no more, for I envied the dog. The nurse carried me back to bed, and gave me morphia. That day I looked no more. For me the Divine Comedy was far from ended. The divine humorist has even descended to a pun. Talk of Mahomet's coffin! I lie between the two Champs Élysées: the one where warm life palpitates, and that other where the pale ghosts flit."

Then it was not a momentary fantasy of the pen, but an abiding mood that had paid blasphemous homage to the "Aristophanes of Heaven." Indeed, had it not always run through his work, this conception of humor in the grotesqueries of history, "the dream of an intoxicated divinity"? But his amusement thereat had been genial. "Like a mad harlequin," he had written of Byron, "he strikes a dagger into his own heart, to sprinkle mockingly with the jetting black blood the ladies and gentlemen around

... My blood is not so splenetically black: my bitterness comes only from the gall-apples of my ink." But now, she thought, that bitter draught always at his lips had worked into his blood at last.

"Are you quite incurable?" she said gently, as she returned from the window to seat herself at his side.

"No, I shall die some day, — Gruby says very soon. But doctors are so inconsistent. Last week, after I had had a frightful attack of cramp in the throat and chest, 'Pouvez-vous siffler?' he asked. 'Non, pas même une comédie de Monsieur Scribe,' I replied. So you may see how bad I was. Well, even that, he said, would n't hasten the end, and I should go on living indefinitely! I had to caution him not to tell my wife. Poor Mathilde! I have been unconscionably long a-dying. And now he turns round again and bids me order my coffin. But I fear, despite his latest bulletin, I shall go on some time yet increasing my knowledge of spinal disease. I read all the books about it, as well as experiment practically. What clinical lectures I will give in heaven, demonstrating the ignorance of doctors!"

She was glad to note the more genial nuance of mockery. Raillery vibrated almost in the very tones of his voice, which had become clear and penetrating under the stimulus of her presence; but it passed away in tenderness, and the sarcastic wrinkles vanished from the corners of his mouth, as he made the pathetic jest anent his wife.

"So you read as well as write?" she said.

"Oh well, Zichlinsky — a nice young refugee — does both for me most times. My mother, poor old soul, wrote the other day to know why I only signed my letters; so I had to say my eyes pained me, which was not so untrue as the rest of the letter."

"Does n't she know?"

"Know? God bless her, of course

not. Dear old lady, dreaming so happily at the Dammthor of Düsseldorf, too old and wise to read newspapers, — no, she does not know that she has a dying son; only that she has an undying! Nicht wahr?"

He looked at her with a shade of anxiety, — that tragic anxiety of the veteran artist scenting from afar the sneers of the new critics at his life-work, and morbidly conscious of his hosts of enemies.

"As long as the German tongue lives."

"Dear old Germany!" he said, pleased. "Yes, it is true, —

'Nennt man die besten Namen,  
So wird auch der meine genannt.'"

She thought of the sequel —

"Nennt man die schlimmsten Schmerzen,  
So wird auch der meine genannt" —

as he went on: —

"That was why, though the German censorship forbade or mutilated my every book, which was like sticking pins into my soul, I would not become naturalized here. Paris has been my new Jerusalem, and I crossed my Jordan at the Rhine, but as a French subject I should be like those two-headed monstrosities they show at the fairs. Besides, I hate French poetry. What measured glitter! Not that German poetry has ever been to me more than a divine plaything. A laurel wreath on my grave place or withhold, — I care not, — but lay on my coffin a sword, for I was as brave a soldier as your Canning in the liberation war of humanity. But my thirty years' war is over, and I die 'with sword unbroken and a broken heart.'" His head fell back in ineffable hopelessness. "Ah," he murmured, "it was ever my prayer, 'Lord, let me grow old in body, but let my soul stay young; let my voice quaver and falter, but never my hope.' And this is how I end."

"But your work does not end. Your fight was not vain. You are the inspirer of young Germany, and you are praised and worshipped by all the world: is that no pleasure?"

"No, I am not *le bon Dieu*!" He chuckled, his spirits revived by the blasphemous mot. "Ah, what a fate! To have the homage only of the fools, a sort of celestial Victor Cousin. One compliment from Hegel now must be sweeter than a churchful of psalms." A fearful fit of coughing interrupted further elaboration of the blasphemous fantasia. For five minutes it rent and shook him, the nurse bending fruitlessly over him, but at its wildest he signed to his visitor not to go, and when at last it lulled he went on calmly: "Donizetti ended mad in a gala-dress, but I end at least sane enough to appreciate the joke, — a little long drawn out and not entirely original, yet replete with ingenious irony. Little Lucy looks shocked, but I sometimes think, little Lucy, the disrespect is with the goody-goody folks, who, while lauding their Deity's strength and hymning his goodness, show no recognition at all of his humor. Yet I am praised as a wit as well as a poet. If I could take up my bed and walk, I would preach a new worship, — the worship of the Arch-Humorist. I would draw up the Ritual of the Ridiculous. Three times a day, when the muezzin called from the Bourse-top, all the faithful would laugh devoutly at the gigantic joke of the cosmos. How sublime, — the universal laugh at sunrise, noon, and sunset! Those who did not laugh would be persecuted; they would laugh, if only on the wrong side of the mouth. Delightful! As most people have no sense of humor, they would swallow the school catechism of the comic as stolidly as they now swallow the spiritual. Yes, I see you will *not* laugh. But why may I not, as everybody else does, endow my Deity with the quality which I possess or admire most?"

She felt some truth in his apology. He was mocking, not God, but the magnified man of the popular creeds; to him it was a mere intellectual counter with which his wit played, oblivious of

the sacred aura that clung round the concept for the bulk of the world. Even his famous picture of Jehovah dying, or his suggestion that perhaps *dieser Parvenu des Himmels* was angry with Israel for reminding him of his former obscure national relations, what was it but a lively rendering of what German savants said so unreadably about the evolution of the God Idea? But she felt also that it would have been finer to bear unsmiling the smileless destinies; not to affront with the tinkle of vain laughter the vast imperturbable. She answered gently, "You are talking nonsense."

"I always talked nonsense to you, little Lucy, for

'My heart is wise and witty,  
And it bleeds within my breast.'

Will you hear its melodious drip-drip, my last poem? My manuscript, Catherine, and then you can go and take a nap. I gave you little rest last night."

The old woman brought him some folio sheets covered with great pathetically sprawling letters; and when she had retired, he began: —

"How wearily time crawls along,  
The hideous snail that hastens not" . . .

His voice went on, but after the first lines the listener's brain was too troubled to attend. It was agitated with whirling memories of those earlier outeries throbbing with the passion of life, flaming records of the days when every instant held an eternity, not of ennui, but of sensibility. "Red life boils in my veins. . . . Every woman is to me the gift of a world. . . . I hear a thousand nightingales. . . . I could eat all the elephants of Hindostan, and pick my teeth with the spire of Strasburg Cathedral. . . . Life is the greatest of blessings, and death the worst of evils." But the poet was still reading; she forced herself to listen.

"Perhaps with ancient heathen shapes,  
Old faded gods, this brain is full;  
Who, for their most unholy rites,  
Have chosen a dead poet's skull."

He broke off suddenly: "No, it is too sad. A cry in the night from a man buried alive; a new note in German poetry, — was sage ich? — in the poetry of the world. No poet ever had such a lucky chance before — *voyez-vous* — to survive his own death, though many a one has survived his own immortality. 'Neminem ante mortem miserum.' Call no man wretched till he's dead. 'T is not till the journey is over that one can see the perspective truthfully, and the tombstones of one's hopes and illusions marking the weary miles. 'T is not till one is dead that the day of judgment can dawn; and when one is dead, one cannot see or judge at all. An exquisite irony, nicht wahr? The wrecks in the Morgue, what tales they could tell! But dead men tell no tales. While there's life there's hope, and so the worst cynicisms have never been spoken. But I — I alone have dodged the fates. I am the dead-alive, the living-dead. I hover over my racked body like a ghost, and exist in an interregnum. And so I am the first mortal in a position to demand an explanation. Don't tell me I have sinned and am in hell. Most sins are sins of classification by bigots and poor thinkers. Who can live without sinning, or sin without living? All very well for Kant to say, 'Act so that your conduct may be a law for all men under similar conditions.' But Kant overlooked that *you* are part of the conditions. And when you are a Heine, you may very well concede that future Heines should act just so. It is easy enough to be virtuous when you are a professor of pure reason, a regular, punctual mechanism, a thing for the citizens of Königsberg to set their watches by. But if you happen to be one of those fellows to whom all the roses nod and all the stars wink — I am for Schelling's principle: the highest spirits are above the law. No, no, the parson's explanation won't do. Perhaps heaven holds different explanations, graduated to rising intellects, from

parsons upwards. Moses Lump will be satisfied with a gold chair, and the cherubim singing, 'Holy! holy! holy!' in Hebrew, and will ask no further questions. Abdullah ben Osman's mouth will be closed by the kisses of houris. Surely Christ will not disappoint the poor old grandmother's vision of Jerusalem the Golden, seen through tear-dimmed spectacles as she pores over the family Bible. He will meet her at the gates of death with a wonderful smile of love; and as she walks upon the heavenly Jordan's shining waters hand in hand with him, she will see her erst-wrinkled face reflected from them in angelic beauty. Ah, but to tackle a Johann Wolfgang Goethe or an Immanuel Kant, — what an ordeal for the celestial professor of apologetics! Perhaps that's what the Gospel means, — only by becoming little children can we enter the kingdom of heaven. I told my little god-daughter yesterday that heaven is so pure and magnificent that they eat cakes there all day, — it is only what the parson says translated into child-language, — and that the little cherubs wipe their mouths with their white wings. 'That's very dirty,' said the child. I fear that unless I become a child myself I shall have severer criticisms to bring against the cherubs. O God," he broke off suddenly, letting fall the sheets of manuscript and stretching out his hands in prayer, "make me a child again even before I die; give me back the simple faith, the clear vision, of the child that holds its father's hand! Oh, little Lucy, it takes me like that sometimes, and I have to cry for mercy. I dreamt I *was* a child, the other night, and saw my dear father again. He was putting on his wig, and I saw him as through a cloud of powder. I rushed joyfully to embrace him, but as I approached him everything seemed changing in the mist. I wished to kiss his hands, but I recoiled with mortal cold. The fingers were withered branches, my father himself a leafless tree which the

winter had covered with hoar frost. Ah, Lucy, Lucy, my brain is full of madness and my heart of sorrow. Sing me the ballad of the lady who took only one spoonful of gruel, 'with sugar and spices so rich.'"

Astonished at his memory, she repeated the song of Lady Alice and Giles Collins, the poet laughing immoderately till at the end,

"The parson licked up the rest,"

in his effort to repeat the line that so tickled him he fell into a fearful spasm, which tore and twisted him till his child's body lay curved like a bow. Her tears fell at the sight.

"Don't pity me too much," he gasped, trying to smile with his eyes. "I bend, but I do not break."

But she, terrified, rang the bell for aid. A jovial-looking woman — tall and well-shaped — came in, holding a shirt she was sewing. Her eyes and hair were black, and her oval face had the rude coloring of health. She brought into the death-chamber at once a whiff of ozone and a suggestion of tragic incongruity. Nodding pleasantly to the visitor, she advanced quickly to the bedside and laid her hand upon the forehead sweating with agony.

"Mathilde," he said, when the spasm abated, "this is little Lucy, of whom I have never spoken to you, and to whom I wrote a poem about her brown eyes, which you have never read."

Mathilde smiled amiably at the Roman matron.

"No, I have never read it," she said. "They tell me that Heine is a very clever man and writes very fine books, but I know nothing about it, and must content myself with trusting to their word."

"Is n't she adorable?" cried Heine delightedly. "I have only two consolations that sit at my bedside, my French wife and my German nurse, and they are not on speaking terms! But it has its compensations, for she is unable also

to read what my enemies in Germany say about me, and so she continues to love me."

"How can he have enemies?" said Mathilde, smoothing his hair. "He is so good to everybody. He has only two thoughts, — to hide his illness from his mother, and to earn enough for my future. And as for having enemies in Germany, how can that be, when he is so kind to every poor German that passes through Paris?"

It moved the hearer to tears, — this wifely faith. Surely the saint that lay behind the Mephistopheles in his face must have as real an existence, if the woman who knew him only as man, undazzled by the glitter of his fame, unwearied by his long sickness, found him thus without flaw or stain.

"Delicious creature!" said Heine fondly. "Not only thinks me good, but thinks that goodness keeps off enemies. What ignorance of life she crams into a dozen words! As for those poor countrymen of mine, they are just the people who carry back to Germany all the awful tales of my goings-on. Do you know there was once a poor devil of a musician who had set my *Zwei Grenadiere*, and to whom I gave no end of help and advice when he wanted to make an opera on the legend of the flying Dutchman which I had treated in one of my books. Now he curses me and all the Jews together, and his name is Richard Wagner."

Mathilde smiled on vaguely. "You would eat those cutlets," she said reprovingly.

"Well, I was weary of the chopped grass cook calls spinach. I don't want seven years of Nebuchadnezzardom."

"Cook is angry when you don't eat her things, *chéri*. I find it difficult to get on with her since you praised her dainty style. One would think she was the mistress, and I the servant."

"Ah, Nonotte, you don't understand the artistic temperament." Then a twitch passed over his face. "You must give me

a double dose of morphia to-night, darling."

"No, no, the doctor forbids."

"One would think he were the employer, and I the employee," he grumbled smilingly. "But I dare say he is right. Already I spend five hundred francs a year on morphia; I must really retrench. So run away, dearest. I have a good friend here to cheer me up."

She stooped down and kissed him.

"Ah, madame," she said, "it is very good of you to come and cheer him up. It is as good as a new dress to me to see a new face coming in, for the old ones begin to drop off. Not the dresses; the friends," she added gayly, as she disappeared.

"Is n't she divine?" cried Heine enthusiastically.

"I am glad you love her," his visitor replied simply.

"You mean you are astonished. Love? What is love? I have never loved."

"You!" And all the stories those countrymen of his had spread abroad, all his own love-poems, were in that exclamation.

"No, — never mortal women; only statues and the beautiful dead dream-women, vanished with the neiges d'antan. What did it matter whom I married? Perhaps you would have had me aspire higher than a grisette? To a tradesman's daughter? Or a demoiselle in society? 'Explain my position' — a poor exile's position — to some double-chinned bourgeois papa, who can only see that my immortal books are worth exactly two thousand marks banco? Yes, that's the most I can wring out of those scoundrels in wicked Hamburg. And to think that if I had only done my writing in ledgers, the 'prentice millionaire might have become the master millionaire, ungalled by avuncular advice and chary checks. Ah, dearest Lucy, you can never understand what we others suffer, — you into whose mouths the larks

drop roasted. Should I marry Fashion and be stifled? Or Money and be patronized? And lose the exquisite pleasure of toiling to buy my wife new dresses and knick-knacks? Après tout, Mathilde is quite as intelligent as any other daughter of Eve, — whose first thought, when she came to reflective consciousness, was a new dress. All great men are mateless; 'tis only their own ribs they fall in love with. A more cultured woman would only have misunderstood me more pretentiously. Not that I did n't, in a weak moment, try to give her a little polish. I sent her to a boarding-school to learn to read and write, my child of nature among all the little schoolgirls, — ha! ha! ha! — and I only visited her on Sundays; and she could rattle off the Egyptian kings better than I, and once she told me with great excitement the story of Lucretia, which she had heard for the first time. Dear Nonotte! You should have seen her dancing at the school ball, — as graceful and maidenly as the smallest shrimp of them all. What gaieté de cœur! What good humor! What mother wit! And such a faithful chum! Ah, the French women are wonderful. We have been married fifteen years, and still when I hear her laugh come through that door my soul turns from the gates of death and remembers the sun. Oh, how I love to see her go off to mass every morning, with her toilette nicely adjusted and her dainty prayer-book in her neatly gloved hand! — for she's adorably religious, is my little Nonotte. You look surprised; did you then think religious people shock me?"

She smiled a little. "But don't you shock her?"

"I would n't for worlds utter a blasphemy she could understand. Do you think Shakespeare explained himself to Anne Hathaway? But she doubtless served well enough as artist's model, — raw material to be worked up into Imogens and Rosalinds. Enchanting crea-



tures! How your foggy islanders could have begotten Shakespeare! The miracle of miracles. And Sterne! Mais non, an Irishman like Swift. Ça s'explique. Is Sterne read?"

"No, he is only a classic."

"Barbarians! Have you read my book on Shakespeare's heroines? It is good, nicht wahr?"

"Admirable."

"Then why should n't you translate it into English?"

"It is an idea."

"It is an inspiration. Nay, why should n't you translate all my books? You shall, you must. You know how the French edition fait fureur. French, — that is the European hall-mark, for Paris is Athens. But English will mean fame in Ultima Thule, — the isles of the sea, as the Bible says. It is n't for the gold-pieces, though God knows Mathilde needs more friends, as we call them. Heaven preserve you from the irony of having to earn your living on your death-bed! Ach, my publisher Campe has built himself a new establishment, — what a monument to me! Why should not some English publisher build me a monument in London? The Jew's books — like the Jew — should be spread abroad, so that in them all the nations of the earth shall be blessed. For the Jew peddles not only old clo', but new ideas. I began life — tell it not in Gath — as a commission agent for English goods, and I end it as an intermediary between France and Germany, trying to make two great nations understand each other. To that not unworthy aim has all my later work been devoted."

"So you really consider yourself a Jew still?"

"Mein Gott! have I ever been anything else but an enemy of the Philistines?"

She smiled. "Yes, but religiously?"

"Religiously! What was my whole fight to rouse Hodge out of his thousand

years' sleep in his hole? Why did I edit a newspaper, and plague myself with our time and its interests? Goethe has created glorious Greek statues; but statues cannot have children. My words should find issue in deeds. I am no true Hellenist. Like my ancestor David, I have been not only a singer, I have slung my smooth little pebbles at the forehead of Goliath."

"But have n't you turned Catholic?"

"Catholic!" he roared like a roused lion. "They say that again! Has the myth of death-bed conversion already arisen about me? How they jump, the fools, at the idea of a man's coming round to their views when his brain grows weak!"

"No, not death-bed conversion. Quite an old history. I was assured you had married in a Catholic church."

"To please Mathilde! Without that the poor creature would n't have thought herself married in a manner sufficiently pleasing to God. It is true we had been living together without any church blessing at all, but que voulez-vous? Women are like that. For my part, I should have been satisfied to go on as we were. I understand by a wife something nobler than a married woman chained to me by money-brokers and parsons, and I deemed my faux ménage far firmer than many a 'true' one. But since I *was* to be married, I could not be the cause of any disquiet to my beloved Nonotte. We even invited a number of Bohemian couples to the wedding-feast, and bade them follow our example in daring the last step of all. Ha! ha! There is nothing like a convert's zeal, you see. But convert to Catholicism! That's another pair of sleeves. If your right eye offend you, pluck it out; if your right hand offend you, cut it off; and if your reason offend you, become a Catholic! No, no, Lucy, a Jew I have always been."

"Despise your baptism?"

The sufferer groaned, but not from physical pain.

"Ah, cruel little Lucy, don't remind me of my youthful folly. Thank your stars you were born an Englishwoman. I was born under the fearful conjunction of Christian bigotry and Jewish, in the Judenstrasse. In my cradle lay my line of life marked out from beginning to end. My God, what a life! You know how Germany treated her Jews, — like pariahs and wild beasts: at Frankfort, for centuries the most venerable rabbi had to take off his hat if the smallest gamin cried, 'Jude, mach mores!' Ah, as I have always said, Judaism is not a religion, but a misfortune. And to be born a Jew *and* a genius! What a double curse! Believe me, Lucy, a certificate of baptism was a necessary card of admission to European culture. And yet, no sooner had I taken the dip than a great horror came over me. Many a time I got up at night and looked in the glass and cursed myself for my want of backbone! Alas, my curses were more potent than those of the rabbis against Spinoza, and this disease was sent me to destroy such backbone as I had. No wonder the doctors do not understand it. I learnt in the Ghetto that if I did n't twine the holy phylacteries round my arm, serpents would be found coiled round the arm of my corpse. Alas, serpents have never failed to coil themselves round my sins. The Inquisition could not have tortured me more had I been a Jew of Spain. If I had known how much easier moral pain is to bear than physical, I would have saved my curses for my enemies, and put up with my conscience-twinges. Ah, truly said your divine Shakespeare that the wisest philosopher is not proof against a toothache. When was any spasm of pleasure so sustained as pain? Certain of our bones, I learn from my anatomy books, manifest their existence only when they are injured. Happy are the bones that have no history. Ugh! how mine are coming through the skin, like ugly truth through fair ro-

mance! I shall have to apologize to the worms for offering them nothing but bones. Alas, how ugly-bitter it is to die! How sweet and snugly we can live in this snug, sweet nest of earth! What nice words! I must start a poem with them. Yes, sooner than die I would live over again my miserable boyhood in my uncle Solomon's office, miscalculating in his ledgers like a trinitarian while I scribbled poems for the Hamburg Wächter. Yes, I would even rather learn Latin again at the Franciscan cloister and grind law at Göttingen. For after all, I should n't have to work very hard; a pretty girl passes, and to the deuce with the Pandects! Ah, those wild university days, when we used to go and sup at the Landwehr, and the rosy young Kellnerin who brought us our goose mit Apfelkompot kissed me before all the other Herren Studenten, because I was a poet, and already as famous as the professors! And then, after I should be reëxpelled from Göttingen, there would be Berlin over again, and dear Rahel Levin and her Salon, and the Tuesdays at Elise von Hohenhausen's (at which I would read my Lyrical Intermezzo), and the mad literary nights with the poets in the Behrenstrasse. And balls, theatres, operas, masquerades! Shall I ever forget the ball where Sir Walter Scott's son appeared as a Scotch Highlander, just when all Berlin was mad about the Waverley novels? I, too, should read them over again for the first time, those wonderful romances; yes, and I should write my own early books over again, — oh, the divine joy of early creation! — and I should set out again with bounding pulses on my Harzreise; and the first night of Freischütz would come once more, and I should be whistling the Jungfern, and sipping punch in the Casino with Lottchen filling up my glass." His eyes oozed tears; suddenly he stretched out his arms, seized her hand and pressed it frantically, his face and body con-

vulsed, his paralyzed eyelids dropping. "No, no!" he pleaded in a hoarse, hollow voice, as she strove to withdraw it. "I hear the footsteps of death. I must cling on to life, — I must, I must. Oh, the warmth and the scent of it!"

She shuddered; for an instant he seemed a vampire, with shut eyes, sucking at her life-blood to sustain his; and when that horrible fantasy passed, there remained the overwhelming tragedy of a dead man lusting for life. Not this the ghost who, as Berlioz put it, stood at the window of his grave regarding and mocking the world in which he had no further part. But his fury waned; he fell back as in a stupor, and lay silent, little twitches passing over his sightless face.

She bent over him, terribly distressed. Should she go? Should she ring again? Presently words came from his lips at intervals, abrupt, disconnected, and now a ribald laugh, and now a tearful sigh. And then he was a student humming,

"Gaudemus igitur, juvenes dum sumus,"

and his death-mask lit up with the wild joys of living. Then earlier memories still — of his childhood in Düsseldorf — seemed to flow through his comatose brain: his mother and brothers and sisters; the dancing-master he threw out of the window; the emancipation of the Jewry by the French conquerors; the joyous drummer who taught him French; the passing of Napoleon on his white horse; the atheist schoolboy friend with whom he studied Spinoza on the sly. And suddenly he came to himself, raised his eyelid with his forefinger and looked at her.

"Catholic!" he cried angrily. "I never returned to Judaism, because I never left it. My baptism was a mere wetting. I have never put 'Heinrich' — only 'H.' — in my books, and never have I ceased to write 'Harry' to my mother. Though the Jews hate me even more than the Christians, yet I was always on the side of my brethren."

"I know, I know," she said soothingly. "I am sorry I hurt you. I remember well the passage in which you say that your becoming a Christian was the fault of the Saxons who changed sides suddenly at Leipzig; or else of Napoleon, who had no need to go to Russia; or else of his schoolmaster who gave him instruction at Brienne in geography, and did not tell him that it was very cold at Moscow in winter."

"Very well, then," he said, pacified. "Let them not say either that I have been converted to Judaism on my death-bed. Was not my first poem based on one in the Passover night Hagadah? Was not my first tragedy — *Almansor* — really the tragedy of downtrodden Israel, that great race which from the ruins of its second temple knew to save, not the gold and the precious stones, but the real treasure, the Bible, a gift to the world that would make the tourist traverse oceans to see a Jew if there were only one left alive? The only people that preserved freedom of thought through the Middle Ages, they have now to preserve God against the free-thought of the modern world. We are the Swiss Guards of Deism. God was always the beginning and end of my thought. When I hear his existence questioned, I feel as I felt once in your Bedlam when I lost my guide, a ghostly forlornness in a mad world. Is not my best work — *The Rabbi of Baccarach* — devoted to expressing the 'vast Jewish sorrow,' as Börne calls it?"

"But you never finished it!"

"I was a fool to be persuaded by Moser. Or was it Gans? Ah, will not Jehovah count it to me for righteousness, that New Jerusalem Brotherhood with them in the days when I dreamt of reconciling Jew and Greek, the goodness of beauty with the beauty of goodness! Oh, those days of youthful dream whose winters are warmer than the summers of the after-years! How they tried to crush us, the rabbis and the state alike! O

the brave Moser, the lofty-souled, the pure-hearted, who passed from counting-house to laboratory and studied Sanscrit for recreation, *moriturus te saluto*. And thou, too, Markus, with thy boy's body and thy old man's look, and thy encyclopædic, inorganic mind; and thou, O Gans, with thy too organic Hegelian *hocus-pocus*! Yes, the rabbis were right, and the baptismal font had us at last; but surely God counts the Will to Do, and is more pleased with great-hearted dreams than with the deeds of the white-hearted burghers of virtue, whose goodness is essence of gendarmerie. And where, indeed, if not in Judaism, broadened by Hellenism, shall one find the religion of the future? Be sure of this, anyhow, — that only a Jew will find it. We have the gift of religion, the wisdom of the ages. You others — young races fresh from staining your bodies with woad — have never yet got as far as Moses. Moses, that giant figure, who dwarfs Sinai when he stands upon it: the great artist in life, who, as I point out in my Confessions, built human pyramids; who created Israel; who took a poor shepherd family and created a nation from it, — a great, eternal, holy people, a people of God, destined to outlive the centuries, and to serve as a pattern to all other nations: a statesman, not a dreamer, who did not deny the world and the flesh, but sanctified it. Happiness, — is it not implied in the very aspiration of the Christian for post-mundane bliss? And yet 'the man Moses was very meek,' the most humble and lovable of men. He too — though it is always ignored — was ready to die for the sins of others, praying, when his people had sinned, that *his* name might be blotted out instead; and though God offered to make of him a great nation, yet did he prefer the greatness of his people. He led them to Palestine, but his own foot never touched the promised land. What a glorious, Godlike figure, and yet so prone to wrath and error, so lovably human! How he

is modeled all round like a Rembrandt, while your starveling monks have made your Christ a mere decorative figure with a gold halo! O Moshé Rabbenu, Moses our teacher indeed! No, Christ was not the first nor the last of our race to wear a crown of thorns. What was Spinoza but Christ in the key of meditation?"

"Wherever a great soul speaks out his thoughts, there is Golgotha," quoted the listener.

"Ah, you know every word I have written," he said, childishly pleased. "Decidedly, you must translate me. You shall be my apostle to the heathen. You are good apostles, you English. You turned Jews under Cromwell, and now your missionaries are planting our Palestinian doctrines in the South Seas or amid the josses and pagodas of the East, and your young men are colonizing unknown continents on the basis of the Decalogue of Moses. You are founding a world-wide Palestine. The law goes forth from Zion, but by way of Liverpool and Southampton. Perhaps you are indeed the lost Ten Tribes."

"Then you would make me a Jew, too," she laughed.

"Jew or Greek, there are only two religious possibilities, — fetish-dances and spinning dervishes don't count. The Renaissance meant the revival of these two influences, and since the sixteenth century they have both been increasing steadily. Luther was a child of the Old Testament. Since the exodus Freedom has always spoken with a Hebrew accent! Christianity is Judaism run divinely mad: a religion without a drainage system, a beautiful dream dissevered from life, soul cut adrift from body and sent floating through the empyrean, when at best it can be only a captive balloon. At the same time, don't take your idea of Judaism from the Jews. It is only an apostolic succession of great souls that understands anything in this world. The Jewish mission will never be over till the Christians are converted to the re-

ligion of Christ. Lassalle is a better pupil of the Master than the priests who denounce socialism. You have met Lassalle? No? You shall meet him here, one day. A marvel. Me plus Will. He knows everything, feels everything, yet is a sledge-hammer to act. He may yet be the Messiah of the nineteenth century. Ah, when every man is a Spinoza and does good for the love of good, when the world is ruled by Justice and Brotherhood, Reason and Humor, then the Jews may shut up shop, for it will be the holy Sabbath. Did you mark, Lucy, I said Reason and Humor? Nothing will survive in the long run but what satisfies the sense of Logic and the sense of Humor! Logic and Laughter, — the two trumps of doom! Put not your trust in princes; the really great of the earth are always simple. Pomp and ceremonial, popes and kings, are toys for children. Christ rode on an ass; now the ass rides on Christ."

"And how long do you give your trumps to sound before your millennium dawns?" said "little Lucy," feeling strangely old and cynical beside this incorrigible idealist.

"Alas, perhaps I am only another Dreamer of the Ghetto; perhaps I have fought in vain. A Jewish woman once came weeping to her rabbi with her son, and complained that the boy, instead of going respectably into business like his sires, had developed religion, and insisted on training for a rabbi. Would not the rabbi dissuade him? 'But,' said the rabbi, chagrined, 'why are you so distressed about it? Am I not a rabbi?' 'Yes,' replied the woman, 'but this little fool takes it seriously.' Ach, every now and again arises a dreamer who takes the world's lip-faith seriously, and the world tramples on another fool. Perhaps there is no resurrection for humanity. If so, if there's no world's Saviour coming by the railway, let us keep the figure of that sublime Dreamer whose blood is balsam to the poor and the suffering."

Marveling at the mental lucidity, the spiritual loftiness, of his changed mood, his visitor wished to take leave of him with this image in her memory; but just then a half-paralyzed Jewish graybeard made his appearance, and Heine's instant dismissal of him on her account made it difficult not to linger a little longer.

"My chef de police!" he said, smiling. "He lives on me, and I live on his reports of the great world. He tells me what my enemies are up to. But I have them in there," and he pointed to an ebony box on a chest of drawers and asked her to hand it to him.

"Pardon me before I forget," he said, and seizing a pencil like a dagger he made a sprawling note, laughing venomously. "I have them here!" he repeated. "They will try to stop the publication of my Memoirs, but I will outwit them yet. I hold them! Dead or alive, they shall not escape me. Woe to him who shall read these lines, if he has dared attack me! Heine does not die like the first comer. The tiger's claws will survive the tiger. When I die, it will be for *them* the day of judgment."

It was a reminder of the long fighting life of the free-lance; of all the stories she had heard of his sordid quarrels, of his blackmailing his relatives and besting his uncle. She asked herself his own question: "Is genius, like the pearl in the oyster, only a splendid disease?"

Aloud she said, "I hope you are done with Börne."

"Börne?" he said, softening. "Ach, what have I against Börne? Two baptized German Jews exiled in Paris should forgive each other in death. My book was misunderstood. I wish to Heaven I had n't written it. I always admired Börne, even if I could not keep up the ardor of my St. Simonian days when my spiritual Egeria was Rahel Varnhagen. I had three beautiful days with him in Frankfort, when he was full of Jewish wit and had n't yet shrunk to a mere politician. He was a brave soldier

of humanity, but he had no sense of art, and I could not stand the dirty mob around him, with its atmosphere of filthy German tobacco and vulgar tirades against tyrants. The last time I saw him he was almost deaf and worn to a skeleton by consumption: he dwelt in a vast bright silk dressing-gown, and said that if an emperor shook his hand, he would cut it off. I said, if a workman shook mine, I should wash it. And so we parted; and he fell to denouncing me as a traitor and a persifleur, who would preach monarchy or republicanism according to which sounded better in the sentence. Poor Lob Baruch! Perhaps he was wiser than I in his idea that his brother Jews should sink themselves in the nations. He was born, by the way, in the very year of old Mendelssohn's death. What an irony! But I am sorry for those insinuations against Madame Strauss. I have withdrawn them from the new edition, although, as you may know, I had already satisfied her husband's sense of justice by allowing him to shoot at me, whilst I fired in the air. What can I more?"

"I am glad you have withdrawn them," she said, moved.

"Yes; I have no Napoleonic grip, you see. A morsel of conventional conscience clings to me."

"Therefore I could never understand your worship of Napoleon."

"There speaks the Englishwoman. You Pharisees — forgive me! — do not understand great men, you and your Wellington! Napoleon was not of the wood of which kings are made, but of the marble of the gods. Let me tell you the Code Napoléon carried light not only into the Ghettos, but into many another noisome spider-clot of feudalism. The world wants earthquakes and thunderstorms, or it grows corrupt and stagnant. This Paris needs a scourge of God, and the moment France gives Germany a pretext there will be sackcloth and ashes, or prophecy has died out of Israel."

"Qui vivra verra," ran heedlessly off her tongue. Then, blushing painfully, she said quickly, "But how do you worship Napoleon and Moses in the same breath?"

"Ah, my dear Lucy, if your soul were like an Aladdin's palace with a thousand windows opening on the human spectacle! Self-contradiction the fools call it, if you will not shut your eyes to half the show. I love the people, yet I hate their stupidity and mistrust their leaders. I hate the aristocrats, yet I love the lilies that toil not, neither do they spin, and sometimes bring their perfume and their white robes into a sick man's chamber. Who would harden with work the white fingers of Corysande, or sacrifice one rustle of Lalage's silken skirts? Let the poor starve; I'll have no potatoes on Parnassus. My socialism is not barracks and brown bread, but purple robes, music, and comedies.

"Yes, I was born for paradox. A German Parisian, a Jewish German, a political exile who yearns for dear homely old Germany, a skeptical sufferer with a Christian patience, a romantic poet expressing in classic form the modern spirit, a Jew and poor, — think you I do not see myself as lucidly as I see the world? 'My mind to me a kingdom is' sang your old poet. Mine is a republic, and all moods are free, equal, and fraternal, as befits a child of light. Or if there *is* a despot, 'tis the king's jester, who laughs at the king as well as all his subjects. But am I not nearer truth for not being caged in a creed or a clan? Who dares to think truth frozen, on this phantasmagorical planet, that whirls in beginningless time through endless space! Let us trust, for the honor of God, that the contradictory creeds for which men have died are all true. Perhaps humor — your right Hegelian touchstone to which everything yields up its latent negation — passing on to its own contradiction gives truer lights and shades than your pedantic Philistin-



ism. Is truth really in the cold white light, or in the shimmering interplay of the rainbow tints that fuse in it? Bah! Your Philistine critic will sum me up, after I am dead, in a phrase; or he will take my character to pieces and show how they contradict one another, and adjudge me, like a schoolmaster, so many good marks for this quality, and so many bad marks for that. Biographers will weigh me grocer-wise, as Kant weighed the Deity. Ugh! You can be judged only by your peers or by your superiors, — by the minds that circumscribe yours, not by those that are smaller than yours. I tell you that when they have written three tons about me, they shall as little understand me as the cosmos I reflect. Does the pine contradict the rose, or the lotus-land the iceberg? I am Spain, I am Persia, I am the North Sea, I am the beautiful gods of old Greece, I am Brahma brooding over the sunlands, I am Egypt, I am the Sphinx! But oh, dear Lucy, the tragedy of the modern, all-mirroring consciousness that dares to look on God face to face; not content with Moses to see the back parts, nor with the Israelites to gaze on Moses! Ach, why was I not made four-square like old Moses Mendelssohn, or sublimely one-sided like Savonarola? I, too, could die to save humanity, if I did not at the same time suspect humanity was not worth saving. To be Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in one, — what a tragedy! No, your limited intellects are happier, — those that see life in some one noble way, and in unity find strength. I should have loved to be a Milton, like one of your English cathedrals, austere, breathing sacred memories, resonant with the roll of a great organ, with painted windows on which the shadows of the green boughs outside wave and flicker and just hint of nature. Or one of your aristocrats, with a stately home in the country, and dogs and horses, and a beautiful wife, — in short, I should like to be your husband. Or

failing that, my own wife, — a simple, loving creature whose idea of culture is cabbages. Ach, why was my soul wider than the Ghetto I was born in, why did I not mate with my kind? He broke into a fit of coughing, and "little Lucy" thought suddenly of the story that all his life-sadness and song-sadness were due to his rejection by a Jewish girl in his own family circle.

"I tire you," she said. "Do not talk to me. I will sit here a little longer."

"Nay, I have tired *you*. I could not but tell you my thoughts, for you are at once a child who loves and a woman who understands me. And to be understood is rarer than to be loved. My very parents never understood me. Nay, were they my parents, the mild man of business, the clever, clear-headed Dutchwoman, God bless her? No: my father was Germany, my mother was the Ghetto. The brooding spirit of Israel breathes through me, that engendered the tender humor of her sages, the celestial fantasies of her saints. Perhaps I should have been happier had I married the first black-eyed Jewess whose father would put up with a penniless poet! I might have kept a kitchen with double crockery, and munched Passover cakes at Easter. Every Friday night I should have come home from the labors of the week, and found the table-cloth shining like my wife's face, and the Sabbath candles burning, and the angels of peace sitting hidden beneath their great invisible wings; and my wife, piously conscious of having thrown the dough on the fire, would have kissed me tenderly, and I should have recited in an ancient melody, 'A virtuous woman, who can find her? Her price is far above rubies!' There would have been little children with great candid eyes, on whose innocent heads I should have laid my hands in blessing, praying that God might make them like Ephraim and Manasseh, Rachel and Leah, — persons of dubious exemplariness; and we should have sat

down and eaten Schalet, which is the divinest dish in the world, pending the Leviathan that awaits the blessed at Messiah's table. And instead of singing of cocottes and mermaids, I should have sung, like Jehuda Halévi, of my Herzensdame, Jerusalem. Perhaps — who knows? — my Hebrew verses would have been incorporated in the festival liturgy, and pious old men would have snuffled them helter-skelter through their noses! The letters of my name would have run acrostic-wise adown the verses, and the last verse would have inspired the cantor to jubilant roudades or tremolo wails, while the choir boomed in 'Pom!' and perhaps my uncle Solomon, the banker, to whom my present poems made so little appeal, would have wept and beaten his breast and taken snuff to the words of them. And I should have been buried honorably in the House of Life, and my son would have said 'Kaddish.' Ah me, it is after all so much better to be stupid and walk in the old laid-out, well-trimmed paths than to wander after the desires of your own heart and your own eyes over the blue hills. True, there are glorious vistas to explore, and streams of living silver to bathe in, and wild horses to catch by the mane, but you are in a chartless land without stars and compass. One false step, and you are over a precipice or up to your neck in a slough. Ah, it is perilous to throw over the old surveyors. I see Moses ben Amram, with his measuring-chain and his graving-tools, marking on those stone tables of his the deepest abysses and the muddiest morasses. When I kept swine with the Hegelians I used to say, — alas, I still say, for I cannot suppress what I have once published, — 'Teach man *he's* divine: the knowledge of his divinity will inspire him to manifest it.' Ah me, I see now that our divinity is like old Jupiter's, who made a beast of himself as

soon as he saw pretty Europa. No, no, humanity is too weak and too miserable. We must have faith — we cannot live without faith — in the old simple things, the personal God, the dear old Bible, a life beyond the grave."

Fascinated by his talk, which seemed to play like lightning round a cliff at midnight, revealing not only measureless heights and soundless depths, but the greasy wrappings and refuse bottles of a picnic, the listener had an intuition that Heine's mind did indeed — as he claimed — reflect, or rather refract, the All. Only not sublimely blurred as in Spinoza's, but specifically colored and infinitely interrelated, so that he might pass from the sublime to the ridiculous with an equal sense of its value in the cosmic scheme. It was the Jewish artist's proclamation of the Unity, the humorist's "Hear, O Israel."

"Will it never end, this battle of Jew and Greek?" he said, half to himself, so that she did not know whether he meant it personally or generally. Then, as she tore herself away, "I fear I have shocked you," he said tenderly. "But one thing I have never blasphemed, — Life. Is not enjoyment an implicit prayer, a latent grace? After all, God is our Father, not our drill-master. He is not so dull and solemn as the parsons make out. He made the kitten to chase its tail, and my Nonotte to laugh and dance. Come again, dear child, for my friends have grown used to my dying, and expect me to die forever, an inverted immortality. But one day they will find the puppet-show shut up and the jester packed in his box. Good-by. God bless you, little Lucy, God bless you."

The puppet-show was shut up sooner than he expected, but the jester had kept his most wonderful mot for the last.

"Dieu me pardonnera," he said. "C'est son métier."

*I. Zangwill.*

## BELATED FEUDALISM IN AMERICA.

## I.

It is easy to see that at the time of the American Revolution, the bulk of the American people and most of their leaders took it for granted that they could discard political inequality, and still keep the remainder of the English social and ethical ideas intact. Political inequality, as exemplified in arbitrary taxation, was what they particularly objected to, as Pym or Hampden might have objected to it; religious freedom they had, and as they were, for the most part, very English in their habits of thought, the rest of the old theories suited them well enough.

There were, it is true, two men, Jefferson and Franklin, who saw further into the millstone that had been hanged about the neck of our people than any one else in the country. Franklin was the embodiment of the colonial experience of independence; Jefferson was this, and the prophet of a new order of ideas as well. He saw that between aristocracy and democracy there was some great intrinsic difference, much deeper than a mere difference in the form of government. He did his practical work as it came to hand: he disestablished the Church in Virginia, put the government of his State in working order, represented his country abroad, governed it at home, and tried to abolish slavery; but he wanted to do more than this. What he feared was, not England, but aristocracy; and he feared it, not as a form of government, but as an attitude of mind opposed to reason. In arguing for his code, he says that he would have it form "a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient and future aristocracy." "Now that we have no councils, governors, or kings to restrain us from doing right," let us correct our code, "in all its parts, with a single eye

to reason, and the good of those for whose government it was framed." In a word, he wanted to make Americans at once into anti-feudal creatures like himself.

It is no wonder that while his contemporaries made great use of him and applauded his work, many of them looked at him askance, and, failing to understand him, regarded him as a great but somewhat diabolical intelligence. For the foundation of English society was then and still is feudal, and consequently the mental attitude of men towards one another, towards literature, towards art, towards religion, was then and still is full of feudal notions. When we discarded political inequality, what we really did, though we may not have realized it, was to pull the foundation from under this whole system of feudal thinking; and though the old edifice did not fall immediately, every part of it has shifted its place or split under the new strain, till it ought to be evident now that it should be condemned and abandoned.

From the start two parties have been engaged in this work: on one side the learned and the literary, who have always upheld the traditional view, and have urged us by precept and example to stick to what we got from Europe; and against them men and women of life and action, who have gone ahead in spite of their teachers, trying this, discarding that, and steadily creating a new moral and intellectual habitation of their own. In every phase of life we have had to deal not only with the legitimate remnants of European tradition, but with the misguided efforts of academic provincialism to keep it artificially alive.

The chief obstacle to the growth of a clear-cut American conception of life was New England, her literary men and divines, and the early tremendous proslavery influence. Auguste Laugel, writ-

ing of Massachusetts after the war of the Rebellion, says, "This State will long remain the guide and, so to speak, the intellectual protector of the country." The description was true enough, and the result of that intellectual protectorate may now be understood. It kept us a dependency of Europe, and we held our rights as to what we should think and how we should say it in fee from Europe under the Lieutenantcy of Massachusetts.

She was our self-constituted Academy to condemn what offended her tastes and beliefs, and she exercised her authority blandly in the serene conviction that she was a producer of intellect, and not a dealer in intellectual wares. Yet one morning Dr. Holmes woke up and found that he and all American poets were singing about skylarks and primroses and a host of other birds and flowers that they had never come across outside the covers of an English book. This practical example is symbolic of our thinking. To know about thought, not to think; to speak in terms of thinking, not with ideas, was the gist and pith of her intellectuality.

The work of New England could not have been different. To speak of it in this way is not to blame; it is only to refuse undeserved praise. We restate the results, and say that she kept us from thinking our own thoughts and from expressing them in our own way. That is the function of intellectual protectors. The story of the early struggles of New England for intellectual food (there was a time when one copy of Goethe had to suffice for Cambridge, if not for Massachusetts) is a pathetic one. Scraps of European genius in the shape of books and prints went from hand to hand, like the newspaper in a lighthouse or a school-boy's orange. When these rare treasures were obtained, they imposed themselves on starving minds, and created the awe and reverence that make a cult.

But awe and reverence create nothing; they simply enjoy. They are the multitude which takes pleasure in the works

of genius, and gives them a value with critics as the go-between. The real maker of thought and art does not deal with the world at second-hand. He is not a disciple, nor a wonderer, nor a critic. He fastens on life itself, and executes his own achievement. Emerson alone was inspired, not dominated by the new learning. It would not have been wonderful if he had never appeared at all.

This experience of America is not unique. The same thing took place on a larger scale over the whole of Europe after the rediscovery of the classics. The parallel must not be pushed too far; for the first effect of the Renaissance was to inspire each country as it was reached, and only later did the reverence for an alien form bring native methods into contempt, and cramp originality and the spontaneous expression of feeling. New England skipped the valuable period, and plunged at once into the stage of imitation; and just as every Frenchman between Malherbe and Hugo, and every Englishman between Waller and Byron, wrote as though Aristotle or one of the Muses had been looking over his shoulder, so all but half a dozen Americans have written under the imaginary supervision of the great spirits of Europe. We are to be congratulated that Emerson, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Lanier, Whitman, and The Biglow Papers escaped.

This influence of foreign literature has befuddled the brains of our professional critics. We live on an American plan, but our standard authors have written on a European plan. Our canons of criticism are all in the air. In estimating intellectual work, our critics do not know what is polite and what is coarse, what is decent and what vulgar, what is natural and what artificial, what artistic and what fantastic, what solid flesh and what bombast. Europe consistently rates everything by European weights and measures, and her judgments are relatively correct, while we dignify our criticism with a smack of Europe by measuring

calico with a yardstick marked off into centimetres, and we never know the exact amount of our purchase.

One result is that we undervalue much good American work. America can never create a literature of her own which shall differ from English literature as much as the literature of Provence differed from that of Paris, for with us the language is the same and it is fixed. An idea once launched in good shape belongs to both countries. But we can have a literature as different from that of England as the literature of the nineteenth century is from that of the eighteenth. What is more, we have the actual makings of it; but we must know what we want. 'There is no use in trying to manufacture a literature which England will consider equal to her own. If we stick to her standards, we shall have to imitate; and if we discard them, we shall never please her. The better we are, the less she will like it. We have given a fair trial to imitation, and have not been successful; for we have had no English writer of the first class except Hawthorne. As to relying on our own standards, it requires more courage than the Europeanized man of letters has, and more latitude of thought and expression than the cultivated American will tolerate. And yet it is the only way.

Cultivated people do not like the writing that represents American literature, and up to this time they have been able to keep it under. They repudiate it, not because it is not true, but because they will not accept the truth in that shape. They are ashamed of it, not because it is not human, but because it is rough and coarse compared to the polished form of Europe. They have put it into a sub-literary class, and refused to recognize it, not because it does not get to the point, but because it does not go there in that roundabout way which they learned from Europe, where there are so many corners to be turned.

Garrison and Phillips descended to it

in their fighting-times, and it offended the cultivated ears of Boston quite as much as the sentiments it was used to convey. It is not "nobly censorious," as Jonson calls the language of Bacon. It is not made up of many and great-swelling words, like the speeches of Thersites and Daniel Webster, if Phillips is to be believed. It is what Garrison calls his own language, "as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice;" and our smooth-eared critics like it so little that it turns them away from the point of its argument. They shut the book of any one who uses it unchastened, and range him up with Milton as a foul-mouthed controversialist.

Yet America's good writing must come out of this way of dealing with words and thoughts, and not from England. It need not be ribald or offensive in the hands of any one who has "the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the style of a rousing sermon." When made to keep a civil tongue, it becomes the best way of expressing clear ideas, as Professor Sumner has shown by adopting it, somewhat "licked into shape," in his book *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*. Novels can be written in it which will not have to keep a long way from nature to produce the illusion of reality. From this vulgar idiom could arise an American drama more Shakespearean than anything since Shakespeare's day. Hoyt and Hart and Harrigan are its present representatives. We waste these vigorous beginnings by repudiating their influence.

The influence of the churches has been much less powerful in keeping alive tradition than the influence of letters. Americans like cultivation, but they do not like ecclesiasticism. They will do a great deal for anything that is voluntary, but they will not put up with what savors of authority. Boston is the only place I have ever heard spoken of as priest-ridden, but for the last seventy years, at least, this criticism has been

only half deserved. Lyman Beecher, "who held the orthodoxy of Boston in his right hand," and Channing, who said, "I ought to have spoken before," were among Boston's most influential priests, and yet each of them made a fair share of his earthly pilgrimage with Boston on his back.

Nevertheless, the clergy of all denominations have steadily enjoined, without looking into them, rules of conduct that had their origin in feudal times, and views of life and duty that do not apply to our conditions. As it was with the skylark, so it has been with the catechism. Whatever was found set down had to be taught, whether it corresponded to conditions or not. The common law, too, is a stronghold of anachronisms. How do we handle these matters?

The best service of America to humanity is to clear the minds of men from useless Asiatic, Hebraic, Grecian, Roman, and European superstitions; yet it is not always possible to tell which of our social and moral possessions are valuable, and which are not. A man values what he thinks. He cannot separate good from bad by mere inspection, as one separates black beans from white, for good and bad are often indistinguishable. What is wanted is a process, a situation, that shall teach us what we cannot think out for ourselves; that shall save what is useful, and reject what is worthless, as mercury separates gold-dust from the sweepings of a factory.

Any society affords some such process for the natural selection of ideas, but unless the conditions of that society are natural the selection will be false. In this country the conditions are more nearly natural than any that have existed elsewhere since men began to make slaves and vassals of one another. Wherever human relations are based on mistakes of fact, historical traditions, religious doctrines, or *a priori* reasonings, the general ideas of the people will be as crooked as the particular absurdities with which

they have to cope, and will differ from ideas founded on plain present necessity. By saying that the conditions of this country are more natural than those of any other, I mean that we have fewer arbitrary and imaginary facts to deal with than anybody else.

All societies where one set of men gets a permanent advantage over another from generation to generation become societies of imaginary facts. For example: An hereditary nobility upsets men's ideas as to the nature of the universe, because such a nobility recognizes duties founded on status, and plays the part of Providence to the lower orders. The peasant finds outside of himself some one who considers it a duty to look after him. That being the case, he keeps alive perfectly unfounded notions as to the part played by a Providence altogether outside of human affairs, and he remains a peasant.

It is very important to know how much trust can be put in the supernatural, and anything that tends to obscure this question is an evil. The catechism which Nicholas of Russia made for the Poles, in which he told them that Christ is next below God, and the Emperor of all the Russias next below Christ, must ruin all true views of life in the mind of any one who believes it, and any system that retains traces of such teaching must be injurious. Where, however, as in this country, every man relies on his own exertions and is able to follow out the results of his own behavior, he will soon get a good idea of what assistance is to be got from another world, and what kind of help it will be.

Again, in a society where it makes no difference to the best people whether they are vicious or virtuous, where their credit, incomes, and social position depend on who they are, not on what they do, virtue remains a mere theory. Poets and philosophers, moralists and divines, will teach that virtue itself is either a divine command or an opinion



to be thought out on a priori principles. They will not readily admit that virtue is a thing to be discovered. The most absurd and even the most damaging behavior will get the name of virtue, and have itself imposed on a people. This has happened an untold number of times, for the most part under the auspices of ecclesiastical authority. But in a society like ours, where even the most fashionable and the richest are liable to suffer the legitimate results of their behavior, every one soon finds that virtue is a practical thing, and morality a matter of business. All arbitrary theories of right and wrong which cannot be rationally justified drop out in practice. Virtues and vices establish and explain themselves on the basis of their results, and every antiquated creed or catechism stands out for what it is worth.

What we did when we discarded the political basis of European society was to give notice to all the inhabitants of this country that thenceforth each one of them was at liberty to consider his interests more important than those of any one else. It was a frank surrender to whatever it is in civilized life that represents the struggle for existence. This surrender involved a looser form of government than any former people had ever been able to stand. We have managed to handle it so far, and while it lasts it affords precisely the kind of process humanity wants for winnowing good from evil. Just what will be taken and what will be left cannot be foretold, but the process is one that can be trusted, and it may safely be predicted that its immediate effect will be to destroy all those ideas and beliefs which, without our knowing it, were tinged with useless traditions. Some of these traditions are still cherished by many, and they will outlive more than one generation.

Our first good piece of work was to overhaul European morality from top to bottom, and put traditional ideas of right and wrong to a new test. Men

who escaped from the influence of New England, and, better still, those who got beyond the reach of the law, proceeded, with a singularly free conscience, to test the validity of every injunction. There is not a law of God or man that has not somewhere in this country been made an open question during the last hundred years. We have had Mormonism with its polygamy, human slavery, free-love, lynch law, the Ku-Klux, organized murder, organized robbery, and organized corruption. We have had governments within governments, clans, tribes, brotherhoods, and socialist experiments, more than twenty. Every sort of relationship between man and woman, even to the abolition of childbirth, has been tried by a sect; not as a vice, but as an experiment. Every kind of relation between man and man has been tried, and almost every relation, in the way of religious and spiritualistic beliefs, between man and the universe. Even New England produced a crop or two of protestants against traditional virtue.

Very often the experimenters in new moralities were brought roughly back to understand that they had been gnawing some hard old file; but that was inevitable among people who would not follow any tradition on authority, nor take any custom for granted. Yet if most of the Decalogue has stood the test, there are many other rules for conduct that have not come out as well. My duty towards my neighbor was thoroughly revised long before the evolutionary moralists began to draw upon their theory for a rational system of ethics. Having got our interests into our own hands, with no one to fall back on, we soon saw that we were under no obligation to love our neighbor as ourselves. We thought little about the matter, and wrote nothing; but the paternal and altruistic morality, invented by a mediæval priesthood to meet the requirements of lords and vassals, was simply dropped when it came to action. If the clergy have succeeded in preserving

the semblance of acquiescence, they have not greatly restrained behavior. They have had to be practical themselves, and it is not in New England alone that they have had to "take the stock list for their text." In this respect our laity have behaved like nobles. Not since Innocent's excommunication failed to impress the Frankish lords who sacked Zara have religious scruples prevented European aristocrats from doing what they liked. Only the common people have been kept in order by them. Here we too have done as we liked. We have declined to submit ourselves to our spiritual pastors and masters. We are doing what the Church has declared to be impossible; we are inventing an extra-theological morality which not only works well, but is getting recognition on paper. To it the clergy conform. They no longer base their advice on the sole ground that what they counsel is the will of God. They try to make their arguments good, and they do not arbitrarily dictate the right thing to do.

All this warfare against usage shocks moralists of the old school. It seems to them useless and wasteful, but above all wicked. There has been much less moral turpitude in it than they imagine. Moralists are far too parsimonious in their ideas of the cost at which good things are bought. They think a little paper and ink and a little cogitation will push the world ahead; but such things very seldom stir it. Men's minds are hard to move, and abstract arguments make no headway against actual interests. Blood and sweat and dollars are what reach the brain of the average man, — not ink. Wrong to established right, wickedness to accepted virtue, outrage to beloved sanctity, are all on the conservative programme of progress. There was need of just such an indiscriminate mad rush to try everything that was not authorized, in order to break down the authorized version of life. The recklessness of these ethical pioneers paved the way for the

enfranchisement of proper boldness. We have in it an example for those who determine to make a radical and at the same time a reasonable attack on any existing institution. The power of custom is enormous, and the custom of doing the customary thing is the strongest of all. We do not realize how thoroughly the power of senseless custom has been broken in America. One must go to Germany, or even to England, to understand how far ahead of them we are in this respect. It is not an advance that was to be had for the asking. It requires a great shaking up to establish the custom of trying experiments, and we owe a debt of gratitude to those who helped us to do it. If in doing it they explored many a road which a child could have told them would prove to be a cul-de-sac, we should not, for all that, underestimate their service. Not all of us have courage enough to taste the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but somebody must do it, and find out whether in the day that he eats thereof he will surely die. Often the serpent who denies this threat will be found to speak the truth.

In public affairs this iconoclastic activity has now settled down to a more or less regulated latitude of action, coupled with a great willingness to experiment with the laws. We have nearly half a hundred legislative machines, which thousands of cliques are trying to use to further their own interests or to put their special theories to the test. We complain of over-legislation, and are put out by changes of equilibrium, as a rich man might be annoyed at the rolling of his yacht; but we must bear with the discomforts of our advantages. Over-legislation is bad, but it is better than to rot at ease, moored to the lethe wharf of an old custom.

In private affairs we are working out a morality based absolutely on pure egoism. Any departures from that basis are either departures in appearance only, or

they are deliberate and voluntary exceptions. Many philosophers have seen that such a system was the only sensible one, if not the only possible one, for this world, but it has remained for us to get it into thoroughgoing operation. Philosophical treatises have had nothing to do with its establishment. We have it because we have had a chance to try the experiment. The fight against it is all on paper, and comes under the head of literature, for the thing itself is a fact.

We say the fewer laws the better, but there are many things that must be provided for, and the question is how to provide for them in the best way. In most cases the only way to discover this best way is by experiment, and hundreds of legitimate experiments are getting a trial. It is fortunate that they are not tried on the whole nation at once. Quick divorces, woman suffrage, the single tax, may be good things, but better than any of them is the chance to watch all these experiments going on in different parts of the country. If there is a limit to profitable disturbance, that too must be found by experiment.

All this lack of restraint goes together with a change of moral attitude, and this has brought down upon Americans a number of charges, all of which may be summed up in the accusation that we lack individual moral courage. De Toqueville was the first to make the accusation; Wendell Phillips repeated it; Charles Follen, a foreigner who made this country his home, corroborated it; and Mr. Bryce, after sixty years, goes so far as to say that our public men "do not aspire to the function of forming opinion. They are like the eastern slave who says, 'I hear and I obey.'"

The best explanation I can give of this charge is that every American feels that his neighbors may some day be of use to him. No one can afford to make enemies. We are all one another's lawyers, tailors, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, and we cannot risk the

loss of any trade or custom. So we keep our mouths shut about one another's shortcomings. Very good. But how about Europeans? Examine the outspoken foreigner, English, French, or German, whose behavior is taken to represent the moral tone of his country. You will find that he relies on the fact that what he says will have no effect on his fortunes. He may appear to have no regard for consequences, but the truth is that there will be no disastrous consequences in his case. As a rule, he is bolstered up by some establishment, estate, title, class, church, social position, academy coterie or clique, which exercises an authoritative and feudal influence over the minds of his fellow citizens. He is part of some institution which, by its prestige, protects him from personal responsibility. To the outsider who does not appreciate these protective influences, or to the native who is unconscious of them, the boldness of these men seems absolute, but in reality it is confined to those points of the compass at which they are defended. They are but brave nor'-nor'-east. When the wind is southerly, they know a hawk from a hand-saw, and run to cover. Their courage is relative. Take them in the rear, try to make them speak boldly about some superior on whom they depend, and who can get them into trouble, and you will find that moral independence is no commoner in Europe than it is among Americans who are not protected from the consequences of what they do and say.

But there is another aspect to this matter, and here it is that any one who tries to deal with American evils on feudal principles will come to grief. Let us admit that a prudent self-interest makes men careful as to how they attack one another; is there nothing to be said in favor of that result? It is not necessarily immoral, for the social duty of the class-protected aristocrat may be no duty at all for the self-protected citizen of a republic. The ideas of what are and

what are not the public duties of private citizens are among the very things that are undergoing a change. New conditions make new virtues, and it may well happen that a quality shall set sail from Dublin as virtue, and land an absurdity in New York or Chicago.

Is it not true that if people have reason to think twice before they indulge in a free attack upon their neighbors, much worthless criticism will be prevented? You may call this restraint of interference by any disagreeable name you choose; it is nevertheless a good thing. It adds to the freedom of action as much as it takes away from the freedom of speech, and workers have rights as well as talkers. Unless it can be shown that real abuses go permanently free, no harm is done. It is true that the correction of some evils is delayed. We let our neighbors go their gait until they begin to injure us in some tangible way. When that happens, we grow bold enough to defend ourselves both in speech and in action. Our method has this advantage, that reform can never begin under the dangerous guidance of moral enthusiasm. Vice is attacked because it does harm, not because it is sinful. Thievery of officials is checked because we need our own money, not because they are immoral to take it. We are slow to anger and justice is delayed, but when it comes, it comes on solid principles, about which there can be no question whatever, and not on mere excitement and enthusiasm. This toleration of wrong-doing is offset by a corresponding toleration of new activities. Innovations which are thought wrong have a chance to live and prove themselves harmless and even beneficial. They are not suppressed by a priori irresponsible moralizers before their good points can be seen. Unless we belong to the army of American cranks, we do not rebel against our neighbors on any theoretical provocation. When we condemn

anybody, our judgment is a responsible one; that is, it is a judgment which it may cost us money — and not inherited money, but earned money — to maintain. It is a real protest based on a real injury, not on an injury to some prejudice or superstition, such as can get a man into trouble in Europe, nor on arbitrary and theoretical objections, such as one still hears from the pulpit.

The man who does not grasp this situation goes about his reforms in what is really a priestly way, and he is astonished and disappointed to find how little effect he produces. He adopts the time-worn plan of making an appeal to conscience by a sweeping condemnation of abuses on moral grounds, and he gets little or no response. This angers him, and he denounces the most respectable people as selfish and spiritless cowards. The trouble is that his standard of duty no longer exists except on paper. Any one who wishes to accomplish actual reforms will waste his time if he relies on mere appeals to conscience. He must bring out facts and figures, and show the abuse he is after as a definite and tangible injury. He must then prove it, and set the machinery of the law to work at some actual point, and accomplish some practical improvement. Then the people will believe him and stand behind him. Otherwise they are probably too busy with their own affairs to attend to homiletic discourses. It is a long road, but it is the right road. Cross-cuts to righteousness are artificial survivals. Lincoln and Grant did their duty and dealt with their victories in this spirit, and in great matters it offers the most impressive exhibition of great morality. It is not unkind, but when it descends upon obliquity it is absolute. It is like the fall of night.

All these changes in the way of looking at things go to make up our theory of life, our view of the universe, our philosophy.

*Henry G. Chapman.*

## LITERARY LONDON TWENTY YEARS AGO.

No day in an American's recollection can easily be more cheerful than that in which he first found himself within reach of London, prepared, as Willis said half a century ago, to see whole shelves of his library walking about in coats and gowns. This event did not happen to me for the first time until I was forty-eight years old, and had been immersed at home in an atmosphere of tolerably cultivated men and women; but the charm of the new experience was none the less great, and I inspected my little parcel of introductory letters as if each were a key to unlock a world unknown. Looking back, I cannot regret that I did not have this experience earlier in life. Valentine, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says that homekeeping youth have ever homely wits; yet it is something to have wits at all, and perhaps there is more chance for this if one is not transplanted too soon. Our young people are now apt to be sent too early to Europe, and therefore do not approach it with their own individualities sufficiently matured; but in those days foreign travel was much more of an enterprise, and no one could accuse me, on my arrival, of being unreasonably young.

I visited London in 1872, and again in 1878, and some recollections based on the letters and diaries of those two years will be combined in this paper. The London atmosphere and *dramatis personæ* had changed little within the interval, but the whole period was separated by a distinct literary cycle from that on which Emerson looked back in 1843. He then wrote that Europe had already lost ground; that it was not "as in the golden days when the same town would show the traveler the noble heads of Scott, of Mackintosh, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Cuvier, and Humboldt." Yet I scarcely missed even these heads, nearly thirty

years later, in the prospect of seeing Carlyle, Darwin, Tennyson, Browning, Tyndall, Huxley, Matthew Arnold, and Froude, with many minor yet interesting personalities. Since the day when I met these distinguished men another cycle has passed, and they have all disappeared. Of those whom I met twenty-five years ago at the Athenæum Club, there remain only Herbert Spencer and the delightful Irish poet Aubrey de Vere; and though the Club now holds on its lists the names of a newer generation, Besant and Hardy, Lang and Haggard, I cannot think that what has been added quite replaces what has been lost. Yet the younger generation itself may think otherwise; and my task at present deals with the past alone. It deals with the older London group, and I may write of this the more freely inasmuch as I did not write during the lifetime of the men described; nor do I propose, even at this day, to speak of interviews with any persons now living.

My first duty in England was, of course, to ascertain my proper position as an American, and to know what was thought of us. This was easier twenty-five years ago than it now is, since the English ignorance of Americans was then even greater than it is to-day, and was perhaps yet more frankly expressed. One of the first houses where I spent an evening was the very hospitable home of a distinguished scholar, then the president of the Philological Society, and the highest authority on the various dialects of the English language; but I was led to think that his sweet and kindly wife had not fully profited by his learning. She said to me, "Is it not rather strange that you Americans, who seem such a friendly and cordial race, should invariably address a newcomer as 'stranger,' while we English, who are thought to be cold

and distant, are more likely to say 'my friend'?" She would scarcely credit it when I told her that I had hardly ever in my life been greeted by the word she thought so universal; and then she added, "I have been told that Americans begin every sentence with 'Well, stranger, I guess.'" I was compelled to plead guilty to the national use of two of these words, but still demurred as to the "stranger." Then she sought for more general information, and asked if it were really true, as she had been told, that railway trains in America were often stopped for the purpose of driving cattle off the track. I admitted to her that in some regions of the far West, where cattle abounded and fencing material was scarce, this might still be done; and I did not think it necessary to say that I had seen it done, in my youth, within twenty miles of Boston. But I explained that we Americans, being a very inventive race, had devised a little apparatus to be placed in front of the locomotive in order to turn aside all obstructions; and I told her that this excellent invention was called a cow-catcher. She heard this with interest, and then her kindly face grew anxious, and she said hesitatingly, "But is n't it rather dangerous for the boy?" I said wonderingly, "What boy?" and she reiterated, "For the boy, don't you know,—the cow-catcher." Her motherly fancy had depicted an unfortunate youth balanced on the new contrivance, probably holding on with one arm, and dispersing dangerous herds with the other.

One had also to meet, at that time, sharp questions as to one's origin, and sometimes unexpected sympathy when this was ascertained. A man of educated appearance was then often asked,—and indeed is still liable to be asked,—on his alluding to America, how much time he had spent there. This question was put to me, in 1878, by a very lively young maiden at the table of a clergyman who was my host at Reading; she

went on to inform me that I spoke English differently from any Americans she had ever seen, and she had known "heaps of them" in Florence. When I had told her that I spoke the language just as I had done for about half a century, and as my father and mother had spoken it before me, she caught at some other remark of mine, and asked with hearty surprise, "But you do not mean that you really like being an American, do you?" When I said that I should be very sorry not to be, she replied, "I can only say that I never thought of such a thing; I supposed that you were all Americans because you could n't help it;" and I assured her that we had this reason, also. She sung, later in the evening, with a dramatic power I never heard surpassed, Kingsley's thrilling ballad of Lorraine, of which the heroine is a jockey's wife, who is compelled by her husband to ride a steeple-chase, at which she meets her death. The young singer had set the ballad to music, and it was one of those coincidences stranger than any fiction that she herself was killed by a runaway horse but a few months later.

An American had also to accustom himself, in those days, to the surprise which might be expressed at his knowing the commonplaces of English history, and especially of English legend. On first crossing the border into Scotland, I was asked suddenly by my only railway companion, a thin, keen man with high cheek-bones, who had hitherto kept silence, "Did ye ever hear of Yarrow?" I felt inclined to answer, like a young American girl of my acquaintance when asked by a young man if she liked flowers, "What a silly question!" Restraining myself, I explained to him that every educated American was familiar with any name mentioned by Burns, by Scott, or in the Border Minstrelsy. Set free by this, he showed me many things and places which I was glad to see,—passes by which the Highland raiders came down, valleys where they



hid the cattle they had lifted ; he showed me where their fastnesses were, and where "Tintock tap" was, on which a lassie might doubtless still be wooed if she had siller enough. By degrees we came to literature in general, and my companion proved to be the late Principal Shairp, professor of poetry at Oxford, and author of books well known in America.

I encountered still another instance of the curious social enigma then afforded by the American in England, when I was asked, soon after my arrival, to breakfast with Mr. Froude, the historian. As I approached the house I saw a lady speaking to some children at the door, and she went in before I reached it. Being admitted, I saw another lady glance at me from the region of the breakfast parlor, and was also dimly aware of a man who looked over the stairway. After I had been cordially received and was seated at the breakfast-table, it gradually came out that the first lady was Mrs. Froude's sister, the second was Mrs. Froude herself, while it was her husband who had looked over the stairs ; and I learned furthermore that they had severally decided that, whoever I was, I could not be the American gentleman who was expected at breakfast. What was their conception of an American, — what tomahawk and scalping-knife were looked for, what bearskin or bareskin, or whether it was that I had omitted the customary war-whoop, — this never was explained. Perhaps it was as in Irving's case, who thought his kind reception in England due to the fact that he used a goose-quill in his hand instead of sticking it in his hair, — a distinction which lost all its value, however, with the advent of steel pens. At any rate, my reception was as kind as possible, though my interest in Froude, being based wholly on his early book, *The Nemesis of Faith*, was somewhat impaired by the fact that he treated that work as merely an indiscretion of boyhood, and was more

interested in himself as the author of a history, which, unluckily, I had not then read. We met better upon a common interest in Carlyle, a few days later, and he took me to see that eminent author, and to join the afternoon walk of the two in Hyde Park. Long ago, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, I described this occasion, and dwelt on the peculiar quality of Carlyle's laugh, which, whenever it burst out in its full volume, had the effect of dissolving all the clouds of his apparent cynicism and leaving clear sky behind. Whatever seeming ungraciousness had preceded, his laugh revealed the genuine humorist at last, so that he almost seemed to have been playing with himself in the fierce things he had said. When he laughed, he appeared instantly to follow Emerson's counsel and to write upon the lintels of his doorpost "Whim !" I was especially impressed with this peculiar quality during our walk in the park.

Nothing could well be more curious than the look and costume of Carlyle. He had been living in London nearly forty years, yet he had the untamed aspect of one just arrived from Ecclefechan. He wore "an old experienced coat," such as Thoreau attributes to his Scotch fisherman, — one having that unreasonably high collar of other days, in which the head was sunk ; his hair was coarse and stood up at its own will ; his bushy whiskers were thrust into prominence by one of those stiff collars which the German students call "father-killers," from a tradition that the sharp points once pierced the jugular vein of a parent during an affectionate embrace. In this guise, with a fur cap and a stout walking-stick, he accompanied Froude and myself on our walk. I observed that near his Chelsea home the passers-by regarded him with a sort of familiar interest, farther off with undisguised curiosity, and at Hyde Park, again, with a sort of recognition, as of an accustomed figure. At one point on our way some poor children were playing on a bit of

rough ground lately included in a park, and they timidly stopped their frolic as we drew near. The oldest boy, looking from one to another of us, selected Carlyle as the least formidable, and said, "I say, mister, may we roll on this here grass?" Carlyle stopped, leaning on his staff, and said in his homeliest accents, "Yes, my little fellow, ye may r-r-roll at discraytion;" upon which the children resumed their play, one little girl repeating his answer audibly, as if in a vain effort to take in the whole meaning of the long word.

One of my pleasantest London dinners was at the ever hospitable house of the late Sir Frederick Pollock; the other persons present being Lady Pollock, with her eldest son, the present wearer of the title, and two most agreeable men, — Mr. Venable, for many years the editor of the annual summary of events in the London Times, and Mr. Newton, of the British Museum. The latter was an encyclopædia of art and antiquities, and Mr. Venable of all the social gossip of a century; it was like talking with Horace Walpole. Of one subject alone I knew more than they did, namely, Gilbert Stuart's pictures, one of which, called *The Skater*, had just been unearthed in London, and was much admired. "Why don't they inquire about the artist?" said Sir Frederick Pollock. "He might have done something else." They would hardly believe that his pictures were well known in America, and that his daughter was still a conspicuous person in society. Much of the talk fell upon lawyers and clergymen. They told a story of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, that he had actually evaded payment of his tailor's bill on the ground that it had not been presented for six years, which in England is the legal limit. They vied with one another in tales of the eccentricities of English clergymen: of one who was eighteen years incumbent of an important parish, and lived in France all the time; of an-

other who did not conduct service in the afternoon, as that was the time when it was necessary for him to take his spaniels out; of another who practiced his hawks in the church; of another who, being a layman, became master of Caius College (pronounced Keys) at Oxford, had a church living at his disposal, and presented it to himself, taking orders for the purpose. After officiating for the first time he said to the sexton, "Do you know, that's a very good service of your church?" He had literally never heard it before! But all agreed that these tales were of the past, and that the tribe of traditional fox-hunting and horse-racing parsons was almost extinct. I can testify, however, to having actually encountered one of the latter class this very year.

I met Matthew Arnold one day by appointment at the Athenæum, in 1878, and expressed some surprise that he had not been present at the meeting of the Association Littéraire Internationale which I had just attended in Paris. He said that he had declined because such things were always managed with a sole view to the glorification of France; yet he admitted that France was the only nation which really held literature in honor, as was to be seen in its copyright laws, — England and America caring far less for it, he thought. He told me that his late address on Equality was well enough received by all the audience except the Duke of Northumberland, the presiding officer, and in general better by the higher class, which well knew that it was materialized, than by the middle class, which did not know that it was vulgarized. Lord William Russell, whom I found talking with him as I came up, had said to him, with amusement, "There was I sitting on the very front seat, during the lecture, in the character of the Wicked Lord." Arnold fully agreed with a remark which I quoted to him from Mrs. George Bancroft, who had been familiar with two courts, to the effect that

there was far more sycophancy to rank among literary men in London than in Berlin. She said that she had never known an English scholar who, if he had chanced to dine with a nobleman, would not speak of it to everybody, whereas no German savant would think of mentioning such a thing. "Very true," replied Arnold, "but the German would be less likely to be invited to the dinner." He thought that rank was far more exclusive and narrow in Germany, as seen in the fact that there men of rank did not marry out of their circle, a thing which frequently took place in England. He also pointed out that the word *mésalliance* was not English, nor was there any word in our language to take its place. Arnold seemed to me, personally, as he had always seemed in literature, a keen but by no means judicial critic, and in no proper sense a poet. That he is held to be such is due, in my judgment, only to the fact that he has represented the passing attitude of mind in many cultivated persons.

I visited Darwin twice in his own house at an interval of six years, once passing the night there. On both occasions I found him the same, but with health a little impaired after the interval, — always the same simple, noble, absolutely truthful soul. Without the fascinating and boyish eagerness of Agassiz, he was also utterly free from the vehement partisanship which this quality brings with it, and he showed a mind ever humble and open to new truth. Tall and flexible, with the overhanging brow and long features best seen in Mrs. Cameron's photograph, he either lay half reclined on the sofa or sat on high cushions, obliged continually to guard against the cruel digestive trouble that haunted his whole life. I remember that at my first visit, in 1872, I was telling him of an address before the Philological Society by Dr. Andrew J. Ellis, in which he had quoted from Alice in the Looking-Glass the description of what

were called portmanteau words, into which various meanings were crammed. As I spoke, Mrs. Darwin glided quietly away, got the book, and looked up the passage. "Read it out, my dear," said her husband; and as she read the amusing page, he laid his head back and laughed heartily. Here was the man who had revolutionized the science of the world giving himself wholly to the enjoyment of Alice and her pretty nonsense. Akin to this was his hearty enjoyment of Mark Twain, who then had hardly begun to be regarded as above the Josh Billings grade of humorist; but Darwin was amazed that I had not read *The Jumping Frog*, and said that he always kept it by his bedside for midnight amusement. I recall with a different kind of pleasure the interest he took in my experience with the colored race, and the faith which he expressed in the negroes. This he afterward stated more fully in a letter to me, which may be found in his published memoirs. It is worth recording that even the incredulous Carlyle had asked eagerly about the colored soldiers, and had drawn the conclusion, of his own accord, that in their case the negroes should be enfranchised. "You could do no less," he said, "for the men who had stood by you."

Darwin's house at Beckenham was approached from Orpington station by a delightful drive through lanes, among whose tufted hedges I saw the rare spectacle of two American elms, adding those waving and graceful lines which we their fellow countrymen are apt to miss in England. Within the grounds there were masses of American rhododendrons, which grow so rapidly in England, and these served as a background to flower-beds more gorgeous than our drier climate can usually show.

At my second visit Darwin was full of interest in the Peabody Museum at Yale College, and quoted with approval what Huxley had told him, that there was more to be learned from that one

collection than from all the museums of Europe. But for his chronic seasickness, he said, he would visit America to see it. He went to bed early that night, I remember, and the next morning I saw him, soon after seven, apparently returning from a walk through the grounds, — an odd figure, with white beard, and with a short cape wrapped round his shoulders, striding swiftly with his long legs. He said that he always went out before breakfast, — besides breakfasting at the very un-English hour of half past seven, — and that he was also watching some little experiments. His son added reproachfully, "There it is: he pretends not to be at work, but he is always watching some of his little experiments, as he calls them, and gets up in the night to see them." Nothing could be more delightful than the home relations of the Darwin family; and the happy father once quoted to me a prediction made by some theological authority that his sons would show the terrible effects of such unrighteous training, and added, looking round at them, "I do not think I have much reason to be ashamed."

I think it was on that very day that I passed from Darwin to Browning, meeting the latter at the Athenæum Club. It seemed strange to ask a page to find Mr. Browning for me, and it reminded me of the time when the little daughter of a certain poetess quietly asked at the dinner-table, between two bites of an apple, "Mamma, did I ever see Mr. Shakespeare?" The page spoke to a rather short and strongly built man who sat in a window-seat, and who jumped up and grasped my hand so cordially that it might have suggested the remark of Madame Navarro (Mary Anderson) about him, — made, however, at a later day, — that he did not appear like a poet, but rather "like one of our agreeable Southern gentlemen." He seemed a man of every day, or like the typical poet of his own *How It Strikes a Con-*

temporary. In all this he was, as will be seen later, the very antipodes of Tennyson. He had a large head of German shape, broadening behind, with light and thin gray hair and whitish beard; he had blue eyes, and the most kindly heart. It seemed wholly appropriate that he should turn aside presently to consult Anthony Trollope about some poor author for whom they held funds. He expressed pleasure at finding in me an early subscriber to his *Bells* and *Pomegranates*, and told me how he published that series in the original cheap form in order to save his father's money, and that single numbers now sold for ten or fifteen pounds. He was amused at my wrath over some changes which he had made in later editions of those very poems, and readily admitted, on my suggesting it, that they were merely a concession to obtuse readers; he promised, indeed, to alter some of the verses back again, but — as is the wont of poets — failed to do so. I was especially struck with the way in which he spoke about his son, whose career as an artist had well begun, he said; but it was an obstacle that people expected too much of him, as having had such a remarkable mother. It was told in the simplest way, as if there were nothing on the paternal side worth considering.

The most attractive literary headquarters in London, in those days, of course, was the Athenæum Club. It used to be said that no man could have any question to ask which he could not find somebody to answer the same afternoon, between five and six o'clock, at that Club. The Savile Club and Cosmopolitan Club were also attractive. The most agreeable private receptions of poets and artists were then to be found, I think, at the house of William Rossetti, where one not merely had the associations and atmosphere of a brilliant family, — which had already lost, however, its most gifted member, — but also encountered the younger set of writers,

who were all preraaphaelites in art, and who read Morris, Swinburne, and for a time, at least, Whitman and even Joaquin Miller. There one met Mrs. Rossetti, who was the daughter of Madox Brown, and herself an artist; also Alma Tadema, just returned from his wedding journey to Italy with his beautiful wife. One found there men and women then coming forward into literature, but now much better known, — Edmund Gosse, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Cayley, the translator of Dante, and Miss Robinson, now Madame Darmesteter. Sometimes I went to the receptions of our fellow countrywoman, Mrs. Moulton, then just beginning, but already promising the flattering success they have since attained. Once I dined with Professor Tyndall at the Royal Society, where I saw men whose names had long been familiar in the world of science, and found myself sitting next to a man of the most eccentric manners, who turned out to be Lord Lyttelton, well known to me by name as the Latin translator of Lord Houghton's poems. I amazed him, I remember, by repeating the opening verses of one of his translations.

I met Du Maurier once at a dinner party, before he had added literary to artistic successes. Some one had told me that he was probably the most bored man in London, dining out daily, and being tired to death of it. This I could easily believe when I glanced at him, after the ladies had retired, lounging back in his chair with his hands in his pockets, and looking as if the one favor he besought of everybody was to let him alone. This mute defiance was rather stimulating, and as he sat next to me I was moved to disregard the implied prohibition; for after all, one does not go to a dinner party in order to achieve silence; one can do that at home. I ventured, therefore, to put to him the bold question how he could justify himself in representing the English people as so much handsomer than they or any other

modern race — as I considerably added — really are. This roused him, as was intended; he took my remark very good-humoredly, and pleaded guilty at once, but said that he pursued this course because it was much pleasanter to draw beauty than ugliness, and, moreover, because it paid better. "There is Keene," said he, "who is one of the greatest artists now living, but people do not like his pictures as well as mine, because he paints people as they really are." I then asked him where he got the situations and mottoes for his charming pictures of children in the London parks. He had an especial group, about that time, who were always walking with a great dog and making delightful childish observations. He replied that his own children provided him with clever sayings for some time; and now that they had grown too old to utter them, his friends kept him supplied from their nurseries. I told him that he might imitate a lady I once knew in America, who, when her children were invited to any neighboring house to play, used to send by the maid who accompanied them a notebook and pencil, with the request that the lady of the house would jot down anything remarkable which they might say during the afternoon. He seemed amused at this; and a month or two later, when I took up a new London Punch at Zermatt, I found my veritable tale worked up into a picture: a fat, pudgy little mother handing a notebook to a rather stately and defiant young governess; while the children clustering round, and all looking just like the mother, suggested to the observer a doubt whether their combined intellects could furnish one line for the record. It was my scene, though with a distinct improvement; and this was my first and only appearance, even by deputy, in the pages of Punch.

It was in 1872, on my first visit to England, that I saw Tennyson. That visit was a very brief one, and it curiously happened that in the choice which often

forces itself upon the hurried traveler, between meeting a great man and seeing an historic building, I was compelled to sacrifice Salisbury Cathedral to this poet as I had previously given up York Minster for Darwin. Both sacrifices were made on the deliberate ground, which years have vindicated, that the building would probably last for my lifetime, while the man might not. I had brought no letter to Tennyson, and indeed my friend James T. Fields had volunteered a refusal of any, so strong was the impression that the poet disliked to be bored by Americans; but when two ladies whom I had met in London, Lady Pollock and Miss Anne Thackeray, — afterwards Mrs. Ritchie, — had kindly offered to introduce me, and to write in advance that I was coming, it was not in human nature, at least in American nature, to decline. I spent the night at Cowes, and was driven eight miles from the hotel to Farringford by a very intelligent young groom who had never heard of Tennyson; and when we reached the door of the house, the place before me seemed such a haven of peace and retirement that I actually shrank from disturbing those who dwelt therein, and even found myself recalling a tale of Tennyson and his wife, who were sitting beneath a tree and talking unreservedly, when they discovered, by a rustling in the boughs overhead, that two New York reporters had taken position in the branches and were putting down the conversation. Fortunately, I saw on the drawing-room table an open letter from one of the ladies just mentioned, announcing my approach, and it lay near a window, through which, as I had been told, the master of the house did not hesitate to climb, by way of escape from any unwelcome visitor.

I therefore sent up my name. Presently I heard a rather heavy step in the adjoining room, and there stood in the doorway the most un-English looking man I had ever seen. He was tall and

high-shouldered, careless in dress, and while he had a high and domed forehead, yet his brilliant eyes and tangled hair and beard gave him rather the air of a partially reformed Corsican bandit, or else an imperfectly secularized Carmelite monk, than of a decorous and well-groomed Englishman. He greeted me shyly, gave me his hand, which was in those days a good deal for an Englishman, and then sidled up to the mantelpiece, leaned on it, and said, with the air of an aggrieved schoolboy, "I am rather afraid of you Americans; your countrymen do not treat me very well. There was Bayard Taylor" — and then he went into a long narration of some grievance incurred through an indiscreet letter of that well-known journalist. Strange to say, the effect of this curious attack was to put me perfectly at my ease. It was as if I had visited Shakespeare, and had found him in a pet because some one of my fellow countrymen had spelled his name wrong. I knew myself to be wholly innocent and to have no journalistic designs, nor did I ever during Tennyson's lifetime describe the interview. He perhaps recognized my good intentions, and took me to his study, then to his garden, where the roses were advanced beyond any I had yet seen in England. I was struck, in his conversation, with that accuracy of outdoor knowledge which one sees in his poems; he pointed out, for instance, which ferns were American, and which had been attempted in this country, but had refused to grow. He talked freely about his own books, and it seemed to me that he must be like Wordsworth, as we find him in the descriptions of contemporaries, — a little too isolated in his daily life, and too much absorbed in the creations of his own fancy. Lord Houghton, his lifelong friend, said to me afterwards, "Tennyson likes unmixed flattery." This I should not venture to say, but I noticed that when he was speaking of other men, he mentioned as an important trait in their character whether



they liked his poems or not; Lowell, he evidently thought, did not. Perhaps this is a habit of all authors, and it was only that Tennyson spoke out, like a child, what others might have concealed.

He soon offered, to my great delight, to take me to the house of Mrs. Cameron, the celebrated amateur photographer, who lived close by. We at once came upon Mr. Cameron, a very picturesque figure, having fine white hair and beard, and wearing a dressing-gown of pale blue with large black velvet buttons, and a heavy gold chain. I had heard it said that Mrs. Cameron selected her housemaids for their profiles, that she might use them for saints and madonnas in her photographic groups; and it turned out that all these damsels were upstairs, watching round the sick-bed of the youngest, who was a great favorite in the Tennyson family. We were ushered into the chamber, where a beautiful child lay unconscious upon the bed, with weeping girls around; and I shall never forget the scene when Tennyson bent over the pillow, with his sombre Italian look, and laid his hand on the unconscious forehead; it was like a picture by Ribera or Zamacois. The child, as I afterwards heard, never recovered consciousness, and died within a few days. Presently Mrs. Cameron led us downstairs again, and opened chests of photographs for me to choose among. I chose one, *The Two Angels at the Sepulchre*, for which one of the maid servants had stood as a model; another of Tennyson's *Eleanore*, for which Mrs. Stillman (*Miss Spartalis*) had posed; and three large photographs of Darwin, Carlyle, and Tennyson himself, — the last of these being one which he had christened *The Dirty Monk*, and of which he wrote, at Mrs. Cameron's request, in my presence, a certificate that it was the best likeness ever taken of him. I have always felt glad to have seen Tennyson not merely in contact with a stranger like myself,

but as he appeared among these friendly people, and under the influence of a real emotion of sympathy, showing the deeper nature of the man.

No one knows better than myself how slight and fragmentary are the recollections here recorded, yet even such glimpses occasionally suggest some aspect of character which formal biographers have missed. A clever woman once said to me that she did not know which really gave the more knowledge of a noted person, — to have read all he had written and watched all he had done, or, on the other hand, to have taken one moment's glance at his face. As we grow older, we rely more and more on this first glance. I never felt for an instant that I had really encountered in England men of greater calibre than I had met before, — for was I not the fellow countryman of Emerson and Hawthorne, of Webster and Phillips? — yet, after all, the ocean lends a glamour to the unseen world beyond it, and I was glad to have had a sight of that world, also. I was kindly dismissed from it, after my first brief visit, by a reception given me at the rooms of the Anglo-American Club, where Thomas Hughes — whom I had first known at Newport, Rhode Island — presided, and where Lord Houghton moved some too flattering resolutions, which were seconded by the present Sir Frederick Pollock. Returning to my American home, I read, after a few days, in the local newspaper (*the Newport Mercury*), that I was reported to have enjoyed myself greatly in England, and to have been kindly received, "especially among servants and rascals." An investigation by the indignant editor revealed the fact that the scrap had been copied from another newspaper; and that a felicitous misprint had substituted the offending words for the original designation of my English friends as savants and radicals.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

## THE GREATEST OF THESE.

YES, I think I may say that in general my portraits are rather well thought of. By "my portraits" I mean, not those that other people paint of *me*, but those that I paint of *them*. Stanhope, too, shares the common opinion, though what we artists think of an opinion that is purely literary everybody knows. He is constantly referring to my "art." I seldom refer to his. That piques him. But I do not acknowledge that literature is an art, except, perhaps, in some secondary, subsidiary sense; for of late, it is true, "we others" have rather favored that *métier*. But we must frame our pictures.

My portraits, yes. My *Trois Vieilles Femmes* received honorable mention at the last Salon; my *Woman of a Certain Age* is just now causing considerable comment at Burlington House.

All accounts agree; all strike the same note: it is always and ever my "eye for character." The unified voice of appreciation never falls below "penetration," and often enough it rises even to "divination." Stanhope, in his "art," tries for the same things, but he wastes a great many words, for his medium is wholly wrong. Sometimes I "probe a complicated nature to its depths;" sometimes I "throw a flood of light upon the" — And so forth, and so forth.

Very well: let them keep it up; let them employ their "art" to glorify mine.

I became acquainted with Madame Skjelderup-Brandt rather suddenly. But that is the way things go in Sicily, especially at Girgenti, where people feel as if they had about reached the Ultima Thule of the South, and where there exists, therefore, something of a disposition to hang together. Perhaps this comes from those last few hours in the train, where everybody seems to carry a

gun or a revolver as a matter of course; perhaps from the necessity of huddling together through the evening in the hotel, from which no one thinks of issuing to the town on the hill above, or even to the humpy and betufted environs of the house itself; perhaps from the fact that there is a single well-established route through the island for travelers, one and all, and from the feeling that it is better to make one's acquaintances near the beginning of it than near the end.

I made the acquaintance of Madame Skjelderup-Brandt near the beginning (not that I learned her name till I met her again, months afterward, at Florence). She came in to dinner, sat down beside me at table, and within three minutes we were on the best of terms. I saw at once that she had character; my fingertips tingled for a pencil; I was almost for "getting" her on the table-cloth. Her prompt friendliness was most opportune, for the Dutch baron, across the table, had just turned me down. In response to my modest salutation he had dropped his cold eye to his plate, and I thought I saw him communicating to that chill and self-sufficing utensil a sulky, even a dogged determination not to let me know him. Yet how was I to have apprehended that he was Dutch, and a baron, and proud of his family, and away from home for the first time?

"Leave him alone," mumbled Stanhope at my elbow.

"I'm going to," I responded. "So are the rest," I added, for there was a vacant seat on each side of him.

Madame Brandt leaned a little my way, as she busied herself in a review of her forks and spoons.

"That young man has a good deal to learn," she said to me under her voice. She crinkled up her dark eyes with a kind of suppressed joviality, and drew

her mouth down at one corner by a sort of half-protestant grimace. Did her accent produce the grimace, or did her grimace produce the accent? It was the slightest accent in the world. Was it Hungarian? I wondered. Then she said something — perhaps the same thing over again — to a pair of young girls on the other side of her.

"He has indeed," I rejoined expressively. Whereupon she crinkled those dusky eyes of hers for me once more, and I felt that we might easily become friends.

I put Madame Brandt down for about forty-three. She ran to the plump, the robust, the durable, and she was dressed in a way that achieved elegance with little sacrifice of individuality. Her dark hair was slightly grizzled; her shrewd eyes still twinkled merrily under their fine black brows at a discomfiture that I was unable altogether to conceal; and her sturdy little hands (they had ever so many rings, yet they contrived to express as few hands do a combination of good sense, good nature, and thorough-going competence) still busied themselves with the forks and the spoons, as her straight, decided lips made a second shadowy grimace, the comment of a wide traveler on provincial pride wandering abroad for the first time.

Our menu promised great things. The house was "of the first rank," and the dinner was to be of corresponding state. There were difficulties: the milk had to come sterilized from Palermo, and the meats were sent down all the way from Lombardy; yet we got through the eight courses that our rank demanded. As the fish came on, our number was increased by one: a middle-aged lady entered and sat down on the baron's right. She was a quiet little body, with a pale face and eyes of a timid and appealing blue. She seemed embarrassed, distressed, detached. Stanhope figured her (a little later on, after allowing himself a due margin of time to get his literary en-

ginery into play) as some faded water-bloom, rudely uprooted, and floating away who could say whither? This poetical analogy made no great impression upon me; her face was far from offering itself with any particular degree of usefulness. However, we both agreed that she did look detached.

"Decidedly so," affirmed Stanhope. "And if nobody speaks to her, I'll do it myself."

But Madame Brandt greeted her very kindly, with a sort of unceremonious good nature, — as if for the tenth or twentieth time, — and yet with a delicate shade of consideration and concern.

"Your turn, now," I said to the baron, — inaudibly, it is true. "Don't go on fussing over that fish-bone; it's only a pretense. Look up, I say."

He must have heard me. He raised his eyes. His glance, though cool, was civil, and he gave her a word of conventional greeting.

"That's better," I commented. The little lady appeared to become a trifle more self-assured, more animated.

"Something might be done with her, after all," I thought. My revolt against the *jeune fille* has carried me to great lengths.

"What is such a type doing in a hotel," questioned Stanhope, "and in a hotel so far away from home at that? A domestic body, if ever I saw one; she does n't even know how to take her place at a public table. She has cleared the entire distance between her own home and this hotel in a single jump. Did you ever see anybody so timid, so deprecatory, so propitiatory, so" —

"Your language!" I sighed. Then, "Why should she be frightened? We are only a dozen all told."

Stanhope ran his eye round the table. "She makes us thirteen."

"I am not superstitious," I declared.

"Nor I. But what can have brought her so far, and have hurried her along so fast?" he proceeded.

"So far? So fast?" I repeated. "Oh, you literati will never take a thing as it is; you will never be satisfied with a moment of arrested motion. Action, movement, progression, — you must always have your little story going on."

"But you will agree that she is from the far North. Don't you see the Baltic in her complexion? Don't you see the — h'm — the Teutonic sky in her eyes?"

"What I see is that you are coming round to my way. Bravo! It's surprising how seldom you do get my point of view."

"Don't think I'm trying to invade your province," he rejoined. "You won't mind if I wonder whether she is an invalid?"

"She hardly looks ill," I replied. "Worried, if you like, anxious, under some severe strain."

"Undoubtedly. Now, there; what did the lady on your right say to her?"

For Madame Brandt had addressed to the newcomer what seemed to be a few words of sympathetic inquiry, employing certain specific vocal lifts and inflections that she had already employed in addressing the two young girls just beyond.

"How do I know?" I asked rather pettishly. "Tell me what language the lady on my right was speaking in. Tell me what country the lady on my right is a native of. Tell me the name, country, rank, and title of the individual opposite who has undertaken to be silent in *all* the languages. Tell me the nationality of that high-shouldered youth behind the *épergne*, — the one with those saffron eyes and that shock of snuff-brown hair. Give me the origins of the elderly ringleted female up at the head who has staked out her poodle at the table-leg. I know abbés and lieutenants and curates, especially English ones; there's nothing else I'm sure of. Oh dear, what is that poor woman trying to tell the waiter? He speaks Italian, English, and French; won't any of the three serve her?"

The little lady from the North was looking up from her plate of belated soup into the waiter's face with an expression of perplexed appeal.

"Can't you help her?" growled Stanhope.

I made some advance in French, but uselessly. Madame Brandt came to her aid in her own special idiom, and then communicated with the waiter in German.

"Ah, you speak everything!" I said to her, with an abrupt informality not unlike her own.

"Oh, we who come from the little countries!" she returned, with a careless good humor. "But there are greater linguists than I in the house," and she pointed toward the chair opposite that still remained vacant.

Just before the removal of the *entrée* this chair came to be occupied.

"Fourteen at last!" breathed Stanhope.

Another woman entered, and the sorrowful little creature from the Northland, after a word passed with the newcomer in the only language of which she herself seemed to have a command, accomplished a depressed and inconspicuous exit.

"Thirteen again!" sighed Stanhope.

"Don't twang that string any longer," I remonstrated.

The new arrival, who had come on with much directness and self-assurance, and had seated herself with all the self-possession in the world, gave the waiter a hint about the smoking lamp in Italian, favored the company with a brief but comprehensive salutation in French, unfolded her napkin, and achieved a swift and easy dominance of place, people, and occasion.

It was one more "woman of a certain age." I trod on Stanhope's foot. "What do you think of *this*?" was my meaning. My pressure was full of implication, even of insinuation. He made no response, — he whose intuitions are his constant boast.

Of a certain age, yes. But what age? Thirty-five? Thirty-seven—thirty-eight? Single? Married? Widowed? Divorced? A lady or — not?

Once more I trod on Stanhope's foot. This time his foot pushed mine away. "Work it out for yourself," — that was plainly what he meant.

Well, then, a woman of thirty-seven; rather tall than not; neither stout nor thin, yet noticeably big-boned; and dressed in black brocaded silk. Of robust constitution, perhaps, yet not in robust health. Her face pale, worn; not haggard, yet full of lines; weathered, apparently, by a long and open exposure to the storms of life. Her hair (none too carefully arranged) already turning gray. Her cheek-bones high-set and wonderfully assertive, — what was her race? Her eyes (of a bright, bold, hard blue) most markedly oblique, — what was her lineage? Her wrists thick; her hands large and rather bony, yet white (even blanched) and well kept; her nails carefully trimmed, but one or two of her finger-tips discolored as if by some liquid, not ink, — what were her interests, what was her occupation? Her chin firm, decided, aggressive —

(Artichokes? Stewed in something or other? No, thank you. Artichokes have no *raison d'être* beyond the pleasure they give one in picking them apart leaf by leaf, and for that they must be dry. I will wait for the roast.)

— firm, decided, aggressive. Her mouth — if I may express myself so — open; I mean large, frank, without pretense, guiltless of subterfuge. No difficulty there. But those eyes, those cheek-bones! They puzzled me, fascinated me. They threw my thoughts forward to some new country that I had never seen, to some new people that I had never mingled with, to some new life broadly, irreconcilably at variance with our own. The face they helped to form prompted me to the sketching out of some novel career altogether unique and individual, chal-

lenged me to reconstruct the chain of experiences that had led this singular woman over what rigors of unknown seas and mountains to the mild joys of this blooming Sicilian spring. "She has lived," I thought; "she has looked out for herself; she has character, capacity. But she is so worn, so hard, so brusque, so bold. Is she — is she" — and I said it to myself in a whisper's whisper — "is she — respectable?"

I appealed to the table; how were my commensals receiving her? Just as they would receive anybody else, apparently. Yet, was she accepted, or did she impose herself? For she took the initiative from the start. She knew everybody. Stanhope and I were the only new arrivals of the day. She greeted Madame Skjelderup-Brandt, — well and good. She greeted the two gray doves by madame's side, and they modestly responded, — better and better. She accosted the baron in German, and extracted a whole sentence from him in reply, — best of all. She had a word for Toto tied to the table-leg, and received acknowledgments in some unclassified jargon from Toto's mistress, — highly satisfactory. But the English curate, he of the lank limbs and the underdone countenance? Ah, he is not cordial. (How long has he been in the house?) And the curate's lady, with her desiccated physiognomy, is coldly mute. (How much does she know of the world?) And the head waiter himself, — is his attitude that of friendly good will, or that of careless, open disrespect?

I felt Stanhope's foot against mine. I started. "I — I beg pardon!"

"I was only saying," said the voice of the object of my conjectures, with her look partly on my face and partly on the label of my wine-bottle, "that you would have done better to select some local growth; our Tempij, for example. Marsala is generally fortified beyond all reason."

I glanced at Stanhope. I decided

that her advances must have begun with him, and have reached me by a subsequent stage. But I found them abrupt and irregular, all the same.

"Marsala is a local growth, according to most people's notions of Sicily, is n't it?" I asked.

"Poor Marsala, — after they have finished with it!" she observed, taking her own bottle in hand.

I shall not say that her voice was harsh or rough, though her vocal chords must have had their own peculiar adjustment. I shall not insist that her English had an accent; least of all shall I insist upon what particular accent it may have been.

She pushed her bottle across toward me.

"Try it, anyway. It is nothing remarkable, but you will see a difference."

"Dear me," I thought, "this is most singular. I never saw such directness; I never met such — h'm. She breaks down all barriers; she dispenses with all conventions; really, she lets in quite a different air; what quarter does it blow from?" I felt the eye of the curate's wife upon me, and would rather have had things different.

"It is better," I acknowledged. "My next bottle shall be the same as yours." I am not sure that I should have put it just in that way with everybody.

"You stay long enough, then, for a second?" Why should she want to know? Why should she make her want known so badly?

"A day or two," responded Stanhope. "We see the temples, and then move on — to other temples."

"Like all the rest," she said.

"Are they?" I asked. "We hoped they might be different."

"You are like all the rest. Nobody stops long enough."

"You stay longer?" I remembered her reference to "our tempj."

She looked thoughtfully into her glass.

"Yes," she replied in an altered tone, a tone of great quietness and restraint; "I have been here some time." And she became silent.

After a short lapse the conversation became general, and she reëntered it. Travel-talk: we exchanged feeble nothings about routes and accommodations; we praised here, and we condemned there, — all from the strict standpoint of personal experience. My Enigma touched on the hotels at Corfu, on the steamer for Tunis, on the express for Constantinople. She seemed to have been everywhere, to have seen everything, to have met everybody. She evoked responses, more or less in kind, from every quarter. Madame Brandt grew restive under all this indifferent discourse; I could see that she felt herself capable of handling better material. She veered off toward politics; she had her own ideas on everything and a policy for everybody. Her "little country" was evidently outside the circle of great things; hers was a broad, external vision, and embraced all powers and potentates in its easy and masterful sweep. Politics was her hobby; so she mounted her steed and swung round the track finely; she kicked up a tremendous lot of dust, and took every hurdle without blinking an eyelash.

But this demonstration led to no counter-demonstration from our neighbor over the way. To all other leads she would respond, but not to the lead political. She who appeared to know so much on every other subject was dumb on the subject of statecraft. At the first opportunity she gave the talk a strong twist in the direction of art and literature. She was better acquainted with the new men in Paris than I was myself, and she made easy casual references to men of the North whose names I had never even heard. She had a good deal to say about the later lights in Italian literature, — especially some of the more dubious ones, whom she ap-



peared to have met personally; and she commented with an unceremonious frankness on a few of the more fragrant practitioners of present-day French fiction. Stanhope became completely engrossed. She gave him intimate details about authors he was already familiar with; she made suggestions for readings in new authors whose names he had barely heard; she launched him bodily upon all the currents and cross-currents and counter-currents of Continental fiction, — she almost swamped him. She led him on from fact to theory, and from theory to practice, and from practice to ethics. Those strong white hands of hers took a firm grip upon the trunk of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and made a mighty rustle overhead among its leaves. There was one moment when I thought I almost saw things as they were, — all things save the speaker's self. She involved the whole table: the baron warmed to life; the curate flamed in protest; the saffron-eyed young man (who turned out to be a Croat) clamored against her assumptions and conclusions; until Madame Brandt, who was as deeply involved as anybody (and whose expressions showed at once a wide tolerance and a generous idealism), became suddenly conscious of the presence of her offspring. These two young creatures sat there side by side, with downcast eyes and attentive ears, — rather disconcerted by an interchange of ideas that had never before come within their ken. Their mother, returning to herself, gave a shrug, laid her own hand upon the trunk of the tree, and quieted down its agitated foliage before too many leaves had detached themselves and come fluttering down in the wrong direction.

The situation had been most promising, most inspiring. Ah, these young girls, these tedious young girls, — how much they have to answer for!

We were at the fruit. The disputant-in-chief stopped the waiter, looked over

his offerings with a leisurely yet critical eye, made her choice, called for an extra plate, arranged her pears and grapes upon it, rose unceremoniously, bade us all a brusque yet good-tempered *bon soir*, and walked out of the room.

I looked after her, — with a certain intentness, perhaps. Then, turning back, I detected Madame Brandt looking with a like intentness at me. I smiled; but she turned away without any change of expression. How long had her observations been going on?

I followed Stanhope into the smoking-room. We had it to ourselves.

"Well?" said I.

"Well?" said he.

"What is she?" I asked.

"Make your own guess. I thought at the beginning that she might be one of those Baltic Germans."

"She is n't."

"A Dane, then? A Finn? A Croat, — another of them? Or a — a" —

I did not wait for further conjecture. "Time will show, perhaps. She is a 'linguist,' remember; she will lapse into her own tongue in due course. I'm sure she has n't done so yet. When she does, may we be able to recognize it?"

"She spoke to the dog," submitted Stanhope.

"Humph!" said I. Then, "What is she doing here?" I added.

"She is a companion," he replied.

"That black figured silk — her one good gown."

"If you are going to be farcical!" I exclaimed. "Companion! Did you ever meet any one less secondary, less subordinate?"

"She is a nurse, then; or a female courier, — she knows everything."

"'Female courier'? 'Female free-lance' would be better. Couriers and such have their own dining-room here. She is an adventuress."

"Don't be too hasty," said Stanhope.

"Well, then, a grass widow, waiting

for the husband — or the remittance — that never comes. She's been here some time, it seems."

"Don't be so uncharitable," said Stanhope.

"How she talked before those children!"

"She said what all thinking persons must believe."

"That does n't help. Come, come, what is she, then?"

"A political agent, perhaps. She followed every other lead."

"Would politics lead her to Girgenti?"

"This province is certainly a political factor; those sulphur-mines, all these communal disturbances" —

"Nonsense."

"Well, then, she is a" —

"A what?" I demanded.

"A cosmopolite."

"I see you are at the end of your string," I said.

Girgenti sits whity-gray on its high hilltop and looks out upon two worlds: landward, into the Inferno of the sulphur-mines; seaward, over the Paradiso of the almond-groves. The two worlds were before us, where to choose: should we take the miseries of the sulphur-workers, evidenced by the dismal piles of refuse that disfigured the stripped and glaring hillsides of the interior, or should we follow that long and suave slope waterward, where bands of singing peasantry ply their mattocks under the tangled shade of vine and almond and olive, and where, on the last crest of the descending terraces, the yellow and battered temples of the old Greek day look out upon the blueness of the sea and up into the blueness of the sky? We chose as artists, not as philanthropists, not as humanitarians: we took the groves, the vineyards, the temples.

We were well into the latter half of February, — the spring had fully declared itself. We stepped from the

coffee-room out upon the terrace, to take a comprehensive glance over the field of our coming labors. The morning was cloudless; the air was fresh, yet mild; groups of cypress-trees rose straight and dark through the pink cloud-blooms of the almond-trees; and the sea and the sky met in one high, clear, uncompromising line that ran from the tossing hilltops on our left to the long, heaving promontory on our right.

"Here lies our day's work before us!" I cried, — "map and panorama all in one. There's the first of our temples down on the ridge just behind that olive-grove, and over yonder are two or three more. Where is the one they make all those models and photographs of, I wonder, — the one with the three or four columns and the bit of entablature?"

"More to the right," said Stanhope. "Yes, everything is laid out before us, truly. And what have you ever seen more Greek than this landscape, — more marked by repose, moderation, symmetry, suavity? And how can we see it better than by continuing to stand precisely where we are?"

"You are right," I returned. "This is one of the loveliest landscapes in the world, so that our duty toward it is perfectly clear: we must trample on it, we must jump into the midst of it, we must violate it; we must do everything but leave well enough alone. Come, the road down leads to the left."

So, partly by means of the highroad, partly by following a rocky little footway that took its willful course between ragged old stone walls through bean-beds, barley-fields, and olive-groves, we passed down to the temple of Juno.

The temple stands on a sandstone ledge, close to the mossy ruins of the old town walls; we seemed as high above the sea as ever. There was an empty carriage waiting under a gnarled old olive near one corner of the structure. Within the cella we saw the two

daughters of Madame Brandt clambering over the vast broken blocks that strewed the pavement, and on the steps outside, with her back comfortably fitted into the fluting of one of the worn and weathered columns of yellow sandstone, sat Madame Brandt herself.

"You are early," she said, rising. "But we are earlier. Let me welcome you, let me guide you, let me introduce you," with a genial wave of the hand over the whole lovely prospect. Away above us was the Rock of Athena, which we might climb for the view; away below us was Porto Empedocle with its shipping, best seen from a distance. In the midst of the landscape — the heart of the rose, she called it — was the old church of San Nicola with its gardens. "Take everything," she added; "take even this beautiful air, if you have a page in your sketch-book for anything like that." She became suddenly pensive. "Such a day, such an air," she went on presently, "would make a sick man well, if anything could." She seemed to look back toward the hotel.

"Oh," said I, fingering my sketch-book, as it stuck half out of my pocket, "I don't know that I shall do anything in particular. Landscape, architecture, all very nice, but no human interest. Good background, of course, but something more needed for the actual subject."

"There is human interest everywhere," she replied in the same pensive tone. "What else has kept me here?" she added, half beneath her breath. Then she shook herself, and her old brusque gayety came uppermost again. "I'm human; I'm interesting. So are my girls; make something out of them."

"Nothing better, I'm sure," said Stanhope. He began to climb up into the cella; the two doves were to be summoned forthwith. The division of labor begun in the hotel drawing-room on the previous evening was to continue, then: he had entertained the daughters with

the last battle of flowers at Palermo, while I had listened to the mother on the policy of Russia in Central Asia. Stanhope thinks the young girl indispensable; he drags her into all his stories, and is always trying to force her into my pictures.

"Don't let me disturb your daughters," I hastened to say. "You are here yourself; you're in the foreground; you're practically posed already."

"But my girls are thought rather pretty," insisted Madame Brandt stoutly, from the length of battered cornice on which she had seated herself.

"H'm," said I in return; "the principal thing is n't prettiness, nor even beauty. The principal interest is in expression; and expression comes from experience, and experience follows on participation in life."

"Well, I have participated," she rejoined; "I'm not insipid, if my poor girls do seem so. I have n't vegetated; I have — I have — banged about considerable. Is that the way you say it, — 'banged about considerable'?" I am so fond of using those expressions, though I have n't kept up my English as I should. But do you consider me very much battered and defaced?"

"I would n't have you the least changed, — unless you choose to change the slant of your head the merest shade to the left."

"Very well." Then, "You need n't come, children. Run and pick some flowers; let the gentleman help you. Only don't go very far."

"There," I said, "now I have everything I want, — you, and the temple, and a bit of the town wall, and some of the tombs in the wall (you said they were tombs, I think), and a stretch of the sea-line — No, it's too much; move back to your column, please; I shall take you just for yourself."

"Very well." She moved back. "But I'm not sure," she went on, with a little air of close scrutiny, "that I like to

find a man under thirty preferring old women to younger ones."

"Character is the great thing," I insisted. "You are to pass on me, not as a man, but as an artist."

"There is a difference," she observed. "You will go to Florence?" she asked presently, with an effect of absentness. "It is full of pensions, and the pensions are full of dear old ladies."

"Life-histories, and all that," I admitted. "But I find the same thing here," I said, with intention.

"Here? Ah, I see," she replied, as she glanced upward at the weatherworn stretch of entablature that still bridged over spaces here and there between the columns; "one old ruin reposing in the shadow of another!" She gave a quizzical squeeze and twinkle to those dark eyes of hers.

"Of course I don't mean you!"

"Do you mean yourself? Are you really so world-worn? And I thought you seemed such a good young man!"

I suppose I am a good young man, when you come to it; but why throw it in my face? "No, I don't mean myself," I protested.

"Oh, I know what you would say," she went on, with a shrug. "It is simply that you are fond of reading human documents, — is that the way you express it? — fond of reading human documents, provided they have n't come too lately from the press."

"Precisely. Gothic, black letter, uncials, hieroglyphs, — anything, in fact, with sufficient age and character to make it interesting."

"And you rather like to puzzle things out for yourself?"

"I don't like to be helped too much, of course."

"And you generally decipher your manuscript in the end?"

"Why, yes, generally."

She rubbed a forefinger over the face of her column, and detached a tiny seashell or two from its bed in the yellow

mass. "Well, the hotel library is full of old things; some of them fall to pieces in your hands."

"And others are so strongly and stiffly bound that you can hardly force them to lie open. But I shall read them yet."

"Only don't take hold of them upside down; you would injure your own eyes and do injustice to the author's text." She fixed her eye on my pencil. "How far have you got with me?"

"I have finished. But I think I shall put in the water-line and a bit of the coast, after all, to remind you that you are four hundred feet above the sea."

"What is four hundred? I am used to four thousand," she declared recklessly.

"Four thousand?"

"Yes. I tramp over the mountains. I love them. They do me good." Then, "Well, if you have finished, I may move, I suppose. I must have those children back."

"Here they come," I said. "Their hands are full of flowers."

So were Stanhope's. The pains he is capable of taking with chits of sixteen and eighteen! He makes himself absurd.

"Come, girls," cried Madame Brandt joyfully, "come and see what has happened to your mother!"

The girls came up with shy smiles of decorous expectation.

"Yes, here I am, true enough," declared Madame Brandt, as she looked over the drawing. "Only" — and she stopped.

Only what? What did she find amiss, in Heaven's name? It was but a rapid impromptu, — not fifty strokes all told, — yet I had caught the woman unmistakably.

"Only you have n't exactly made a Norwegian of me, after all."

She was a Norwegian, then? I should never have guessed it. It is easy enough now to descend upon Madame Skjelderup-Brandt's out-of-door quality, to talk about the high, clear atmosphere of the

North, to dwell on the fresh tang of the breezes from across the fjords. . . . *Esprit d'escalier*.

I must have seemed a bit crestfallen. I must have looked as if I expected to be told that I had simply worked my own nationality into the portrait, — most odious of all comments. I think she saw that she must make amends.

"No, you have not made a good Norwegian of me; but that may be because I am not a good Norwegian. You look into me and see me for what I am. You make me an American."

There, she had said it, after all, and said it as bluntly as you please.

"Why, really" — I began protestingly.

"You see more than the mere me," she went on quickly. "You see my hopes, my aspirations; you detect my secret and cherished preferences; you" —

"Why, really" — I began again, puzzled.

"It is a real piece of divination!" she cried, — her actual words, I assure you. "How could you know that I have a son in Milwaukee? He has been over there two years, and he is making his everlasting fortune, — or so I hope. 'Everlasting fortune,' — is that well said? Ah, thanks. And how could you know that I have a sister-in-law in Minnesota? She has been over there six. She likes it; she won't come back, except every third summer for a few weeks. And how could you know that it has been the dream of my life to go over there, too? I think of nothing else; I read their papers; I even allow my daughters to go picking flowers round ruined temples with new young men. . . . Oh, how you see through me, how you understand me, how you frighten me!"

"Why, really" — I began once more, half flattered; while Stanhope gave me a curious glance as if to ask, "What has been going on here? What is the woman trying to bring about?"

"But whatever in the world am I do-

ing," proceeded Madame Brandt, "with a Greek temple and a Mediterranean horizon behind me? Your background should have been quite a different one. You should have stood me in front of an elevator," — she threw out her plump arms to indicate a capacity of a million bushels, — "or else in front of a skyscraper. Ah, what a lovely, picturesque word, 'sky-scraper'! I'm so glad to have a chance to use it!"

I reached out for the drawing. "I will change it," I volunteered.

"Yes," said Stanhope; "change it from a souvenir to a prophecy."

"No," responded Madame Brandt; "let it stay as it is, a souvenir and a prophecy combined."

So Madame Brandt remained Græco-American, to the exclusion of her native Norway, — that was the "little country." And if she were Norwegian, why might not the other two ladies be Norwegian as well?

"You are not without compatriots here?" I was feeble enough to remark.

"By no means," she assented.

"The little lady who sat opposite us at dinner last night may be one of them?"

"Yes."

"And the other lady who sat opposite us might be one of them, too?"

"No."

She concentrated her attention on the sketch. "You are so clever," she said, — her precise words: "you see into everything; there are no secrets from you; everything is an open book to you, — or will be, in the end." And, "No help from me," — were those the words she barely saved herself from saying? "I shall value this," she went on. "I shall lay it at the top of my trunk; it will be the first thing I unpack and put up in place at Syracuse."

Stanhope and the two daughters were seated on a wrecked and prostrate column, busy with the innocent blooms of the springtide.

"You go so soon?"

"Almost at once. The carriage waiting there under the tree will take us straight to the station."

"Oh, fie!" said I, myself casting about for some floral offering that would suitably grace this departure; "one might tax you with seeing Girgenti between trains!"

"Quite the contrary. We have been here a long time, — much longer than I could have foreseen. This is the last of my visits to the ruins, my farewell. But I think I may go now with a good conscience. My girls" —

"I see. Quite right. The question is whether you can *stay* with a good conscience. I am no more an advocate than you yourself of overplain speaking at a public dinner-table. You are right in wishing to remove your daughters beyond the range of — beyond the range of" —

"Beyond the range of Greek art. Precisely. They are almost too young for temples — after the first fortnight."

"The lady who is not Norwegian," I began, — "it may be that you do not altogether approve of her?"

Madame Brandt looked at me with quite a new expression; was it a smile, was it a frown, or was it a combination of the two?

"The question is whether she will altogether approve of *me*."

"What charming humility!" I cried. "But I should never have charged you with affectation."

"Affectation is my sole fault," she said dryly. "I must do the best I can to remedy it." She summoned her girls. "Yes, we must go, but I hope that you will be in no hurry to leave; there is a great deal of interest here."

"There will be less," I said gallantly. "Oh, youth, youth!" I thought I heard her murmur, "how far is it to be depended upon?"

We saw Madame Brandt off for Catania and Syracuse, and then went on with our temples. We passed hither and thi-

ther, through lane and grove and field and orchard, and took those entrancing old ruins one after another in all their dispersedness and variety. Some of them still stood upright on their stocky old legs, and lifted their battered foreheads manfully into the blue; others had frankly collapsed, and lay there, so many futile and mortifying heaps of loose bones, amidst the self-renewing and indomitable greenery of the spring. The last temple of all consisted, as Stanhope put it, of nothing but a pair of legs and a jaw-bone. We found this scanty relic in a farmyard that stood high up on the sheer edge of a deep watercourse, — a winding chasm, whose sides were densely muffled with almonds and shimmering olives, and whose bottom was paved with groves of orange-trees in the last glowing stages of fruition. Nothing was left of the temple but a pair of broken, stumpy columns, and a bit of sculptured cornice (in the egg-and-dart pattern) which lay buried in the ground before the farmhouse door, — *that* was the jaw-bone. Through the velvety cleft of the waterway we looked up to the town high above on its hilltop, and presently we began the ascent to the hotel, passing through one of those steep and rugged and curious sandstone channelings that so abound in the environs of Girgenti, and that might pass either as the work of the artificers of the old Greek days, or — equally well — as the work of Nature herself, the oldest artificer of all.

At lunch we found the places of Madame Brandt and her two daughters occupied by a French marquis, an abbé (his companion), and a missionary bishop from Arizona. The Dutch baron was again in isolation, as neither of the two Norwegian ladies (so I called them for convenience' sake) appeared at table. However, he conversed amicably with the marquis, — on the basis of the Almanach de Gotha, I suppose. But their talk had no interest for me; the absence of the three ladies of the evening



before (I am not referring in any way to the two girls) robbed the meal of all its flavor. Just before the arrival of the cheese the bishop began on the cowboys and the Chinese, but I am not at all sure that I gave him due attention. After lunch the bishop and the curate drew together for a confab, the marquis and his abbé settled down in the drawing-room for a game of piquet, and Stanhope and I tramped up to the town to get the cathedral off our minds.

The cathedral was dull, the townspeople were exasperating, and the views, however magnificent, no longer possessed complete novelty. We clattered through a good many streets and squares with a pack of dirty and mannerless little boys at our heels, until the homicidal spirit that is said to be in the air of the place began to stir dangerously in our own breasts.

"This won't do," said Stanhope, at last. "We've seen about everything there is, and I don't want to fill up the remaining hours with murder. What shall we do? Where shall we go?"

"That church we were told about," I suggested, — "the one with the gardens."

"It must be down under that group of stone-pines. Come, it's only half a mile; let's try it."

We descended toward the church — the old church of San Nicola — that had been so pointedly commended by Madame Brandt. Behind the church there is a little old disused monastery, with bits of dog-tooth and zigzag mouldings about its Norman doors and windows; below the monastery there is a garden with an orange-grove and a long pillared walk under grapevines; above the garden there is a mossy and neglected terrace that lies under the shadow of a spreading pine-tree; and seated upon the terrace, with a book in her hand, we encountered the amazon of yester-eve's dinner-table.

"Dear me!" said Stanhope, — rather

blankly, as I felt. I thought, too, that I detected displeasure in his tone, — repugnance, possibly.

The lady sat in a rude wooden chair; she had a drooping and dejected aspect. The book looked like a volume of poetry, and she held it with a peculiar twist of her thick, peasant-like wrist, upon which she wore a silver chain bracelet, whose links were larger and clumsier than they need have been. She was still in black, and if her face had seemed lined and worn in the tempered light of the dinner-table lamp, how much more so did it seem in the searching light of day!

"She is absolutely haggard," I murmured, "and as pale as you please. This is sad, sad indeed."

She looked up with the complete self-possession that I had already assigned to her as her special attribute, and gave us a kind of wan smile that had, however, its own tinge of the informal and the familiar. It really amounted to a summons to approach, or — if I may use another law term — to a piece of special pleading.

So I shall state it, at least, — though, to tell the truth, her peculiar physiognomy complicated the problem considerably. Her prominent cheek-bones quite brought confusion into any established scheme of values; and the singular obliquity of her eyes added another difficulty to the precise reading and rendering of her expression. Above all, she called for a background of her own. She was not the woman of the night before, but that cry was just as acute and insistent now as then. No Sicilian garden, no still and shimmering sea, could fill in the frame; she called for something broader, bleaker, rugged, than either imagination or memory was able to supply.

"They set out this chair whenever they see me coming," she said. "I will ask them to bring two more."

"You come here frequently, then?" asked Stanhope.

"I have come here three or four times a week for the last month or more."

The woman who had admitted us appeared again from the range of disused convent offices on the far side of the church. They seemed to serve at once as homestead, stableyard, storehouse, and playground for an abundant progeny. She held her baby on one arm, and with the other she worked a second heavy chair across the jolting irregularities of the terrace. She made some apologetic remark in her native Sicilian.

"This is the other one," said our self-appointed hostess, interpreting, "the last one. There is no third. One of you must stand."

"I will," said Stanhope promptly. "Never mind me, anyway; I will move about a bit. There seems to be plenty to see." I made no doubt of his willingness to escape from such a *milieu*.

The woman retired with her baby, and Stanhope followed her to see the rarities of the place.

"You are fond of this spot?" I said to my companion.

"Very," she acquiesced. "This is the part of Girgenti that wears the best and the longest. And I have made friends with the people. What companionship is there in all those cold, empty temples?"

Not an archæological student, evidently, nor one of those trifling sketchers.

"The longest," — I carried these words over and lingered on them with a marked emphasis. "You count time by the month here."

"To me a month is a month, — yes. There are others to whom each month is a year."

I was not ready yet to ask her in so many words what kept her here; that would come later. "And you are fond of poetry, too," I observed, with an eye on her book.

She placed the volume on the balustrade of the terrace: it was Leopardi. Stanhope himself might easily have

found a place there, had he but chosen. Sometimes I think him overchoice, over-careful. His very profession should demand, if not more tolerance, at least a greater catholicity of taste.

She turned the book over, so that it lay face downward. "I should have brought something different," she said.

"You are sad enough as it is?" I ventured.

"This is not the world that it was meant to be," she returned.

"Things do go awry," I admitted. "We ourselves are warped, wronged, twisted. Our natural rights" —

I paused. It was on the subject of natural rights that she had been most vehement the evening before: the discussion had involved the right to die, the right to live, even the right to slay. I was hoping for a fuller utterance from her.

"I am afraid I am thinking, not of natural rights," she replied, "but of unnatural wrongs. I have been down into the sulphur-mines once more."

Was Stanhope right? Was she a political agitator? She was clever, I saw, and might be dangerous, I felt certain.

"Yes," said I, "things are desperately bad hereabouts, I know. Could it be in any other land than Italy that such" —

She glanced at me with a new expression. It was covert, it was fleeting; but I had never seen it before, either on her face or on another's.

"In my country," I went on, "something would be done. But the Italian — when it comes to practical affairs, you know. Can you imagine that we in America would for a moment allow" —

"I am not sure of the utility or of the justice of international comparisons," she broke in. "There is always the tendency to compare the foreign reality, not with our own reality, but with our own local ideal."

"But in your country?" I urged.

She was silent for a moment. A

shadow of that strange new expression stole over her face. "I have no country. Or, better, all countries are my country, now."

I was to learn little, I saw. "They are the most wretched of the wretched," I said, turning back.

"I should be glad to help them."

"Can nothing be done?" I asked.

"By me? By one poor alien woman, when government, when the collective intelligence of the race, fails to solve the problem? No, I have renounced general beneficence, along with general ideas. I have one or two families that I help," she added simply.

This, then, was her cue: she was turning from rights to duties. A more obtuse observer than I would not have failed to perceive penitence in her attitude, regret, even remorse, in her voice. Instinctively I put a bit of drapery about her, and made her the genius of Reparation, of Expiation.

I determined not to make my disapproval of her too manifest, but I had no idea of permitting the duties of to-day to crowd out the rights of yesterday.

"You give the poor creatures the right to die," I suggested. "You do not deny the right of suicide to the wretched, the downtrodden, any more than to the indelibly disgraced, the hopelessly crippled, the mortally ill, the"—

It was this doctrine that had brought the curate to his feet in protest. Do not consider me over-insistent; I am sure that I was but justifiably interested.

"The mortally ill!" she sighed. She looked across the garden, and through the high flat tufts of the pines, and up the hill slope beyond; I fancied for a moment that her eye rested on the terrace of the hotel. "They have only to wait!" she breathed.

She half rose, and as she settled back into her chair she shook out the folds of her skirt. I was conscious of some faint perfume—was it sweet, was it pungent?—that seemed to emanate from her. I

instantly figured her as less of a culprit and more of a victim,—though a victim to herself, indeed. A varied catalogue of drugs, stimulants, anodynes, passed through my mind. For two or three moments I saw her own course of life as one long, slow suicide.

Stanhope passed below us, personally conducted through the garden. He paused over three or four children who were engaged in weeding out a vegetable bed, and I saw him stop for a moment before a donkey tethered to a medlar-tree. He took out his notebook,—for the children's aprons and the donkey's ears, I suppose: such details appear necessary, to him.

"But there is the right to kill," I insisted softly,— "the right of indigent and overburdened relatives to relieve at once the strain upon themselves and upon a hopeless and agonizing victim; the right, too, of a deceived and outraged husband to"—

I seemed to see the brown volume on the balustrade stamped with a new title: *Tue-la!*

It was this last right that she had most vigorously denied and combated the night before. The baron from Leyden had pleased himself by opposing her; he appeared to hold (or to have adopted for the nonce) the old-established notion of woman as property,—a doctrine that struck sparks from her mind and from her eyes as instantaneously as a blow strikes sparks from a flint.

Would a spark be struck now? Do not consider me indiscreet; I am sure that I was but properly curious.

But no further spark was struck. She looked at me a little doubtfully, I thought, and began to arrange a bit of ruching at her neck with one of those large, blanched, bony hands. And I noticed just behind her ear a very perceptible scar.

"That is a literary question, after all," she observed merely. But it was more than a literary question; for I saw

in a flash a woman at variance with her husband, and subject (perhaps justifiably) to his violence.

I had another glimpse of Stanhope, still following the mother and babe; he was making the circuit of a vast tank that was half filled with brown water. He slipped along over its broad, smooth stone borders, and leaned over its unprotected edge to count the pipes that crossed its bottom and that were brought to sight by the slanting sunbeams. I wondered how many children had been drowned there. I saw him make another entry in his notebook, — the number, perhaps.

"The right to live and to love, — is that a literary question, too?" I insinuated smoothly; "the right of those to whom fortune never comes, yet from whom youth and spirit are day by day departing; the right of her who has waited, waited, yet before whom no wooer has ever appeared" —

I looked at the book once more; it now seemed stamped with still another title, — *Les Demi-Vierges*, a work that my companion had herself cited the evening before.

Do not consider me indelicate; I am sure that I was only — only — But I can trust to your kind discernment to find the word.

I shall not say that she had expressed too pointed an opinion on this last matter, which had been approached but remotely, of course, and indeed very largely by implication. Nobody had been too definite about it, except the saffron-eyed young Croat; though why should so *very* young a man have entered into the thing at all?

My companion moved a little uneasily, and her glance, which had hitherto been bold and frank enough in all conscience, fell to the pavement with something that resembled modesty, — an offended modesty, if you will.

"Whether it is a literary question or not," she responded, "it is a question that need not be discussed too freely."

She rose, and reached out for her book, as if to move away. Yet I saw her as a woman who had taken much more than a mere book or so into her own hands.

She did move away, but at the head of the steps she paused. She gave me a perfectly inexplicable glance out of those slanting eyes of hers. "Ah," she said, "you are a man, — a young man."

"Yes," I rejoined very steadily, "I am a young man. And you," I hastened to add, "you are a woman, and an unhappy woman." I still felt a large measure of distaste for her, but distaste did not altogether bar the way to pity.

"You are wrong," she replied. "I am seldom unhappy unless I stop to think, and I seldom stop to think unless I am idle. I have been idle, I acknowledge."

She glanced back over the terrace: there, she made it plain, was the scene of her idleness. I was not sorry to have happened along and to have brought her idle hour to an end. Then she transferred her glance to me. Could she have meant to imply that the time passed in conversation with a clever young man of the world was simply — But, no; no.

"Yes, you are young," she went on; "and the great gifts of the gods are yours to enjoy, — strength, youth, freedom."

Freedom? Was she viewing me as a bachelor or as an American? No matter; I was equally free from matrimonial entanglements and from social and political oppression.

We descended into the garden, and she began to walk toward the gate at the bottom of it.

"I leave you here," she said. "I have a key to the gate; I shall go up by a shorter path."

"You will find it rough, I'm afraid." "Most paths are rough." She paused, and looked at me for the last time. "Yes, you have youth and freedom."

I declare! She was insisting on my

youth just as the other woman had insisted on my goodness. Why annoy one so?

"Youth and freedom," she repeated. "May you learn to use the one before you have outgrown the other," and she walked rapidly away.

Of course I shall outgrow my youth. But had I misused my freedom?

Stanhope returned, as I stood there in speculation. "Come with me," he said. "I have found off there an old Roman sanctuary made over into a Norman chapel; and I dare say there will be some good things to see in the church itself."

He looked after the retreating figure on its way to the foot of the garden. The woman, though she was not moving slowly, seemed to have a thoughtful, even a mournful droop of the head.

"What is the matter?" asked Stanhope. "Is she hurt?"

"Hurt?" I echoed. "By what?"

"Is she offended?"

"Offended? With whom?"

We passed through some beds of peas and radishes to the sanctuary. It was a square Roman erection to which an early Gothic vaulting had been added. Through the broken pavement we caught sight of a burial-chamber beneath, with some remains of bones.

"Well," said Stanhope, as we viewed together a few leg-bones and some thin broken segments of human skulls, "I suppose you know now all that you wanted to know; you have cracked the cocoanut and drained the milk. Certainly I gave you the opportunity, — almost made it; openly, shamelessly, it might have been said."

I was silent. He looked at me quizzically.

"Come, what is her country? Is she Finn, Swede, Servian, Icelandic, Montenegrin, Bashi-Bazouk?"

"I — I don't know," I replied.

"Then, what is she doing here?" he went on. "Companion, governess,

nurse, courier, student, author, reformer, exile?"

"I — I don't think she said," I murmured.

"Well, then, what is her status?" he proceeded. "Maid, wife, widow?"

"I — I was just coming to that," I responded, "when — when she went away."

"Well," observed Stanhope, frilling the leaves of his notebook, "I, at least, have something to show for the afternoon."

He looked across over the back wall of the garden and up along the olive slopes that rose behind. A black figure, walking up to the hotel with little change in bearing, had just passed in front of the inclosing walls of a farmyard. Then he looked back suddenly at me.

"Yes, I left you alone with her," he said, with an expression not easy to fathom, "but perhaps I should have done better by staying there with you."

We left Girgenti early the next morning. I had no further converse with the sphinx of the garden. She had come down to dinner the evening before, as had her companion; and they might have sat together had they chosen, for the Dutch baron had slipped away during the afternoon. But they did not appear over-desirous of the public avowal of some hidden and secret tie; for the lady who was Norwegian held her place and kept her eyes on her plate, while the lady who was not Norwegian moved down to the other end of the table — and kept her eyes on hers. A change had come, and other changes seemed impending.

We took our early coffee, and then stepped out on the terrace for one final look over the site of old Agrigentum, "the most beautiful city of mortals." The morning sun touched up our fountain, our flower-pots, and our box-hedges, and drove slantingly across the long, many-windowed front of the house itself.

I heard a slight cough overhead. I turned, and saw a young man at one of the upper windows. I started; I shuddered. Never had I beheld such pallor, such emaciation. His light, long, thin hair fell over temples absolutely colorless, and his bright blue eyes burned and stared with an unnatural largeness and brilliancy. He coughed once more, and again; he caught at his breast with his slender, bony, bloodless hand. But another hand was clutching at him, — the very hand of Death.

Presently, at the window next beyond, appeared the figure of the little lady from the North. Her own eyes were as blue as his; her own face was almost as colorless. She passed and re-passed the window several times, and I saw the various objects that she carried in her hands, — flasks, brushes, slippers, pieces of underclothing. I found myself wondering whether the two windows belonged to the same room, and whether the window next beyond lighted the room of the other woman.

The head waiter came to tell us that the bus was ready to leave.

"There is more to know than ever," I murmured, as I followed Stanhope through the house.

"You are entitled to know about *her*, at least," he conceded. "Ask the waiter."

"As if I would!" I returned, with pride, and with some pique.

We were passing through the wide hallway that led across the middle of the house to the front.

"Look at the register, then. I've seen a sort of guest-book lying about here somewhere, I believe."

"Here it is, now," I rejoined, stepping toward a small table. "Bah! it's only a fortnight old!"

"Fatality!" commented Stanhope. "Have you got the sticks and umbrellas? Come along, then."

We left the problem unsolved, and joined the general stream of travel east-

ward. New types presented themselves at new places, and Girgenti and its denizens ceased to occupy my thoughts. At Syracuse, for example, we met an interesting group from New Orleans, who added *their* Southern accent to the soft and melting tones of Sicily; and we studied the four officers who came in to dinner every evening, and made more noise at their own little table than the whole forty tourists did at their big one; and we took a solid pleasure in the head waiter, who looked like a brigand, if anybody ever did, but who was as good-natured and painstaking as you please. At Catania we came across the baron from Leyden, as sepulchrally silent as ever; and we parleyed through one long dinner with a large family group from England, all brothers and sisters, all bachelors and spinsters, who were doing the island amicably in a body, — a compact and sturdy little English hamlet on the move. Perhaps their thatch was more or less out of repair, and their chimney-pots were a bit broken and battered, and their windows stuffed here and there with wisps of old straw; but they were one and all keeping wind and weather out most gallantly, and all seemed capable of holding together for many years to come. At Taormina we became rather ecclesiastical again. We met the missionary bishop in the Greek theatre, and we grazed the curate and his wife in one of the Gothic palaces. But principally we delighted in our own Hungarian prince, a tall, slender, ethereal person, who submitted to the crude wines of the house with a touching patience, and who kept a bald-headed valet busy half the day in brushing trousers on the promenade below our windows.

But we did not meet Madame Skjelderup-Brandt and those two inevitable daughters; we did not meet the pathetic little lady from the North; we did not meet the problematical person from Everywhere and Nowhere; nor did we receive the slightest sign or token of



that hopeless young consumptive upon whom the hand of Death was already laid.

Nothing occurred to bring this group to mind—it was a group, I felt perfectly convinced—until we reached Messina.

The clientèle at the Hotel Trinacria, there, is largely native—professional and commercial—and largely masculine. The guests dine at two long tables. Ours had a sprinkling of ladies; the other was filled with lawyers and merchants, for a guess; only one vacant seat was left there. I sat facing the door at the nearer of the tables. My vis-à-vis was a Calabrian marquis, they told me, who had come over from the mainland to spend his substance in riotous living, and whose manipulation of macaroni was riotous enough, in all conscience. But never mind him: the lady from Everywhere came in, passed us by, went on to the other table, and took that one vacant seat.

She was her earlier self once more. She wore the figured black silk dress and the silver bracelet. She made her entrée with easy self-possession, and sat down among all those men with as much assurance as you please. As she passed by she recognized us. She gave us a bow and a faint, tired smile.

"She has forgiven you," said Stanhope.

"Forgiven me? For what?"

"She is a noble, generous, broad-minded creature, I am sure," said he.

"Humph!" said I.

Though I could not keep her in view, because I sat with my back to the other table, I was conscious enough of her presence among that incongruous crowd of nondescripts. "'Group!' I should think it was a group!"

She was conversing freely in Italian with her neighbors, right and left. But the room was crowded and noisy, and her talk was difficult to overhear. I could see her face only now and then, by turning. But what I did see and

hear in that room was the last of her. I left in the morning for Naples. I never met her again. I did not even think of her until months afterward in Florence.

We followed the spring northward. It was a spring of springs: the spring of Sicily in February; the spring of the Bay of Naples in March; the spring of Rome in April; and the spring of the Val d'Arno in May,—the last of them the loveliest and best.

The heart of the Florentine spring discloses itself in the Cascine,—most noble and unaffected of parks,—with Monte Morello looming up big on one side, and the Arno slipping smoothly past its poplars on the other. And the heart of the Cascine is the wide Piazzale, where the band comes to play just before sunset, and where the carabinieri in blue and black sits stiff on his tall horse to turn the tide of landaus and cabs and victorias and four-in-hands backward to the city. On one side of the Piazzale people assemble under the arcades of the Casino to eat their ices and to gossip; on the other side they sit on stone benches round the big fountain-basin to listen to the music and to watch the world pass by.

I had enjoyed a long and intimate acquaintance with the arcades, so this time I chose the fountain. Upon one of the benches, close by a bed of cineraria, a lady was seated, alone. I recognized at once the grizzled hair, the dark eyes that crinkled up in welcome, and the chubby little hand that motioned me to take the place beside her. It was Madame Skjelderup-Brandt.

I was heartily glad to see her. The intervening months dropped out instantly; it was like the forcing together of the two ends of an accordian: Syracuse, Taormina, Sorrento, and Rome all issued forth in a single tumultuous, resounding concord, and nothing was left between Girgenti and Florence.

"Well, I have decided to go."

This she said without one syllable of introduction.

"What!" I cried. "Just as I come?"

She laughed. "I mean that I have decided to go to America. Next month."

"Good!" I cried again. "They will like you."

"I hope so," she responded. "I want to like America, and I want America to like me. I am qualifying for the trip, you see."

She gave a sort of humorous pat to the blue stone slab on which we were seated, and cast an indulgent smile over such of the middle public as sat on other benches and surveyed the passing of the great.

"I should have expected to see you on wheels," I observed.

"I think I do as well here on this bench as I should in one of those odious cabs with a big green umbrella strapped on behind, and a bundle of hay stowed away under the driver's legs. Yes, I am mingling with the populace; I am catching the true spirit of democracy."

"Do you need to qualify for democracy? Norway itself is democratic. You have no titled nobility."

• Madame Brandt drew herself up. "We have our old families."

And I saw that she herself belonged to one of the oldest and best of them. She let herself down again almost immediately.

"My girls are qualifying, too." She waved her hand in a general way toward the arcades of the Casino, where, through the lined-up carriages and above the heads of the crowd that hemmed in the band, we saw people busy over their ices and syrups at the little round iron tables. "They have gone off with some young man or other."

"Poor children!" I sighed. "You are putting them through a course that is fairly heroic; it will be make or break, I fear. You compel them to eat ices with strange men in Florence; you force them to overhear dubious table-talk at Girenti" —

Madame Brandt looked at me with a slow seriousness; then, without further preamble, "The poor young man died," she said.

"*Hein?*" said I.

"That poor young consumptive in Sicily. He died, after all. His mother has gone back to Christiania."

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "His mother, to be sure! Poor little woman!"

"Yes, it was hard for her, and for all the rest of us. I knew what was coming, but there was no need of my remaining longer. There were others quite as willing and far more able."

"There was *one* other, perhaps you mean." I threw out this in a fine burst of intuition.

"One other, then. You didn't like her," added Madame Brandt, eying me narrowly.

"I never understood her."

"Yet you are clever; you claim a good deal for yourself. You understood me."

"Not at first. Even your nationality was a puzzle to me."

"Was hers?"

"It is yet."

"Is there so much difference, then, between a Norwegian and a Russian?"

"A Russian!" I jumped to my feet. "A Russian! — I see, I see! A Russian, — a Calmuck, a Cossack, a Tartar! Yes, yes; it is as plain as day!"

Here was the key at last. I saw the woman now in the right light and with the proper background.

"I see!" I cried again. "I understand. I've got the landscape that she needs. There is a big plain behind her, one of those immense steppes," — I threw out my arms to indicate the wide flat reaches of mid-Russia, — "and it's covered with snow breast-deep, and the wind goes raging across the" —

Madame Brandt touched my arm. "Sit down, please; people are beginning to notice you."

I took my place once more on that cold blue slab. "The wind goes raging

across that bare, unbroken stretch; and upon the horizon there is a town with those bulbous domes on all its church-towers; and in the middle distance there is a forlorn wooden village, with peasants in boots and blouses, and their hair cut square just above their shoulders; and through the village there is a train of sledges moving along on the way to Siberia; and there is a company of soldiers with" —

"Siberia," repeated Madame Brandt in a low, pitying tone. "You may well say Siberia."

"*Hein?*" I ejaculated again.

"The mines," said Madame Brandt simply.

"Was *she* in them?"

"No, *he* was; he died of consumption, too, poor young man."

"He? Her lover?"

"Her husband. He was young when they took him away. He was old enough when they brought him back."

"Her husband!" I had another burst of insight. "I know, I know; I have read their books. He was a student, and she was a student, and they made a student marriage. Then they conspired; they were apprehended; they were put on trial; they were" —

I was rising to my feet once more, but Madame Brandt held me down.

"I do not know," she said. "He was a minor government official, I believe, and she was a merchant's daughter from the far southeast. He was in the mines eight years. He died six months after his return, — less than a year ago. She did everything in the world to save his life, and went everywhere in the world with him; and after his death she came back to the South for rest, change, study" —

"She went into the mines, too," I suggested, "at Girgenti. How could she bear to do it?"

"She is a woman of rock, of iron," replied Madame Brandt, "and she has her own ideas of duty."

Madame Brandt brought out this last word with a singular emphasis, and looked me long and steadily straight in the face.

"Duty?"

"Duty, I said, — duty, duty."

"I understand you, I think."

"You do not," she ejaculated brusquely. "You do not," she repeated, in answer to my look of protesting surprise. "You have densely, willfully misunderstood all along. Why do you suppose that woman spent six weeks in such a place as Girgenti? To sketch the ruins? To break blossoms from the almond-trees? Not at all; she was there to help the young man's mother keep her son alive."

"It was fortunate that his mother could bring so experienced a nurse."

"Bring? Nurse?" Madame Brandt tapped her foot smartly on the gravel. "They met in Sicily itself."

"It was fortunate, then, that she encountered so trustworthy an acquaintance."

"Acquaintance?" Madame Brandt's eyes snapped, and she tugged viciously at the tips of her gloves. "They met at Girgenti for the first time."

"It was fortunate, then, that" —

"Understand me," said Madame Brandt sharply. "They were total strangers; they were thrown together by the mere chance of travel, and held together by that noble creature's sympathetic heart and sense of duty. Why did she look so pale, so haggard? Because she had yielded up ungrudgingly the last traces of her youthful good looks, because she had made herself live through all those dreadful days once more, in her efforts to spare another woman the sorrow that had been her own."

I poked among the cineraria with my stick. "But why was she so blunt, so bold?"

"Why was *I* so blunt, so bold? You were nonplused by my directness, I could see. I was simply a person of age and

experience welcoming a person much younger, — an habituée giving greeting to a stranger just arrived."

"She was certainly a woman of experience," I conceded, "and as surely an habituée."

"Experience!" cried Madame Brandt in a strident tone. "You have not heard the half. They had waited too long with that poor boy. At the last hour they hurried him south as fast as they could. He was doomed. I saw it; she saw it; the hotel-keepers saw it. Toward the end, no house would take him in for more than a night. At one place they were turned away from the very door, on the first sight of the poor boy's dying face. She went with them, fought for them, took charge of everything, — for the young man was almost past speech, and his mother had nothing but her own native Norwegian; until, at Messina — at Messina he had to be taken to the hospital. She went with him, nursed him, stayed with him till he died. She paid his doctors and attendants; she saw his body prepared for the return home; she herself accompanied that poor mother as far back as Venice. She is an angel, if ever" —

Madame Brandt sat there rigid on her seat. Her lips were trembling, but her words came out in a new tone, as if she had set her throat in a vise and did not dare to move it. A tear had started in each of her blinking eyes, her nostrils were inflated, and a tremor seemed to be running through the arms that she held tight against her sides. I remembered two or three other women who had reached this same effect before my eyes, — yet never except under the influence of some strong suppressed indignation. But what had Madame Brandt to be indignant about?

She turned full on me, quite oblivious to the holiday crowd around.

"And you, you doubted her, you disparaged her, you disrespected her! And I — I let you; I was to blame, too! But

you seemed so clever, so experienced; you claimed to read character and to know the world. I thought I could trust her to you; I felt that nothing could assail her" —

She gave a gurgling sob, twitched her handkerchief out of her pocket, and burst into tears.

By this time we had attracted the attention of the crowd most finely. I tried as best I might to quiet the poor woman down; but I was none too successful.

I was relieved to see the coming of her two daughters; they cleared the last of the standing carriages, and came slowly across the intervening stretch of fine gravel. There was a man with them: it was Stanhope, as I might have divined. He came along with a new and peculiar air; if there had been only one girl, I should have said that he was approaching to ask the maternal blessing.

The sight of Madame Brandt in tears — or rather, the sight of that handkerchief before her face — made them quicken their steps. She did not lower her handkerchief to the solicitous inquiries of the girls; she rose, pushed them along before her, felt round in the dark for Stanhope's hand, which, when found, she gripped firmly and gave a long, vigorous shake, and then she walked away and took the girls with her. Her precise form of adieu to me — well, I am not quite sure that I determined it.

"These Russians," I said thoughtfully to Stanhope, as we passed through one of those avenues of lindens and beeches back to the city.

"What about them?"

"They are a study, — a study. For example, there was the young fellow we met last summer in Bedford Place: he had come over to London to learn English."

"I remember," said Stanhope. "He was so naïf, so good-natured, so uncouth, so confiding, so disposed to assume a general friendliness on all sides, like a

big Newfoundland puppy. He had the sweetest smile I ever saw, and the most appealing eyes. He was as frank and simple and direct as the frankest and simplest and most direct of our own people could have been; and yet there was something more, something beyond" —

"Yes, there was something beyond; we did n't get it."

"And there was the Russian prince who — Have you been meeting any Russians to-day?" he asked suddenly.

"No, not to-day."

— "the Russian prince who was lecturing at Geneva on his country's history and literature. He was as brilliant and polished as a Frenchman, as sympathetic and informal as an American; but behind all that" —

"Behind all that there was the 'something more'?"

"Yes. I did n't pay the best attention to his lecture, perhaps; but he himself gave me the man-to-man feeling as no man ever did before."

"And there was the Russian lady," I went on, "whom we met last month in Rome at the Farnesina. I took her for an American at first, — she was so alert, so competent, so enthusiastic, so unconscious of self; but" —

"The 'something more,' again? I know what it was in this case, at least; it was earnestness and solidity of temperament. Although she had the showy surface of a woman in society, her texture was altogether without the sleazy, flimsy" —

"Take care," said I, dabbing at the shrubbery with my stick. "There may be some Americans passing along behind this hedge."

"Let them pass," he said; "there are other temperaments that I admire more."

"And there was even the pension-

keeper we met day before yesterday," I went on, "in the Via Landino; what was that wonderful consonantal spree on her door-plate? You remember her? — that great, broad, pink-and-white human cliff; and with what a cosmic stare her old blue eyes blazed upon us from under those straight yellow brows! An interview of two minutes, — she had no quarters for us, — but one of a striking intimacy and directness. She dismissed us with a sort of gruff, brusque kindness; but for that two minutes there seemed to be nothing between us, — she almost abolished the atmosphere!"

"The Russians, yes," said Stanhope. "The breadth of life is theirs, and the belief in themselves, and all clearness of vision. They face the great realities, and see them for what they are; they come up close to us and blow the fresh young breath of the near future into our faces. We are young, too; and our youth responds to theirs — or should."

"Or should." We ought to visit them at home."

"So we ought."

"Will you go there with me this coming summer?"

"I am going the other way."

"To America?" I inquired.

"To America; with Madame Brandt and her — her party."

"I understand she has a fondness for America."

"America will develop a fondness for her."

I snatched a branch of laurel from the hedge, and stripped its leaves off one by one as we moved on.

"H'm," said I; "I hope so, I am sure. She is something of a character in her way; and character is the first of things, — except, you understand, the penetrative portrayal of it."

*Henry B. Fuller.*

## SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

## IV.

WE have now reached the last batch of Swift's letters. The correspondence which opened so briskly has grown sluggish with the lapse of time. In the beginning of their acquaintance Swift wrote more frequently to Chetwode in ten months than we now find him writing in five or six years. For a while his attention was drawn away from his friends in Ireland by two visits which he paid to England, and by the hopes raised in him by the accession of a new king. His health, moreover, was failing, and the attacks of giddiness and deafness, from which he had suffered much in late years, returned oftener and lasted longer. His thoughts were narrowed, finding their centre in his own misery. Nevertheless, he is still ready to help his friend with his counsel for some time, till at last neglect on his part, or perhaps only the suspicion of neglect, leads to a quarrel. They close their correspondence with bandying insults.

## XLI.

[Indorsed, "Dr Swift from London in answer to a Letter I wrote him concerning Cadenus and Vanessa." Sent by hand.]

LONDON. *Apr* 19th 1726.

S<sup>r</sup>, — I have the Favor of y<sup>r</sup> Lettr of the 7<sup>th</sup> instant. As to the Poem you mention, I know severall Copyes of it have been given about, and Ld. L<sup>t</sup> [Lord Lieutenant] told me he had one. It was written written [*sic*] at Windsor near 14 years ago, and dated: It was a Task performed on a Frolick among some Ladyes, and she it was addrest to dyed some time ago in Dublin, and on her Death the Copy shewn by her Executor. I am very indifferent what is done with it, for printing cannot make it more common than it is; and for my

own Part, I forget what is in it, but believe it to be onely a cavalier Business, and they who will not give allowances may chuse, and if they intend it maliciously, they will be disappointed, for it was what I expected, long before I left Irel<sup>d</sup> — Therefore what you advise me, about printing it my self is impossible, for I never saw it since I writ it, neither if I had, would I use shifts or Arts, let People think of me as they please. Neither do I believe the gravest Character is answerable for a Private humersome thing which by an accident inevitable, and the Baseness of particular Malice is made publick. I have borne a great deal more, and those who will like me less, upon seeing me capable of having writ such a Trifle so many years ago, may think as they please, neither is it agreeable to me to be troubled with such Accounts, when there is no Remedy and onely gives me the ungratefull Task of reflecting on the Baseness of Mankind, which I knew sufficiently before.

I know not y<sup>r</sup> Reasons for coming hither. Mine were onely to see some old Friends before my Death, and some other little Affairs, that related to my former Course of Life here. But I design to return by the End of Summer. I should be glad to be settled here, but the inconvenience and Charge of onely being a Passenger, is not so easy, as an indifferent home; and the Stir people make with me, gives me neither Pride nor Pleasure. I have s<sup>d</sup> enough and remain S<sup>r</sup> y<sup>rs</sup> &c.

"The Poem" was Cadenus and Vanessa. Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa), to whom it was addressed, on her death in 1720 left directions for its publication. I infer from this letter that it was not printed till 1726. The "Copyes given



about" were in manuscript. The earliest edition in the British Museum is of that year, — "published and sold by Allan Ramsay, at his shop at the East end of the Lucken-booths [Edinburgh], price sixpence." It is interesting to find the Scotch poet thus connected with Cadenus and Vanessa. Mr. Craik, in his *Life of Swift*, says that the author revised the poem some years after it was written. The evidence for this statement is not strong enough to give the lie to the dean's assertion that he had never seen it since he wrote it. The "accident inevitable" by which it was made public was, no doubt, Vanessa's death; whose was "the Baseness" is doubtful. It was printed, it is said, by her two executors, one of whom was Berkeley. If Swift aimed at him, he would not have assented to the praise bestowed on the bishop by Pope:—

"Manners with candour are to Benson given;  
To Berkeley, every virtue under heaven."

The stir people made with Swift in London was foretold by Dr. Arbuthnot, who wrote to him, "I know of near half a year's dinners where you are already bespoken."

XLII.

DUBLIN. *Octr 24th 1726.*

S<sup>r</sup>,— Since I came to Ireland to the time that I guess you went out of Town, I was as you observe much in the Country, partly to enure myself gradually to the Air of this place and partly to see a Lady of my old Acquaintance who was extremely ill. I am now going on the old way having much to do of little consequence, and taking all advantages of fair weather to keep my Health by walking. I look upon you as no very warm Planter who could be eighteen months absent from it, and amusing y<sup>r</sup> self in so wretched a Town as this, neither can I think any man prudent who hath planting or building going on in his absence.

I believe our discoursing of Friends  
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in Engl<sup>d</sup> would be very short, for I hardly imagine you and I can have three of the same Acquaintance there, Death and Exil having so diminished the number; and as for Occurences, I had as little to do with them as possible, my Opinions pleasing very few; and therefore the life I led there was most in the Country, and seeing onely those who were content to visit me, and receive my Visits, without regard to Party or Politics. One thing I have onely confirmed my self in, which I knew long ago, that it is a very idle thing for any man to go for England without great Business, unless he were in a way to pass his Life there, which was not my Case, and if it be yours, I shall think you happy.

I am as always an utter Stranger to Persons and occurences here — and therefore can entertain you with neith<sup>r</sup>, but wish you Success in this season of planting, and remain

Yr most faithfull &c.

"Lady Carteret, wife of the lord-lieutenant, said to Swift, 'The air of this country is good.' He fell down on his knees. 'For God's sake, madam, don't say so in England; they will certainly tax it.'"

Swift wished much to be settled in England. During the visit there, described in the above letter, he wrote to a friend: "This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is because go I must; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse; in short you all live in a wretched, dirty doghole and prison, but it is a place good enough to die in." Three years later he wrote from Dublin: "You think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."

## XLIII.

DUBLIN. *Feb 14th 1726-7.*

S<sup>r</sup>, — I should have sooner answered y<sup>r</sup> Lett<sup>r</sup> [your Letter] if my time had not been taken up with many impertinences, in Spight of my Monkish way of living; and particularly of late — with my preparing a hundred little affairs which must be dispatched before I go for England, as I intend to do in a very short time, and I believe it will be the last Journey I shall ever take thither. But the omission of some Matters last summer, by the absence of certain people hath made it necessary. As to Capt<sup>n</sup> Gulliver, I find his book is very much censured in this Kingdom which abounds in excellent Judges; but in Engl<sup>a</sup> I hear it hath made a bookseller almost rich enough to be an Alderman. In my Judgment I should think it hath been mangled in the press, for in some parts it doth not seem of a piece, but I shall hear more when I am in England. I am glad you are got into a new Tast of your Improvements, and I know no thing I should more desire than some Spot upon which I could spend the rest of my life in improving. But I shall live and dye friendless, and a sorry Dublin inhabitant; and yet I have Spirit still left to keep a clutter about my little garden, where I pretend to have the finest paradise Stockes of their age in Ireland. But I grow so old, that I despond, and think nothing worth my Care except ease and indolence, and walking to keep my Health.

I can send you no news, because I never read any, nor suffer any person to inform me. I am sure whatever it is it cannot please me. The Archb<sup>p</sup> of Dublin is just recovered after having been despaired of, and by that means hath disappointed some hopers.

I am S<sup>r</sup> y<sup>t</sup> &c.

Swift's "Monkish way of living" was thus described by him a few years later:

"I am as mere a monk as any in Spain. I eat my morsel alone like a king, and am constantly at home when I am not riding or walking, which I do often and always alone."

Arbuthnot had written on November 8, 1726: "Gulliver is in everybody's hand. I lent the book to an old gentleman who went immediately to his map to search for Lilliput." Gay wrote a few days later: "The whole impression sold in a week. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet council to the nursery." Swift used to leave the profits of his writings to the booksellers. In 1735 he wrote: "I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by M<sup>r</sup> Pope's prudent management for me." The time of publication renders it almost certain that this one book was Gulliver's Travels. He is said to have received £300. By the Irish edition, published in 1727, he made nothing. "Dublin booksellers," he wrote, "have not the least notion of paying for copy." If the book was "mangled in the press," it was owing to the timidity of its London publisher, Benjamin Motte, who may have feared a prosecution for libel. Swift, keeping up the mystery of authorship, wrote to Pope, "I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered." He added, "A bishop here said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it." Mr. Craik argues with great probability that the suggestion of garbling was "a loophole for disclaiming what Swift or his friends might afterwards condemn."

## XLIV.

DUBLIN. *Novr 23rd 1727.*

S<sup>r</sup>, — I have yours of the 15<sup>th</sup> instant, wherein you tell me that upon my last leaving Ireland, you supposed I would return no more, which was probable enough, for I was nine weeks very

ill in England, both of Giddyness and Deafness, which latter being an unconvertible disorder I thought it better to come to a place of my own, than be troublesome to my Friends, or live in a lodging; and this hastened me over, and by a hard Journey I recovered both my Aylments. But if you imagined me to have any favor at Court you were much mistaken or misinformed. It is quite otherwise at least among the Ministry. Neither did I ever go to Court, except when I was sent for and not always then. Besides my illness gave me too good an excuse the last two months.

As to Politicks; in Engl<sup>d</sup> it is hard to keep out of them, and here it is a shame to be in them, unless by way of Laught<sup>r</sup> [Laughter] and ridicule, for both which my tast is gone. I suppose there will be as much mischief as Interest, folly, ambition and Faction can bring about, but let those who are younger than I look to the consequences. The publick is an old tattered House but may last as long as my lease in it, and therefore like a true Irish tenant I shall consider no further.

I wish I had some Retirement two or three miles from this Town, to amuse my self, as you do, with planting much, but not as you do, for I would build very little. But I cannot think of a remote Journey in such a miserable country, such a Clymat, and such roads, and such uncertainty of Health. I would never if possible be above an hour distant from home — nor be caught by a Deafness and Giddyness out of my own precincts, where I can do or not do, what I please; and see or not see, whom I please. But if I had a home a hundred miles off I never would see this Town again, which I believe is the most disagreeable Place in Europe, at least to any but those who have been accustomed to it from their youth, and in such a Case I suppose a Jayl might be tolerable. But my best comfort is, that I lead here, the life of a monk, as I have

always done; I am vexed whenever I hear a knocking at the door, especially the Raps of quality, and I see none but those who come on foot. This is too much at once.

I am y<sup>r</sup> &c.

Of his illness in England Swift wrote from Pope's house, where he was staying, "Cyder and champagne and fruit have been the cause." "I have," he said, "a hundred oceans rolling in my ears, into which no sense has been poured this fortnight." On his return home he wrote to Pope: "Two sick friends never did well together; such an office [the care of a sick friend] is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or not. I have a race of orderly, elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep."

His "hard Journey" was the long ride from London to Holyhead, in Wales, where he was kept some days by contrary winds, "in a scurvy unprovided comfortless place without one companion," as he wrote in his journal. "I cannot read at night, and I have no books to read in the day. I am afraid of joining with passengers for fear of getting acquaintance with Irish. I should be glad to converse with farmers or shopkeepers, but none of them speak English. A dog is better company than the vicar, for I remember him of old."

His taste for ridicule of Irish politicians was not wholly gone. A few years later he attacked them in the lines beginning, —

"Ye paltry underlings of state,  
Ye senators, who love to prate;  
Ye rascals of inferior note,  
Who for a dinner sell a vote;  
Ye pack of pensionary peers,  
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;

Ye bishops far removed from saints,  
Why all this rage ? why these complaints ? ”

The life he led in Dublin he thus described to Pope : “ I keep humble company, who are happy to come when they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I gave my vicar a supper and his wife a shilling to play with me an hour at backgammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality and especially of titles I am not within ; or at least am deaf a week or two after I am well.”

XLV.

DUBLIN. *Decbr 12th 1727.*

S<sup>r</sup>, — I thought to have seen your Son, or to have spoken to his Tutor. But I am in a condition to see nobody ; my old disorder of Deafness being returned upon me, so that I am forced to keep at home and see no company ; and this disorder seldom leaves me under two months.

I do not understand your son's fancy of leaving the University to study Law under a Teacher. I doubt he is weary of his Studies, and wants to be in a new Scene ; I heard of a fellow some years ago who followed that practice of reading Law, but I believe it was to Lads, who had never been at a University ; I am ignorant of these Scheams, and you must advise with some who are acquainted with them. I only know the old road of getting some good learning in a university and when young men are well grounded then going to the Inns of Court. This is all I can say in the matter, my Head being too much confused by my present Disorder.

I am y<sup>r</sup> obl<sup>d</sup> &c.

Swift in his Letter to a Young Clergyman says : “ What a violent run there is among too many weak people against university education : be firmly assured that the whole cry is made up by those who were either never sent to a college, or, through their irregularities and stu-

pidity, never made the least improvement while they were there.”

The students of Dublin University he thus mentions in a letter to Pope : “ You are as much known here as in England, and the university lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garments.”

Wherever young Chetwode studied law, he would have had to learn law Latin. For four years longer it was to remain the language of the records in the law courts. Blackstone in his Commentaries sighs over the change that was made, when, by act of Parliament, English alone was to be thenceforth used. The common people, he said, were as ignorant in matters of law as before, while clerks and attorneys were now found who could not understand the old records. Owing, moreover, to the verbosity of English, more words were used in legal documents, to the great increase of the cost.

XLVI.

DUBLIN. *Mar. 15th 1728-9.*

S<sup>r</sup>, — I had the favor of yours of the 5<sup>th</sup> instant, when I had not been above a fortnight recovered from a disorder of giddyness and Deafness, which hardly leaves me a month together. Since my last return from Engl<sup>d</sup> I never had but one Letter from you while I was in the Country, and that was during a time of the same vexatious ailment, when I could neither give myself the trouble to write or to read. I shall think very unwise in such a world as this, to leave planting of trees, and making walks, to come into it — I wish my fortune had thrown me any where rather than into this Town and no Town, where I have not three acquaintances, nor know any Person whom I care to visit. But I must now take up with a solitary life from necessity as well as Inclination, for yesterday I relapsed again, and am now so deaf that I shall not be able to dine with my Chapter on our onely festival in the year, I mean St. Patrick's Day. As to any Scurrilities published against

me, I have no other Remedy, than to desire never to hear of them and then the authors will be disappointed, at least it will be the same thing to me as if they had never been writ. For I will not imagine that any friend I esteem, can value me the less, upon the Malice of Fools, and knaves, against whose Republic I have always been at open War. Every man is safe from Evil tongues, who can be content to be obscure, and men must take Distinction as they do Land, cum onere.

I wish you happy in your Retreat, and hope you will enjoy it long and am your &c.

A little later Swift wrote: "I have in twenty years drawn above one thousand scurrilous libels on myself, without any other recompense than the love of the Irish vulgar, and two or three dozen signposts of the Drapier in this city, besides those that are scattered in country towns; and even these are half worn out."

His war against the republic of fools and knaves he thus speaks of in his Lines on the Death of Dr. Swift:—

"As with a moral view designed  
To cure the vices of mankind,  
His vein ironically grave  
Exposed the fool and lashed the knave."

The safety from evil tongues that is found in obscurity he has thus expressed: "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent."

XLVII.

DUBLIN. May 17th 1729.

S<sup>r</sup>,—That I did not answer your former Letter, was because I did not know it required any, and being seldom in a tolerable humor by the frequent returns or dreads of Deafness, I am grown a very bad correspondent. As to the passage you mentioned in that former Letter, and desired my opinion, I did not understand the meaning, and that Lett<sup>r</sup> being mislaid, I cannot recollect it, tho' you refer

to it in your last. I shall not make the usuall excusses on the subject of lending money, but as I have not been master of 30<sup>l</sup> for thirty days this thirty years, so I have actually borrowed several small Sums for these two or three years past for board-wages to my Serv<sup>ts</sup> [Servants] and common expences. I have within these ten days borrowd the very poor money lodged in my hands, to buy Cloaths for my Servants, and left my note in the bag in case of my Death. These pinches are not peculiar to me, but to all men in this Kingdom, who live upon Tythes or rack [?] rents, for, as we have been on the high road to ruin these dozen years, so we have now got almost to our Journey's End: And truly I do expect and am determined in a short time to pawn my little plate, or sell it, for subsistence. I have had the same request you make me, from severall others, and have desired the same favor from others, without Success; and I believe there are hardly three men of any figure in Irel<sup>d</sup>, whose affairs are so bad as mine, who now pay Interest for a thous<sup>d</sup> pounds of other peoples money (which I undertook to manage) without receiving one farthing my self, but engaged seven years in a law suit to recover it. This is the fairest side of my Circumstances for they are worse than I care to think of, much less to tell, and if the universall complaints and despair of all people have not reacht you, you have yet a vexation to come. I am in ten times a worse state than you, having a law suit on which my whole fortune depends, and put to shifts for money which I thought would never fall to my lot. I have been lately amazed as well grieved [*sic*] at some intimate friends, who have desired to borrow money of me, and whom I could not oblige but rather expected the same kindness from them.

Such is the condition of the Kingdom, and such is mine.

I am y<sup>r</sup> &c.

Swift in his letters often complains of the want of ready money. "Money," he once wrote, "is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues." Nevertheless, on his death, ten years after this was written, he left more than £11,000. It is not true that he had "not been master of 30<sup>l</sup> for thirty days this thirty years." In 1712 he had £400 in the hands of a friend; in 1725 he lost £1250 by another friend's ruin. His servants he always kept on board-wages. Their staying long in his service showed that he was not a bad master. "He was served in plate, and used to say that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach."

His lawsuit, whatever it was, went on troubling him. Two years later he wrote to Gay: "I thought I had done with my lawsuit, and so did all my lawyers; but my adversary, after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, has declared he was always a Papist, and consequently by the law here cannot buy, nor, I think, sell; so that I am at sea again for almost all I am worth."

## XLVIII.

*Aug. 9th 1729.*

S<sup>r</sup>,—Your Lett<sup>r</sup> of July 30<sup>th</sup> I did not receive till this day. I am near 60 miles from Dublin, and have been so these 10 weeks. I am heartily sorry for the two occasions of the Difficulties you are under. I knew M<sup>rs</sup> Chetwode from her Child-hood, and knew her mother and Sisters, and although I saw her but few times in my life, being in a different Kingdom, I had an old friendship for her, without entering into differences between you, and cannot but regret her death. As to M<sup>r</sup> Jackman I have known him many years, he was a good natured generous and gentlemanly person; and a long time ago, having a little money of my own, and being likewise concerned for a friend, I was inclined to trust him

with the management of both but received some hints that his affairs were even then not in a condition so as to make it safe to have any dealings of that kind with him. For these 14 years past, he was always looked on as a gone man, for which I was sorry, because I had a personal inclination towards himself, but seldom saw him of late years; because I was only a generall acquaintance, and not of intimacy enough to advise him, or meddle with his affairs, nor able to assist him. I therefore withdrew, rather than put my Shoulders to a falling wall, which I had no call to do. This day upon reading y<sup>r</sup> Lett<sup>r</sup> I asked a Gentleman just come from Dublin, who told me the Report was true, of Jackman's being gone off. Now S<sup>r</sup> I desire to know, how it is possible I can give you Advice being no Lawyer, not knowing how much you stand engaged for, nor the Situation of your own Affairs. I presume the other Security is a responsible person, and I hope M<sup>r</sup> Jackman's arrears cannot be so much as to endanger your sinking under them. It is to be supposed that M<sup>r</sup> Shirley will give time, considering the case. I think there is a fatality in some people to embroyl themselves by their good nature. I know what I would do in the like condition; It would be, upon being pressed, to be as open as possible, and to offer all in my power to give Satisfaction, provided I could have the allowance of time. I know all fair Creditors love free and open dealings, and that staving off by the arts of Lawyers makes all things worse at the end. I will write to M<sup>r</sup> Stopford by the next post, in as pressing a manner as I can; he is as honest and benevolent a person as ever I knew. If it be necessary for you to retrench in your way of living, I should advise, upon supposing that you can put your affairs in some Settlement here under the conduct of your Son assisted by some other friends, that you should retire to some town in England in a good country and far from London, where you may live as



cheap as you please, and not uncomfortably, till this present Storm shall blow over. This is all I can think of after three times reading your Letter. I pray God direct you;

I am ever &c.

XLIX.

*Aug. 30th 1729.*

S<sup>r</sup>, — I received your Lett<sup>r</sup> by a man that came from Dublin with some things for me. This is the first post since; I come now to answer y<sup>r</sup> questions. First whether you shall marry. I answer that if it may be done with advantage to your fortune, to a person where the friendship and good usage will be reciprocal, and without loss to y<sup>r</sup> present children, I suppose all y<sup>r</sup> friends, as I, would approve it. As to the affair of Lettr of Licence &c. I profess I am not master of it. I understand it is to be given by all the Creditors before the Debtor can be secure; why it is desired of you, I know not, unless as a Creditor, and how you are a Creditor, unless as being bound for him, I am as ignorant, and how Jackman in his condition can be able to indemnify you is as hard to conceive; I doubt his rich friends will hardly do it. This is all I can see after half blinding my self with reading yr Clerks Copies. As to y<sup>r</sup> leaving Irel<sup>d</sup>, doubtless y<sup>r</sup> first step should be to London for a final answer from the Lady; if that fayls, I think you can live more conveniently in some distant southern county of Engl<sup>d</sup>, tho' perhaps cheap<sup>r</sup> in France. To make a conveyance of y<sup>r</sup> estate etc. there must I suppose be advice of good Lawyers. M<sup>r</sup> Stopford will be a very proper person, but you judge ill in thinking on me who am so old and crazy, that for severall years I have refused so much as to be Executor to three or four of my best and nearest friends both here and in Engl<sup>d</sup>. I know not whether M<sup>r</sup> Stopford received my Letter: but I will write to him again. You cannot well blame him for some tender-

ness to so near a Relation, but I think you are a little too nice and punctilious for a man of this world, and expect more from human race, than their Corruptions can afford. I apprehend that whatever the debt you are engaged for shall amount to, any unsettled part of your estate will be lyable to it, and it will be wise to reckon upon no assistance from Jackman, and if you shall be forced to raise money and pay Interest, you must look onely towards how much is left, and either retrieve by marriage or live retired in a thrifty way. No man can advise otherwise than as he follows himself. Every farthing of any temporal fortune I have is upon the balance to be lost. The turn I take is to look on what is left, and my Wisdom can reach no higher. But as you ill bear publick Mortifications it will be best to retire to some oth<sup>r</sup> Country where none will insult you on account of your living in an humbler manner. In the Country of England one may live with repute, and keep the best company for 100<sup>l</sup> a year. I can think of no more at present. I shall soon leave this place, the weather being cold, and an Irish winter country is what I cannot support.

I am S<sup>r</sup> y<sup>r</sup> most &c.

Swift's assertion that "no man can advise otherwise than as he follows himself" would have brought on him the reproach from Johnson that he was "grossly ignorant of human nature." When it was objected that a certain medical author did not practice what he taught, Johnson replied: "That does not make his book the worse. People are influenced more by what a man says, if his practice is suitable to it, because they are blockheads."

That a man living by himself could, in those days, on £100 a year (nearly \$500), keep the best company in the country parts of England is confirmed by a curious statement published by Boswell of Peregrine Langton, who on £200

a year had done much more than this, for he had kept up a house with four servants, a post-chaise and three horses.

L.

DUBLIN. *Feby 12th 1733.*

S<sup>r</sup>, — I did not come to town till October, and I solemnly protest that I writ to you since I came, with the opinion I was able to give on the affairs you consulted me about; indeed I grow every day an ill retainer of memory even in my own affairs, and consequently much more of other peoples, especially where I can be of little or no Service. I find you are a great Intelligencer, and charge me at a venture with twenty things which never came into my head. It is true I have amused my self sometimes both formerly and of late, and have suffered from it by indiscretion of people. But I believe that matter is at an end; For I would see all the little rascals of Ireland hanged rather than give them any pleasure at the expence of disgusting one judicious friend. — I have seen M<sup>r</sup> Jackman twice in the Green and therefore suppose there hath been some expedient found for an interval of liberty: but I cannot learn the state of his affairs. As to changing your Single life, it is impossible to advise without knowing all circumstances both of you and the Person. A. B<sup>p</sup> Sheldon advised a young Lord to be sure to get money with a wife because he would then be at least possessed of one good thing. For the rest, you are the onely judge of Person, temper and understanding. And, those who have been marryed may form juster ideas of that estate than I can pretend to do.

I am S<sup>r</sup> your most obd<sup>t</sup> &c.

Of a lord who, acting on Archbishop Sheldon's advice, had married for money, Johnson said, "Now has that fellow at length obtained a certainty of three meals a day, and for that certainty, like his brother dog in the fable, he will get his neck galled for life with a collar."

Swift, in the last lines of his letter, implies that he had never been married. That he had been married to Stella the evidence is very strong, though not conclusive.

LI.

DUBLIN. *June 24th 1730.*

S<sup>r</sup>, — I had yours but it came a little later than usual; you are misinformed; I have neither amused my self with opposing or defending any body. I live wholly within my self; most people have dropt me, and I have nothing to do, but fence against the evils of age and sickness as much as I can, by riding and walking; neither have I been above 6 miles out of this town this 9 months; except once at the Bish<sup>ps</sup> [Bishop's] visitation in Trim. Neither have I any thought of a Villa eith<sup>r</sup> near or far off; having neither money, youth, nor inclination for such an atchievement. I do not think the Country of Ireland a habitable scene without long preparation, and great expence. I am glad your trees thrive so well. It is usual when good care is taken, that they will at last settle to the ground.

I cannot imagine how you procure enemies, since one great use of retirement is to lose them, or else a man is no thorow retirer. If I mistake you not, by your 60 friends, you mean enemies; I knew not Webb. — As to your information of passages in private life, it is a thing I never did nor shall pursue; nor can envy you or any man for knowledge in it; because it must be lyable to great mistakes, and consequently wrong Judgments. This I say, though I love the world as little, and think as ill of it as most people. . . . M<sup>r</sup> Cusack dyed a week after I left Trim; and is much lamented by all Partyes. What embroylements you had with him I know not; but I always saw him act the part of a generous, honest, good natured, reasonable, obliging man. I find you intended to treat of a marriage by Proxy in Eng<sup>l</sup> and the lady is dead. I think you have

as ill luck with burying your friends, as good with burying your enemies; I did expect that would be the event when I heard of it first from you. I know not what advertisements you read of any Libels or Storyes against me, for I read no news; nor any man tells me of such things, which is the onely way of disappointing such obscure Slaundersers. About 3 years ago I was shewn an advertisement<sup>t</sup> to some such purpose, but I thought the Person who told me had better let it alone. I do not know but they will write Memoirs of my actions in War; These are naturall consequences that fall upon people who have writings layd to their charge, whether true or not —

I am just going out of town, to stay no where long, but go from house to house, whether Inns or friends, for five or six weeks mearly for exercise.

I am S<sup>r</sup> your most obedient &c.

I direct to Maryborow by guess, never remembering whether that or Mountmelick be right.

## LII.

[Knightley Chetwode to Dean Swift.]

[No date.]

S<sup>r</sup>, — I came to Towne y<sup>e</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> of Dec<sup>r</sup> and leave it the 12<sup>th</sup> of March, and could never see you but in ye streete, the last time I met you I merrily thought of Horace's 9<sup>th</sup> Satire, and upon it pursued you to y<sup>r</sup> next house tho' not "prope Cæsaris hortos." — I had a desire to catch you by y<sup>r</sup> best ear for halfe an hour and something to tell you, w<sup>h</sup> I imagined w<sup>d</sup> surprize and please you, but with the cunning of experienced Courtiers, grown old in politicks, you put me off with a I'll send to you; w<sup>h</sup> probably you never intended. I am now returning to Wodebrook from an amour w<sup>h</sup> has proved little profitable to mysele — Business here I've none but with women; those pleasures have not (with me) as yet [?] lost their charms and tho' when I am at home I do not like my neighbourhood and shall therefore

probably seldom stir beyond the limits of my gardens and Plantations, wh. are full big enough for my purse, or what is even more insatiable my ambition, yet if my amusements there are scanty my thoughts are unmolested. I see not ye prosperity of Rascalls, I hear not ye Complaints of the worthy — I enjoy the sun and fresh air without paying a fruitless attendance upon his Eminence of St. Patricks, my fruit will bloom, my Herbs be fragrant, my flowers smile tho' the Deane frowns, and looks gloomy, take this as some sort of returne for y<sup>e</sup> greatest neglect of me, I've mett since my last coming to this Towne, many ill offices, and what is far more extraordinary w<sup>th</sup> halfe a dozen Females who have cleared up the truth of it to a mathematicall demonstration; this causes me to reflect upon the Jewishe method formerly to make Proselytes w<sup>h</sup> I think St. Ambrose well expresses in y<sup>e</sup> following words "Hi arte immiscent se hominibus, Domos penetrant, ingrediuntur Prætoria, aures judicum et publica inquietant, et ideo magis prævalent quo magis impudenter." I saw you pass last Friday by my window like a Lady to take horse, with y<sup>r</sup> handkerchiefe and whip in y<sup>r</sup> hand together; y<sup>r</sup> petticoats were of ye shortest, and you wanted a black capp or I might have thought of Lady Harriett Harley now Lady Oxford.

## LIII.

[Knightley Chetwode to Dean Swift.]

S<sup>r</sup>, — I am truly concerned at y<sup>r</sup> having been so long lame which you say I can't see you, tho' I imputed it to your having taken something amiss in my last letter, wherein when I thought I was only plaine perhaps I've been blunt, and y<sup>t</sup> is a fault for I am of opinion with my old friend Wycherly, that some degree of ceremony sh<sup>d</sup> [should] be preserved in the strictest friendship. However I write again to you, upon my old maxim y<sup>t</sup> he who forbears to write because his last letter is unanswered shews

more regard to forms and punctillios than to friendship. I've mett you handed about in print and as the Coffey Houses will have it of your owne doing — I am afraid y<sup>r</sup> using y<sup>r</sup> legg too soon will not let it be too soon well, the very shaking of a chair tho' yo had a stole under it, I believe harm'd you for you see by y<sup>r</sup> accident at y<sup>e</sup> A<sup>p</sup>'s visitation how small a thing throws you back. Beware I pray you of this hurt in time, for if a swelling sh<sup>d</sup> fix in y<sup>r</sup> leggs an access of a Dropsy may be apprehended — I sh<sup>d</sup> be glad to see you if it were conven<sup>t</sup> and agreeable to you and not else, tho' I am y<sup>r</sup> well wisher and humble Serv<sup>t</sup>

K. C.

LIV.

[Dean Swift to Knightley Chetwode.]

[Indorsed, "A very extraordinary lett<sup>r</sup> designed I suppose to mortifie me — within this letter are coppies of some lett<sup>r</sup>s of mine to him."]

DUBLIN. *May 8th* 1731 [? 1732].

S<sup>r</sup>, — Your letter hath layen by me without acknowledging it, much longer than I intended, or rather this is my third time of writing to you, but the two former I burned in an hour after I had finished them, because they contained some passages which I apprehended one of your pique might possibly dislike, for I have heard you approve of one principle in your nature, that no man had ever offended you, against whom you did not find some opportunity to make him regret it, although perhaps no offence were ever designed. This perhaps, and the other art you are pleased with, of knowing the secrets of families, which as you have told me was so wonderfull that some people thought you dealt with old Nick, hath made many families so cautious of you. And to say the truth, your whole scheme of thinking, conversing, and living, differ in every point from mine. I have utterly done with all great names and titles of Princes and Lords and Ladyes and Ministers of State, because I conceive they do me

not the least honor; wherein I look upon myself to be a prouder man than you, who expect that the people here should think more honorably of you by putting them in mind of your high acquaintance, whereas the Spirits of our Irish folks are so low and little, and malicious, that they seldom believe a syllable of what we say on these occasions, but score it all up to vanity; as I have known by Experience, whenever by great chance I blabbed out some great name beyond one or two intimate friends. For which reason I thank God that I am not acquainted with one person of title in this whole Kingdom, nor could I tell how to behave myself before persons of such sublime quality — Half a dozen midling Clergymen, and one or two midling laymen make up the whole circle of my acquaintance — That you returned from an amour without profit, I do not wonder, nor that it was more pleasurable, if the Lady as I am told be sixty, unless her literal and metaphorical talents were very great; yet I think it impossible for any woman of her age, who is both wise and rich, to think of matrimony in earnest. However I easily believe what you say that women have not yet lost all their charms with you — who could find them in a Sybel. I am sorry for what you say that your ambition is unsatiated, because I think there are few men alive so little circumstanced to gratify it. You made one little essay in a desperate Cause much to the disadvantage of your fortune, and which would have done you little good if it had succeeded; and I think you have no merit with the present folks, though some affect to believe it to your disadvantage.

I cannot allow you my discipule; for you never followed any one rule I gave you — I confess the Qu's [Queen's] death cured all ambition in me, for which I am heartily glad, because I think it little consists either with ease or with conscience.

I cannot imagine what any people can

propose by attempts against you, who are a private country Gentleman, who can never expect any Employment or power. I am wondering how you came acquainted with Horace or St. Ambrose, since neither Latin nor Divinity have been your Studies; it seems a miracle to me. I agree with that Gentleman (whoever he is) that said to answer letters was a part of good breeding, but he would agree with me, that nothing requires more caution, from the ill uses that have been often made of them, especially of letters without common business. They are a standing witness against a man, which is confirmed by a Latin saying — For words pass but Letters remain. You hint I think that you intend for England. I shall not enquire into your motives, my correspondence there is but with a few old friends, and of these but one who is in Employ<sup>mt</sup>, and he hath lately dropt me too, and he is in right; for it is said I am out of favor; at least, what I like as well, I am forgotten, for I know not any one who thinks it worth the pains to be my enemy; and it is meer charity in those who still continue my friends, of which however not one is in Power, nor will ever be — during my life — I am ashamed of this long letter, and desire your Pardon.

I am, S<sup>r</sup> y<sup>r</sup> &c.

There is a difficulty about the date of this letter which I cannot clear up. The lameness from which Swift suffered, spoken of by Chetwode in his second letter, to which this is an answer, is mentioned at least six times in the dean's published correspondence for 1732. On February 19 of that year, he wrote, "I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental strain, and can neither ride nor walk, nor easily write." In a letter written in the autumn of that year he says, "I have been tied by the leg (without being married) for ten months past, by an unlucky strain." Had it not been for his lameness, he would have

gone, he said, to London in November, to see the Lord Mayor's show of his friend and printer, Alderman Barber. I at first assumed that he had misdated his letter to Chetwode by a year, but in his works there is a letter addressed, "To Ventoso," dated April 28, 1731, which was clearly meant for Chetwode, and most likely is one of the two which Swift said he had burned. It is strange that on April 28, and again on May 8, he should have made a mistake in the year. There is a further difficulty: Chetwode seems to imply in his second letter that he was writing on the day he was leaving town, March 12. If that was the case, it was on a Friday in March that he saw the dean going to take horse. According to Swift's own account it was in the first days of February that he was lamed. The following passages in the letter to Ventoso are worth comparing with those which were substituted for them: —

"You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not a grain of pride in you; for you are pleased that people should know you have been acquainted with persons of great names and titles, whereby you confess that you take it for an honour; which a proud man never does: and besides you run the hazard of not being believed."

"The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes and other great persons arises from its being generally known to others; but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided."

"I am glad your country life has taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you first; and I am astonished how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many lessons agreeable to what I have said."

Swift perhaps had a hit at Chetwode in the lines, —

"But laughed to hear an idiot quote  
A verse from Horace learned by rote."

Chetwode's "one little essay in a desperate Cause" was taking part in a Jacobite conspiracy, mentioned in an earlier letter. He replied to Swift at great length, quoting Horace again and Virgil, and distinguishing between "honour in the concrete and honour in the abstract;" "to show you," he continues, "that I understand a little Logick as well as Lattin [*sic*] and Divinity," as indeed

became the son of a dean and bishop elect. The books he bought on his foreign travels, which are still to be seen in the library at Woodbrooke, show that he was not indifferent to literature. Swift's taunt was perhaps without justification. Be that as it may, the correspondence which had spread over seventeen or eighteen years was brought to a close with mocks and gibes.

*George Birkbeck Hill.*

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### THE FREEMAN.

*"Hope is a slave; Despair is a freeman."*

A VAGABOND between the East and West,  
Careless I greet the scourging and the rod;  
I fear no terror any man may bring,  
Nor any god.

The clankless chains that bound me I have rent,  
No more a slave to Hope I cringe or cry;  
Captives to Fate men rear their prison walls,  
But free am I.

I tread where arrows press upon my path,  
I smile to see the danger and the dart;  
My breast is bared to meet the slings of Hate,  
But not my heart.

I face the thunder and I face the rain,  
I lift my head, defiance far I fling, —  
My feet are set, I face the autumn as  
I face the spring.

Around me on the battlefields of life,  
I see men fight and fail and crouch in prayer;  
Aloft I stand unfettered, for I know  
The freedom of despair.

*Ellen Glasgow.*



## THE COMING LITERARY REVIVAL.

## II.

A FAIR warning was given at the outset that the question of literary revivals and of the advent of genius is one for the man of science rather than for the literary essayist. This warning may be renewed now in the presence of the harshest aspects of the problem. Reasons more or less cogent have been adduced why the world should not look for genius of the highest order without a conflict, and why it should not look for it at all in a nation which, like the United States, gives no adequate thought to philosophy.

It has been suggested that the most obvious task for the great poet of the future is the fusion of Eastern and Western thought in a well-balanced unity. If to be in touch with the Orient were all that is necessary, the United States would have an advantage over all the other Western nations except England. But England's position at the head of an Oriental empire has not yet put her in sympathy with the philosophy of the East. She hardly understands her own language from the pen of Max Müller, contenting herself rather with what its academic votaries are pleased to call neo-Kantianism, a beautifully rounded product with the hall-mark of Hegel upon it. In its shapeliness and in its smug perfection this is an admirable counterpart to the literature of the Victorian era. The critical verdict on both a century hence may be very different from the one pronounced today. It were too curious to speculate on the possibilities three hundred years hence, but the fear is upon us that the poets of the middle Victorian period will be represented in England and America by *In Memoriam*, *The Biglow Papers*, and *Hiawatha*, and this for reasons apart from all questions of technical excellence.

The slow criticism of years is a different thing from the criticism of contemporaries. It is above all eminently practical. We know, however each of us may wander in some favorite by-path of old literature, that we read, as a rule, what we are obliged to by the tradition of the ages. The men of the future will have no other rule than this same practical one to guide them. For example, they will not have recourse to the books of the nineteenth century for what they can do better than the nineteenth century has done. Hence the mark of neglect, if not of oblivion, may be drawn through everything of classical — including the present writer's own dearest favorites — or mediæval inspiration. The cherished *Idylls of the King* are not exempt from this peril. Conceding willingly all that has been said in praise of these poems, and more that can be said, one finds against them the criticism which cannot be made good against any of the long-accepted masterpieces of European literature, namely, that they are fragments which, even when joined together, do not make a whole. A later poet, overcoming this defect, though otherwise he should make a poem merely of equal merit, would stand the chance of supplanting Tennyson, just as Tennyson himself has caused forgetfulness to fall upon his predecessors in Arthurian romance.

In fact, Tennyson has illustrated in another domain — a domain of special concern to this writing — what changes come over the aspects of a literary problem attacked by a succession of poets from time to time. No one incident in the history of modern literature has been more effective than the translation of *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*. The work has tyrannized over the mind of the West in all things pertaining to the Ori-

ent. Its reign began in England with Addison's version of the story of Alnaschar for *The Spectator*, and culminated in the excessive popularity of Moore's *Lalla Rookh* and Beckford's *Vathek*. Southey's *Thalaba* and various other pieces marked a turn of the tide toward other literatures of the East besides the Arabian and its parent Persian. The momentary success of this new vein of poetry in all its branches was such that Byron, whose muse rarely ventured beyond the Levant, satirized the "Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian" tales, in which were

"mixed with western sentimentalism  
Some samples of the finest Orientalism."

In later days this sentimentalism gave place to religion, and the world has been treated to wisdom from the Orient in almost every stage of maturity or the lack of it. Fortunately, the translation of the more serious literature of the East has at the same time furnished a criterion by which to judge the imaginings of the poets and romancers. Tennyson marked the change that occurred in his lifetime, first by his early poem on Haroun al Raschid, and in his last days by *Akbar's Dream*. The one is full of the romance of Byron's day; the other recognizes the graver aspects of recent thought about the East. In both there is a suggestive brevity which implies that the field really belongs to coming poets, and that now it is possible only to mark the tendencies of the age. If it were needed, the *Akbar* might well be cited — not only for what it says, but especially for what it avoids — as proof of how little permanence there can be in any imaginative work upon the East until the material is more fully gathered and digested. It is conceivable — in the light of new knowledge already in hand — that, in the mind of coming genius, Tennyson's favorite legend of Arthur may become the means of uniting the thought of East and West, just as the legend of *Faust* enabled Goethe to link classical and

medieval with modern life. And in general it only requires a glance over the literature of the last generation to see how much of the work of even the foremost poets must give way to the merely mechanical processes of improvement, or to radical changes in the aspect of the distant past as it must appear to the imagination of the future. The poets of the nineteenth century may content themselves with knowing that they have contributed more than any who went before them to that completed ideal of classic life and modes of thought which will be within the grasp of their successors; that they have helped to correct the superstitious animosity toward the Middle Ages, and have given new directions to popular curiosity about the East.

Another field in which the long poem of the Victorian period has luxuriated is that of contemporary life and manners. It is here that the melancholy of the poets, overwhelmed by the prosperity and peace and gross materialism of the times, has received its most marked expression. From *Locksley Hall* to *Locksley Hall's sequel* there is a lifetime filled with the gradual decay of a hope which at its best was rendered brittle by impatience. The poet legitimately and justly made his consciousness of defeat as to his loftiest aims the consciousness of a world distracted by a million cares and idle thoughts, and untouched by any of those things which make life sublime. There is something pathetic — and it will seem more pathetic as the age falls into its proper place in the long perspective of history — in the efforts of the poets to find grandeur in a life that was only comfortable and prosperous, to waken their own muse by transient and infrequent episodes of heroism, to make out for national life a unity which did not exist. They reflected as in a mirror all those introspective miseries which human nature turns to when it has no greater difficulties. Themes which in times better for poets had been left to the

prosaic hand of the moralist were now expanded in beautiful verse. Good poetry has been for years nearer the level of the prose essay than, it is to be hoped, it will ever be again.

There is no need of quarreling with the tendencies of the time, with socialism and utopianism and what not. They must work out to their allotted conclusion, whatever that may be. But it should be obvious now, after a half-century of experience, that the world is not large enough to hold these absorbing yet distracting influences, and to have a great poet at the same time. If they are to help in the making of genius, it must be by bequest; for while they are pressing and active, even the born poet falls short of his rightful heritage. This has literally happened to the three masters of Victorian verse in England. When the world of the future comes to look back from a suitable distance upon their work and their surroundings, it will also gradually begin the task of choosing the one work of theirs which gives fullest expression to the dismay and doubt and difficulties by which they were hampered. Indeed, this process is already begun, and it is by observation of it that one singles out *In Memoriam* as the elaborate poem by which the age will be recognized a few centuries hence. There are other poems which give a better view of parts of the main theme, but there is not one which so well suggests the whole of it, and makes it a thing to be felt and to be understood in feeling as well as in the clear light of the intellect.

It was characteristic of English poetry on both sides of the Atlantic that it dealt, disguised or openly, with the most intimate thoughts of the time. Some of the poets felt more for other nations than for their own. Interesting as their verse may have been to their contemporaries, it has the defects of exotic study. The fate of poetry of this sort, no matter what its artistic merit, has been too often exemplified in the past to leave

any doubt as to the future. Even the great theme of Italian unity cannot save the poems written upon it by those to whom it was only a matter of romantic sympathy. We imagine that our reader of three hundred years hence — not by any means so unlikely a character as Macaulay's *New Zealander* — will be as oblivious of them as if they had never been written, unless he can be convinced that they are of broader scope than they seem to be; that under the cover of a minor struggle of humanity they convey a deeper thought, one that concerns the race at all times. But from that point of view they seem to betray aspiration rather than achievement, a consciousness of the highest function of poetry without the capacity of fulfilling it.

In the light of these things *The Biglow Papers* deserve to be considered. They were not exotic. They grew right out of the soil upon which the struggle culminated that had absorbed the activities of the whole English-speaking race. They are as real to one member of that race as to another. Just for the reason that in the midst of a civil conflict with its factional and dispersive tendencies the highest flights of poetry were impossible, the poet was artistically right in turning back to the ways and language of common life. He has given the passion as well as the humor of his time. He enables his readers to live over again a period which, when it can be seen in its entirety, without the distractions that were merely incidental to it, will stand out as the characteristic part of the nineteenth century, embodying in its results all those individual and national aspirations which were hardly more than words when the century began. Whoever returns to the study of that period will find the details wherever he may, but he can always vitalize them with the breath of Lowell's poem.

Again, while learning is apt to shorten rather than to extend the life of an elaborate poem, the case is different when

the position of the poem gives it a unique value, when even greater talent cannot replace it. This is possibly the case with *Hiawatha*. It will always be easy to deal with Indian character as it appears to the ordinary white man, in romantic sympathy or malignant hatred. But in most cases the Indian will be only an impersonation of the ideas of his creator.

An illustration on a large scale is not wanting to show by contrast precisely the value of Longfellow's poem. Southey was doubtless his peer in verse-making skill, and we have the expert testimony of Mr. E. B. Tylor that Southey knew a great deal about savages. Madoc itself attests his learning. But well as that poem is constructed, it has no aboriginal quality. Its savages are devoid of racial character. They might as well be called ancient Gauls or Britons, save for some external features of rites and customs. What was impossible for Southey once on a time is now impossible for everybody. In spite of daily additions to the knowledge of Indian lore, the Indian of the forest, as he was, has forever escaped from his conquerors. Nevertheless, the world will always turn back to the figure of the North American wild man with curiosity. It will dwell on the pathos of the Indian's defeat in the struggle for existence, and muse with melancholy interest on what he might have become. This is the opportunity of *Hiawatha*. It happened to Longfellow to depict the Indian at a time when it was still possible to know him as he had been at his best; to realize that he was capable of fine ideals, and that these were not wholly impracticable. Thus he has done what can never be done by anybody else.

But it will be said that this is no estimate of the writings of Tennyson or Lowell or Longfellow as poetry in the highest sense of the word. The fact is that there is no room for any such estimate, if the poets are to be put in comparison with the greatest writers of the past. The works which have been

named as candidates for immortality are such, not by reason of their rank in the scale of genius, but simply because they fill a place that can never be filled without them. A higher opportunity must have been met by a greater work.

It was not accidental that what has sometimes been called the Victorian Renaissance ran its course parallel to the exotic Hegelianism of the English universities; for Hegel's system was from the outset the counterpart in philosophy of the political movement that followed the disturbances at the close of the eighteenth century. The era of disorganization, having violently wrought its own cure in the form of revolution, was followed by restoration everywhere except in America, and in America the result was nearer restoration than was thought at the time. It was, in fact, restoration with the mere accident of royalty, and so of personal loyalty to king or queen, left out. But restoration after a tempest so vast was necessarily conciliatory and peaceful. It required material prosperity in order to maintain itself. In England only were the conditions fully realized. The placid restfulness after Napoleon's exit has hardly been disturbed by such minor episodes as Chartism, the distant Mutiny, or the hardly less remote Crimea. Two generations of English poets have been treated to a steady stream of peace, prosperity, and dullness. The result is obvious in their works. A gradual decay of hopefulness is to be seen in the poets of the last generation, marked also by the fierce outburst of Lord Tennyson in his old age. The progress of science, with its doctrine of long life to the strong and speedy death to the weak, did not retard this movement of the poets toward pessimism any more than the scattering vagueness in religion, or the changes in philosophy from the first throbs of neo-Kantianism under Coleridge's waistcoat to the full bloom of Huxley's agnosticism.

As unfolded by Mr. Spencer, this evo-

lutionary agnosticism, vast as it is in its survey of details, seems morally and metaphysically only a chapter in a scheme which was unfolded earlier in Germany by Schiller and Schelling and Schopenhauer. For an outlook on the world as it is, and as it is likely to be in the next age, commend us to these three men, not, perhaps, the greatest thinkers of their time, but far and away the most sensitive to the hidden currents of life in the nineteenth century. It is in Schopenhauer that the most significant thought of Schiller and Schelling is wrought out as part of a system, which, transient as it must be, since it is only transitional, is still of very wide import. It is not necessary to discuss the question whether Schopenhauer was right in his philosophy or not. It may even be granted that he was wrong. The repute of the Frankfort sage does not hang upon his infallibility, but upon the accuracy with which he impersonates the age to which he belongs, and upon the attractiveness of his writings in point of style.

Not so long ago people were horrified by Schopenhauer's pessimism. To-day the only question about anybody is what particular shade of pessimism he affects, and the attempt is gravely made to classify whole populations by this criterion alone. Even the professed optimist is more addicted to telling how things ought to be than to congratulating himself on their actual condition. There have been moments of factitious or real contentment in the life of every nation since Schopenhauer's time. These moments of satisfaction only serve to emphasize the fact that, on the whole, the modern world has realized Schopenhauer's anticipations. Pessimism was merely a secondary aspect of his system, inevitable in the historical development of his main thought, which, it must be observed, was not his own by right of discovery. Long before, in the mysticism of Boehme, the declaration was made that nothing has reality except the will,

and this was reiterated by Fichte, and far more decidedly by Schelling. But until the notion was brought into contact with modern materialism it was hardly a fruitful one. It happened to Schopenhauer's teacher, Bouterwek, to bridge this chasm. For him the old antithesis of mind and matter, subject and object, became that of will and resistance. Practically, this was a mere restatement of the mechanical doctrine of force; metaphysically, an important addition is made by the use of the word "will," with its double physical and mental connotation. Interpret this in the light of Fichte's identification of Me and Not-Me (an identification which Goethe chuckled over when students broke Fichte's windows, but which always must be reckoned with in thoroughgoing idealism), and you have a glimpse of Schopenhauer's universal will forthwith. With this principle Schopenhauer anticipated modern monism, the farthest reaching of all devices at the present day for a materialist solution of the universe. His phrases are adopted by the monists, frequently with an apology for using them. But they are adopted also by the antagonists of monism. In short, the world is gradually becoming reconciled to the conception of itself as will, and it finds in this the simplest expression of its complex activities. The truth of the conception does not concern us here. What interests us is merely the fact that the prevalence of pessimism in popular thinking, and of monism in the more recondite thought, is precisely what Schopenhauer anticipated.

A confessed advantage of Schopenhauer's monism was that it could be explained in the language of common life without borrowing a word from the stilted jargon of the schools. But its affinity to materialism was shown by his definition — and he a professed idealist — of the world as "phenomenon of brain." Such an expression was novel in his time, but it has become so common since that it may almost be called a characteristic

of the nineteenth century. The confusion of thought which it indicates belongs no more to him than to the age of which he is the philosophical interpreter, and it was unavoidable for the man who sought not to think out a system so much as to weave one from the threads of life as he saw it. Not only was his irrationalism part of his own experience; it had also an historic background. Mankind once believed in what are now called myths. They looked upon their own struggles as really the conflicts of supernatural powers. But these powers, when investigated, were found to have no reality outside of their names. Schelling merely reversed the process of this mythical humanism to discover in the working out of men's ideas about deity the real evolution of deity. It is needless to point out how this one thought has moulded all the theories of mythological science from that day to this. A step beyond Schelling in another direction relieved Schopenhauer at once from the task of accounting for the divine existence. His idealism left only an obscure potency, which in its persistent, unconscious effort to manifest itself became for him the will to live, purposeless striving, that, as soon as it attained self-knowledge, was convicted of its own misery. This notion, besides its vogue as a philosopheme, has tinged a large field of lighter literature. It fell in harmoniously with all those sad reflections on the struggle for life which were an obvious result from the theory of evolution. Nature red in tooth and claw; the gloomy yet grotesque forebodings of those who saw man become bald, toothless, the victim of intellectual development; the cruel prodigality with which life is wasted, — all these fancies of recent times were latent or expressed in the peculiar atheism of Schopenhauer.

The modern naturalist has his own answer to these misgivings. He amuses us, for instance, by explaining that the prey of a carnivore feels no such pain as we imagine. It satisfied Kant to know that

all the progress of the species was made at the expense of the individual. But the modern man, as a rule, is farther from the self-sacrificing spirit of Kant than from the self-indulgent æstheticism of Schiller. Here again Schopenhauer is the prototype of modern life. Almost the only work of Kant with which Schopenhauer did not find fault, after he had completed his own system, was the *Transcendental Æsthetic*. His searching, and one may say militant criticism of Kant, filled though it be with notes of admiration, is a psychological failure, since it never attains Kant's own outlook. In the light of this negative fact, it is fair to think that Schopenhauer, above all an adherent of Goethe even when Goethe was wrong, could have really understood Kant only on the side which a supremely artistic nature — that of Schiller, who also idealized Goethe — made plain to him in a way suited to his own purpose. It was in the nature of things that Schiller should take as a centre what was only a corner in Kant's scheme; but having planted himself on Kant's æsthetics, he found it easy to describe a new circle in which all philosophy was figured in Kantian outlines on the horizon of a poet. Kant stopped, with the scruples of a Puritan, at the antithesis between inclination and duty. Schiller, with the self-indulgent morality of Shaftesbury to read, and the self-indulgent personality of Goethe as a living model, solved this problem. Ideal human nature is for him a work of art; when it is perfectly proportioned as viewed from the æsthetic centre, it will also be ethically perfect. This ideal human nature is free just because it is in harmony with the law of its own existence. It plays, said Schiller. It is relieved from the dominance of the ever hungry will, said Schopenhauer. Thus the highest moments of life, for the latter, bordered closely on the ascetic denial of the will to live which he praised as the only worthy aspect of religion. In this he was at one with important



tendencies of life around him. It is not easy to see any difference between his æsthetic asceticism and the sensuous asceticism which actuates modern efforts to restore mediæval religion, not in painful torture of mind and body, but in traditional observances and expanded ritual, symbols of a self-denial which has departed. His ideas receive stage presence and a voice in the musical drama of *Parsifal*. His censures upon sleek, well-fed, optimistic Protestantism can be read in words not his from books less obnoxious than his to a conservative taste.

A glimpse of the history of Schopenhauer's work will help to ascertain the environment to which he belongs. His thought was awakened by the Napoleonic upheaval. But it lay for decades unheeded. In his old age Schopenhauer suddenly found himself the most popular philosopher in Europe. A new generation of revolutionists looked upon his system as contrived especially for them. This belated popularity is the best evidence that could be given of the anticipatory quality of his thinking. Those years in which his books gathered the dust of neglect were marked by the rise of modern naturalism, particularly the science of biology. Schopenhauer was one of the first among metaphysicians to see the revolution of thought that was impending. Advancing science helped him to rid himself once for all of the notion of design in nature, and he in turn developed his conception of the universal will, until his system presupposed all those phrases about natural selection and survival of the fittest favored at a later day. A perusal of the histories of philosophy shows that even with observers to whom he is hateful he has already taken his place as the indispensable link between Kant and Darwin. This happened because, in addition to the transcendentalism in which he had been trained, he aimed to see the world just as it is. The phrases which he used have flown in all directions, and are

hospitably entertained by the philosopher, the scientist, and the writer of popular fiction. His doctrines are echoed by men of the world and by men of the study, — not merely professed disciples, but also men who claim to be theists or monists or positivists, — by the realists in fiction, by anthropologists and experimental psychologists; they confessedly furnished inspiration to the creative spirit of Wagner, and so must be reckoned as an important factor in modern music; while modern socialism, so far as it is a denial of individuality, — and most of it is a denial of individuality in fact, if not in name, — is Schopenhauerism pure and simple.

Though these particulars show the influence of Schopenhauer, or rather his susceptibility to influences that were only latent in his lifetime, they afford no apology for his opinions. No pretense is made here of defending him. If he is wrong from that absolute point of view which was ridiculed by Pilate in the mocking inquiry, What is truth? then the support he gives to the present argument is all the stronger; for it shows that, in spite of the dictates of genuine philosophy, there has been an overwhelming tendency in the direction which he indicated. Some features of the environment which he outlined have been mentioned, but there is no doubt that one could go further, and from a base-line in the analysis of his writings could make out a plausible scheme for the historical development of the last three quarters of a century. If philosophy in any form is an index to the growth of an environment suitable to genius, such a portent as Schopenhauer must have its significance. Now, it is to be added to all that has been said that Schopenhauer anticipated the work of the nineteenth and probably of the twentieth century in a field which for literature is more important than any before mentioned. This, too, is just the field where, as has been remarked, Kant failed to penetrate. The case stands ex-

actly as if Schopenhauer had set himself consciously to fill the gap in Kant's system; yet that was certainly the last thing in his thoughts. Schopenhauer knew all that was to be known in his time about the religions and the wisdom of the Orient. What is still more remarkable is that his original thought, apart from books, had an Oriental cast. When he became conscious of this, he exaggerated it, but without giving up his claim to the first outline as purely his own.

A glance at the last half-century shows how prophetic his instinct was. Schelling, also, in his later years, felt the same tendency, the philosopher's premonition of coming things. Von Hartmann, Schopenhauer's most popular disciple, has predicted — one must think him fanciful — a syncretism of Christianity and Hindooism in the religion of the future; but, with his sardonic anticipations for literature, he has abandoned the lines which, as a child of his age, he should have defended. In circles learned and unlearned the awakening to Oriental ideas has been a remarkable incident in a remarkable century. One only need recall to memory what has happened in the field of Indo-European languages and literatures since the days of Sir William Jones, what has been achieved in the Euphrates Valley since the explorations of Layard, what has been done in Egypt since the time of Champollion, to be convinced that the world is moving toward an awakening of learning and genius similar to the greatest literary revivals of the past, but of more magnificent promise than any. Look back to the time when the treasured Greek manuscripts of Constantinople were carried to western Europe by the men of letters who fled from the Turks. Picture the vivid pleasure of the few who could read those manuscripts, and the eagerness with which they pored over each one in the hope of recovering the literature of ancient Hellas in its entirety for the modern world. Remember, also, the

unexpected and far-reaching effects of their activity.

Their hopes in too many cases have been dispelled by the certainty of irreparable loss. But these hopes once existed, and now they revive in another realm of learning. The discoveries in Mesopotamia and Egypt have as yet, and are likely to have for many years to come, the charm of constant expectancy. If the latter has only new additions to make to a list of works in art and letters already classified, the former still gives promise of a library more valuable to the historian of human ideas and institutions than the manuscripts acquired by the scholars of the Renaissance. Sanscrit and its literary monuments are already felt to be classical because of their direct relation to Greek and Latin. The literatures of the Pali language, — rich in a religious sense, at least, — of the Tamils, the Bengalese, the Arabs, the Chinese, the Japanese, even the treasured lore of those races that transmit their romance and their wisdom by word of mouth, are rapidly becoming familiar to the Western world. To those who live while the work of editing, translating, explaining, and publishing these books of the East is going on, the process seems slow. But there will come a time when, the task nearing completion, men will contemplate the results as if they had all been achieved at once. The whole body of Asiatic literature in all its languages will be accessible to a single mind. It is easy to imagine that the present years of labor will then stand forth like the epoch of the Renaissance. It will be possible to estimate the effect of these Eastern records on Western civilization. If they influence letters and philosophy as much in the next century as they have influenced the last generation of thinking men, then surely Europe and America will have reached a new era in the history of thought. The world was once Hellenized. Is it now to be Orientalized?

The tendency of what, after Goethe and

Herder, may be called world-literature must be in the other direction. We are beginning to know what the books of the East are, and have ascertained that whatever else they may teach, they cannot give any grace of style. The lesson of form, of exactness in word and thought, of moderation, — the *μηδὲν ἄγαν* of Theognis, — which the ancient Greeks taught, has sunk deeply into the Western mind; all the more deeply since it was enforced by the legal and military precision of the Roman rule and the Latin language. The world cannot go back to the chaotic mysticism, the limitless exaggeration, the irrepressible loquacity, of Oriental literature. It will take what is good, the practical meaning hidden in a cloud of words, the happy turns of thought and expression which are sure to intervene with Eastern writers in moments of self-forgetfulness. The West has to some extent been oppressed by the thought that a profound mystery underlies the magniloquence of the East. Perhaps it looks for an answer to the enigma of religion. One suspects this on seeing some Oriental platitude on parade in pretentious Western books. Schopenhauer, in his old age, descended to this twaddle. His *Tat twam asi* is almost as wearisome as the creak of a Thibetan praying-machine, or the incessant *om* — *om* of the prayers themselves. But this disposition of mind cannot last even with the half-educated. Human nature, the real mystery at the bottom of all the artifices of mysticism, will be revealed on lines where the raw material of Eastern thought and fancy can be made amenable to the precision of Western literary forms. At the same time, the Eastern mind will see how to put new life into Western forms without destroying them.

The open question is whether the genius to accomplish this task will be native to the East or to the West. The case of Japan makes the student of literature and literary possibilities pause. Compare the situation of this empire with that of England in the time of the Tudor sovereigns. The likeness is noteworthy. All the influences of civilization from West and East are focused, so to speak, upon a political and social organism which is not only wonderfully receptive, but which also displays the capacity of reaction in its own original elements. Looking back at the history of genius, and seeing how largely it belongs to the people as distinguished from what may somewhat irreverently be called the blooded stock of a nation, one feels like inquiring how deeply into the substrate of human life in Japan the alien influences have penetrated. When these reach the depths where folk tradition lurks and the popular imagination slumbers, then the world may well look for a reaction in which the nation will show all that it is capable of in literature. Meanwhile, observe, by way of presage, that two of the most striking literary phenomena of the present day are Rudyard Kipling, with his overlay of Hindooism on English human nature, and Lafcadio Hearn, with his varied experience, patiently inquisitive about everything Japanese. Finally, whether the successor of Dante and Goethe rises from Asia or from the West, all the light of the past shows that he will speak, not the thoughts of a nation, but of a world-wide culture; that he will at last unite the divided thought of humanity, and combine in one view two civilizations that have been in antagonism for thousands of years.

J. S. Tunison.

## CALEB WEST.

## VIII.

## THE "HEAVE HO" OF LONNY BOWLES.

THE accident to the Screamer had delayed work at the Ledge but a few days. Other men had taken the place of those injured, and renewed efforts had been made by Sanford and Captain Joe to complete to low-water mark the huge concrete disk, forming a bedstone sixty feet in diameter and twelve feet thick, on which the superstructure was to rest. This had been accomplished after three weeks of work, and the men stood in readiness to begin the masonry of the superstructure itself so soon as the four great derricks required in lifting and setting the cut stone of the masonry could be erected. They were only waiting for Mr. Carleton's acceptance of the concrete disk, the first section of the contract. The superintendent's certificate of approval was important, one rule of the Department being that no new section should be begun until the preceding one was officially approved.

Carleton, however, declined to give it. His ostensible reason was that the engineer-in-chief was expected daily at Keyport, and should therefore pass upon the work himself. His real reason was a desire to settle a score with Captain Joe by impeding the progress of the work.

This animosity to Captain Joe had grown out of an article — very flattering to the superintendent — published in the Medford Journal, in which great credit had been given to Carleton for his "heroism and his prompt efficiency in providing a hospital for the wounded men." The day after its publication, the Noank Times, a political rival, sent to make an investigation of its own, in the course of which the reporter encountered Captain Joe. The captain had

not seen the Journal article until it was shown him by the reporter. He thereupon gave the exact facts in regard to the accident and the subsequent care of the wounded men, generously exonerating the government superintendent from all responsibility for the notice; adding with decided emphasis that "Mr. Carleton could n't 'a' said no such thing 'bout havin' provided the hospital himself, 'cause he was over to Medford to a circus the night the accident happened, and did n't git home till daylight next mornin', when everything was over an' the men was in their beds." The result of this interview was a double-leaded column in the next issue of the Noank Times, which not only ridiculed its rival for the manufactured news, but read a lesson on veracity to Carleton himself.

The denial made by the Times was the thrust that had rankled deepest; for Carleton, unfortunately for himself, had inclosed the eulogistic article from the Medford Journal in his official report of the accident to the Department, and had become the proud possessor of a letter from the engineer-in-chief commending his "promptness and efficiency."

So far the captain had kept his temper, ignoring both the obstacles Carleton had thrown in his way and the ill-natured speeches the superintendent was constantly making. No open rupture had taken place. Those, however, who knew the captain's explosive temperament confidently expected that he would break out upon the superintendent, in answer to some brutal thrust, in a dialect so impregnated with fulminates that the effect would be fatal. But they were never gratified. "'T ain't no use answerin' back," was all he said. "He don't know no better, poor critter."

Indeed, it was only when a great personal danger threatened his men that the

captain's every-day, conventional English seemed inadequate. On such occasions, when the slightest error on the part of his working force might result in the instant death or the maiming of one of them, certain harmless because unintentional outbursts of profanity, soaring into crescendos and ending in fortissimos, would often escape from the captain's lips with a vim and a rush that would have raised the hair of his Puritan ancestors, — rockets of oaths, that kindled with splutters of dissatisfaction, flamed into showers of abuse, and burst into blasphemies which cleared the atmosphere like a thunderclap. For these delinquencies he never made any apology. In the roar of the sea they seemed sometimes the only ammunition he could depend upon. "Somebody 'll git hurted round here, if ye ain't careful; somehow I can't make ye understand no other way," he would say. This was as near as he ever came to apologizing for his sinfulness. But he never wasted any of these explosives on such men as Carleton.

As the superintendent persisted in his refusal to give the certificate of acceptance, and as each day was precious, Sanford, whose confidence in the stability and correctness of the work which he and Captain Joe had done was unshaken, determined to begin the erection of the four derricks at once. He accordingly gave orders to clear away the mixing-boards and tools; thus burning his bridges behind him, should the inspection of the engineer-in-chief necessitate any additional work on the concrete disk.

The derricks, with their winches and chain guys, were now lying on the jagged rocks of the Ledge, where they had been landed the day before by Captain Brandt with the boom of the Screamer, — once more stanch and sound, a new engine and boiler on her deck. They were designed to lift and set the cut-stone masonry of the superstructure, — the top course at a height of fifty-eight feet above the

water-line. These stones weighed from six to thirteen tons each.

During the delay that followed the accident the weather had been unusually fine. Day after day the sun had risen on a sea of silver reflecting the blue of a cloudless sky, with wavy tide-lines engraved on its polished surface. At dawn Crotch Island had been an emerald, and at sunset an amethyst.

With the beginning of the dogdays, however, the weather had changed. Dull leaden fog-banks on the distant horizon had blended into a pearly-white sky. Restless, wandering winds sulked in dead calms, or broke in fitful, peevish blasts. Opal-tinted clouds showed at sunrise, and prismatic rings of light surrounded the moon, — all sure signs of a coming storm.

Captain Joe redoubled his efforts on the lines of the watch-tackles at which the men were tugging, pulling the derricks to their places, and watched the changing sky where hour by hour were placarded the manifestoes of the impending outbreak.

By ten o'clock on the 15th of August, three of the four derricks, their tops connected by heavy wire rope, had been stepped in their sockets and raised erect, and their seaward guys had been made fast, Caleb securing the ends himself. By noon, the last derrick — the fourth leg of the chair, as it were — was also nearly perpendicular, the men tugging ten deep on the line of the watch-tackles. This derrick, being the last of the whole system and the most difficult to handle, was under the immediate charge of Captain Joe. On account of its position, which necessitated a bearing of its own strain and that of the other three derricks as well, its outboard seaward guy was as heavy as that of a ship's anchor-chain. The final drawing taut of this chain, some sixty feet in length, stretching, as did the smaller ones, from the top of the derrick-mast down to the enrockment block, and the fastening of its sea end in the block,

would not only complete the system of the four erected derricks, but would make them permanent and strong enough to resist either sea action or any weight that they might be required to lift. The failure to secure this chain guy to the anchoring enrockment block, or any sudden break in the other guys, would result not only in instantly toppling over the fourth derrick itself, but in dragging the three erect derricks with it. This might mean, too, the crushing to death of some of the men; for the slimy, ooze-covered rocks and concrete disk on which they had to stand and work made hurried escape impossible.

To insure an easier connection between this last chain and the enrockment block, Caleb had fastened below water, into the "Lewis" hole of the block, a long iron hook. Captain Joe's problem, which he was now about to solve, was to catch this hook into a steel ring which was attached to the end of the chain guy. The drawing together of the hook and the ring was done by means of a watch-tackle, which tightened the chain guy inch by inch, the gang of men standing in line while Captain Joe, ring in hand, waited to slip it into the hook. A stage manager stretching a tight-rope supported on saw-horses, with a similar tackle, solves, on a smaller scale, just such a problem every night.

Carleton, who never ran any risks, sat on the platform, out of harm's way, sneering at the men's struggles, and protesting that it was impossible to put up the four derricks at once. Sanford was across the disk, some fifty feet from Captain Joe, studying the effect of the increased strain on the outboard guys of the three derricks already placed.

The steady rhythmic movement of the men, ankle-deep in the water, swaying in unison, close-stepped, tugging at the tackle-line, like a file of soldiers, keeping time to Lonny Bowles's "Heave ho," had brought the hook and the ring within six feet of each other, when the foot

of one of the men slipped on the slimy ooze and tripped up the man next him. In an instant the whole gang were floundering among the rocks and in the water, the big fourth derrick swaying uneasily, like a tree that was doomed.

"Every man o' ye as ye were!" shouted Captain Joe, without even a look at the superintendent, who had laughed outright at their fall. While he was shouting he had twisted a safety-line around a projecting rock to hold the strain until the men could regain their feet. The great derrick tottered for a moment, steadied itself like a drunken man, and remained still. The other three quivered, their top connecting guys sagging loose.

"Now make fast, an' two'r three of ye come here!" called the captain again. In the easing of the strain caused by the slipping of the men, the six feet of space between hook and ring had gone back to ten.

Two men scrambled like huge crabs over the slippery rocks, and relieved Captain Joe of the end of the safety-line. The others stood firm and held taut the tug-lines of the watch-tackle. The slow, rhythmic movement of the gang to the steady "Heave ho" began again. The slack of the tackle was taken up, and the ten feet between the hook and the ring were reduced to five. Half an hour more, and the four great derricks would be anchored safe against any contingency.

The strain on the whole system became once more intense. The seaward guy of the opposite derrick — the one across the concrete disk — shook ominously under the enormous tension. Loud creaks could be heard as the links of the chain untwisted and the derricks turned on their rusty pintles.

Then a sound like a pistol-shot rang out clear and sharp.

Captain Joe heard Sanford's warning cry, but before the men could ease the strain one of the seaward guys that fas-



tened the top of its derrick to the en-rockment-block anchorage snapped with a springing jerk, writhed like a snake in the air, and fell in a swirl across the disk of concrete, barely missing the men.

The gang at the tug-line turned their heads, and the bravest of them grew pale. The opposite derrick, fifty feet away, was held upright by but a single safety-rope. If this should break, all the four derricks, with their tons of chain guys and wire rope, would be down upon the men.

Carleton ran to the end of the platform, ready to leap. Sanford ordered him back. Two of the men, in the uncertainty of the moment, slackened their hold. A third, a newcomer, turned to run towards the concrete, as the safer place, when Caleb's vise-like hand grasped his shoulder and threw him back in line.

There was but one chance left, — to steady the imperiled derrick with a temporary guy strong enough to stand the strain.

"Stand by on that watch-tackle, every — — — man o' ye! Don't one o' ye move!" shouted Captain Joe in a voice that drowned all other sounds.

The men leaped into line and stood together in dogged determination.

"Take a man, Caleb, as quick's God'll let ye, an' run a wire guy out on that derrick." The order was given in a low voice that showed the gravity of the situation.

Caleb and Lonny Bowles stepped from the line, leaped over the slippery rocks, splashed across the concrete disk, now a shallow lake with the rising tide, and picked up another tackle as they plunged along to where Sanford stood, the water over his rubber boots. They dragged a new guy towards the imperiled derrick. Lonny Bowles, in his eagerness to catch the dangling end of the parted guy, began to scale the derrick-mast itself, climbing by the foot-rests, when Captain Joe's crescendo voice overhauled him. He knew the danger better than Bowles.

"Come down out'er that, Lonny!" (Gentle oaths.) "Come down, I tell ye!" (Oaths crescendo.) "Don't ye know no better 'n to" — (Oaths fortissimo.) "Do ye want to pull that derrick clean over?" (Oaths fortissimo.)

Bowles slid from the mast just as Sanford's warning cry scattered the men below him. There came a sudden jerk; the opposite derrick trembled, staggered for a moment, and whirled through the air towards the men, dragging in its fall the two side derricks with all their chains and guys.

"Down between the rocks, heads under, every man o' ye!" shouted the captain.

The captain sprang last, crouching up to his neck in the sea, his head below the jagged points of two rough stones, as the huge fourth derrick, under which he had stood, lunged wildly, and fell with a ringing blow across the captain's shelter and within three feet of his head, its great anchor-chain guy twisting like a cobra over the slimy rocks.

When all was still, Sanford's head rose cautiously from behind a protecting rock near where the first derrick had struck. There came a cheer of safety from Caleb and Bowles, answered by another from Captain Joe, and the men crawled out of their holes, and clambered upon the rocks, the water dripping from their clothing.

Not a man had been hurt!

"What did I tell you?" called out Carleton sneeringly, more to hide his alarm than anything else.

"That's too bad, Mr. Sanford, but we can't help it," said Captain Joe in his customary voice, paying no more attention to Carleton's talk than if it had been the slop of the waves at his feet. "All hands, now, on these derricks. We got'er git 'em up, boys, if it takes all night."

Again the men sprang to his orders, and again and again the crescendos of

oaths culminated in fortissimos of profanity as the risks for the men increased. For five consecutive hours they worked without a pause. Slowly and surely the whole system, beginning with the two side derricks, whose guys had held their anchorage, was raised upright, Sanford still watching the opposite derrick, a new outward guy having replaced the broken one.

It was six o'clock when the four derricks were again fairly erect. The same gang was tugging at the watch-tackle, and the distance between the hook and the ring was once more reduced to five feet. The hook gained inch by inch towards its anchorage. Captain Joe's eyes gleamed with suppressed satisfaction.

All this time the tide had been rising. Most of the rough, above-water rocks were submerged, and fully three feet of water washed over the concrete disk. Only the tops of the stones upon which Sanford stood, and the platform where Carleton sat, out of all danger from derricks or sea, were clear of the incoming wash.

The Screamer's life-boat — the only means the men had that day of leaving the Ledge and boarding the sloop, moored in the lee of the Ledge — had broken from her moorings, and lay dangerously near the rocks. The wind had changed to the east. With it came a long, rolling swell that broke on the eastern derrick, — the fourth one, the key-note of the system, the one Captain Joe and the men were tightening up.

Suddenly a window was opened somewhere in the heavens, and a blast of wet air heaped the sea into white caps, and sent it bowling along towards the Ledge and the Screamer lying in the eddy.

Captain Joe, as he stood with the hook in his hand, watched the sea's carefully planned attack, and calculated how many minutes were left before it would smother the Ledge in a froth and end all work. He could see, too, the Screamer's mast rocking ominously in the ris-

ing sea. If the wind and tide increased, she must soon shift her position to the eddy on the other side of the Ledge. But not a shade of anxiety betrayed him.

The steady movement of the tugging men continued, Lonny's "Heave ho" ringing out cheerily in perfect time. Four of the gang, for better foothold, stood on the concrete, their feet braced to the iron mould band, the water up to their pockets. The others clung with their feet to the slippery rocks.

The hook was now within two feet of the steel ring, Captain Joe standing on a rock at a lower level than the others, nearly waist-deep in the sea, getting ready for the final clinch.

Sanford from his rock had also been watching the sea. As he scanned the horizon, his quick eye caught to the eastward a huge roller pushed ahead of the increasing wind, piling higher as it swept on.

"Look out for that sea, Cap'n Joe! Hold fast, men, — hold fast!" he shouted, springing to a higher rock.

Hardly had his voice ceased, when a huge green curling wave threw itself headlong at the Ledge, wetting the men to their armpits. Captain Joe had raised his eyes for an instant, grasped the chain as a brace, and taken its full force on his broad back. When his head emerged, his cap was gone, his shirt clung to the muscles of his big chest, and the water streamed from his hair and mouth.

Shaking his head like a big water-dog, he waved his hand, with a laugh, to Sanford, volleyed out another rattling fire of orders, and then held on with the clutch of a devil-fish as the next green roller raced over him. It made no more impression upon him than if he had been an offshore buoy.

The fight now lay between the rising sea and the men tugging at the watch-tackle. After each wave ran by the men gained an inch on the tightening line. Every moment the wind blew

harder, and every moment the sea rose higher. Bowles was twice washed from the rock on which he stood, and the newcomer, who was unused to the slime and ooze, had been thrown bodily into a water-hole. Sanford held to a rock a few feet above Captain Joe, watching his every movement. His anxiety for the safe erection of the system had been forgotten in his admiration for the superb pluck and masterful skill of the surf-drenched sea-titan below him.

Captain Joe now moved to the edge of the anchor enrockment block, one hand holding the hook, the other the ring. Six inches more and the closure would be complete.

In heavy strains like these the last six inches gain slowly.

"Give it to 'er, men — all hands now — give it to 'er! Pull, Caleb! Pull, you ———!" (Air full of Greek fire.) "Once more — all together ———!" (Sky-bombs bursting.) "All to——"

Again the sea buried him out of sight, quenching the explosives struggling to escape from his throat.

The wind and tide increased. The water swirled about the men, the spray flew over their heads, but the steady pull went on.

A voice from the platform now called out, — it was that of Nickles, the cook: "Life-boat's a-poundin' bad, sir! She can't stan' it much longer."

Carleton's voice shouting to Sanford from the platform came next: "I'm not going to stay here all night and get wet. I'm going to Keyport in the Screamer. Send some men to catch this life-boat."

The captain raised his head and looked at Nickles; Carleton he never saw.

"Let 'r pound an' be d—— to 'er! Go on, Caleb, with that tackle. Pull, ye" — Another wave went over him, and another red-hot explosive lost its life.

With the breaking of the next roller the captain uttered no sound. The situation was too grave for explosives. Whenever his profanity stopped short

the men grew nervous: they knew then that a crisis had arrived, one that even Captain Joe feared.

The captain bent over the chain, one arm clinging to the anchorage, his feet braced against a rock, the hook in his hand within an inch of the ring.

"Hold hard!" he shouted.

Caleb raised his hand in warning, and the rhythmic movement ceased. The men stood still. Every eye was fixed on the captain.

"LET GO!"

The big derrick quivered for an instant as the line slackened, stood still, and a slight shiver ran through the guys. The hook had slipped into the ring!

The system of four derricks, with all their guys and chains, stood as taut and firm as a suspension bridge!

Captain Joe turned his head calmly towards the platform, and said quietly, "There, Mr. Carleton, they'll stand now till hell freezes over."

As the cheering of the men subsided, the captain sprang to Sanford's rock, grasped his outstretched hand, and, squeezing the water from his hair and beard with a quick rasp of his fingers, called out to Caleb, in a firm, cheery voice that had not a trace of fatigue in it after twelve hours of battling with sea and derricks, "All 'er you men what's goin' in the Screamer with Mr. Carleton to Keyport for Sunday'd better look out for that life-boat. Come, Lonny Bowles, pick up them tackles an' git to the shanty. It'll be awful soapy round here 'fore mornin'."

## IX.

### WHAT THE BUTCHER SAW.

Caleb sat on the deck of the Screamer, his face turned towards Keyport Light, beyond which lay his little cabin. His eyes glistened, and there came a choking in his throat as he thought of meet-

ing Betty. He could even feel her hand slipped into his, and could hear the very tones of her cheery welcome when she met him at the gate and they walked together up the garden path to the porch.

Most of the men who had stood to the watch-tackles in the rolling surf sat beside him on the sloop. Those who were still wet had gone below into the cabin, out of the cutting wind. Those who, like Caleb, had changed their clothes sat on the after-deck. Captain Joe, against Sanford's earnest protest, had remained on the Ledge for the night. He wanted, he said, to see how the derricks would stand the coming storm.

It had been a busy month for the diver. Since the explosion he had been almost constantly in his rubber dress, not only working his regular four hours under water, — all that an ordinary man could stand, — but taking another's place for an hour or two when some piece of submarine work required his more skillful eye and hand. He had set some fifty or more of the big enrockment blocks in thirty feet of water, each block being lowered into position by the Screamer's boom, and he had prepared the anchor sockets in which to step the four great derricks. Twice he had been swept from his hold by the racing current, and once his helmet had struck a projecting rock with such force that he was deaf for days. His hands, too, had begun to blister from the salt water and hot sun. Betty, on his last Sunday at home, had split up one of her own little gloves for plasters, and tried to heal his blisters with some salve. But it had not done them much good, he thought to himself, as he probed with his stub of a thumb the deeper cracks in his tough, leathery palms.

Betty's skill with the wounded man had only increased Caleb's love and his pride in her. Now that the man was convalescent he gloried more and more in her energy and capacity. To relieve a wounded man, serve him night and day, and

by skill, tenderness, and self-sacrifice get him once more well and sound and on his legs, able to do a day's work and earn a day's pay, — this, to Caleb, was something to glory in. But for her nursing, he would often say, poor Billy would now be among the tombstones on the hill back of Keyport Light.

Caleb's estimate of Betty's efforts was not exaggerated. Lacey had been her patient from the first, and she had never neglected him an hour since the fatal night when she helped the doctor wind his bandages. When on the third day fever had set in, she had taken her seat by his bedside until the delirium had passed. Mrs. Bell and Miss Peebles, the schoolmistress, had relieved each other in the care of the other wounded men, — all of them, strange to say, were single men, and all of them away from home; but Betty's patient had been the most severely injured, and her task had therefore been longer and more severe.

She would go home for an hour each day, but as soon as her work was done she would pull down the shades, lock the house door, and, with a sunbonnet on her head and some little delicacy in her hand, hurry down the shore road to the warehouse hospital. This had been the first real responsibility ever given her, the first time in which anything had been expected of her apart from the endless cooking of three meals a day, and the washing up and sweeping out that followed.

There were no more lonely hours now. A new tenderness, too, had been aroused in her nature because of the boy whose feeble, hot fingers clutched her own. The love which this curly-headed young rigger had once avowed for her, when there were strength and ruggedness in every sinew of his body, when his red lips were parted over the white teeth and his eyes shone with pride, had been quite forgotten as she watched by his bed. It was his helplessness that was ever present in her mind, his suffering.

She realized that the prostrate young fellow before her was dependent on her for his very life and sustenance, as a child might have been. It was for her he waited in the morning, refusing to touch his breakfast until she gave it to him, — unable at first, reluctant afterward. It was for her last touch on his pillow that he waited at night before he went to sleep. It was she alone who could bring back the smiles to his face, inspire him with a courage he had almost lost when the pain racked him and he thought he might never be able to do a day's work again.

The accident left its mark on Lacey. He was a mere outline of himself the first day he was able to sit in the sunshine at the warehouse door. The cut on his cheek and frontal bone, dividing his eyebrow like a sabre slash, had been deep and ugly and slow to heal; and the bruise on his back had developed into a wound that in its progress had sapped his youthful strength. His hands were white, and his face was bleached by long confinement. When he had gained a little strength, Captain Joe had given him light duties about the wharf, the doctor refusing to let him go to the Ledge. But even after he was walking about, Betty felt him still under her care, and prepared dainty delicacies for him. When she took them to him, she saw, with a strange sinking of her heart, that he was yet weak and ill enough to need a woman's care.

The story of her nursing and of the doctor's constant tribute to her skill was well known, and Caleb, usually so reticent, would talk of it again and again. Most of the men liked to humor his pride in her, for Betty's blithesome, cheery nature made her a favorite wherever she was known.

"I kind'er wish Cap'n Joe had come ashore to-night," Caleb said, turning to Captain Brandt, who stood beside him, his hand on the tiller. "He's been soaking wet all day, an' he won't put nothin'

dry on ef I ain't with him. 'T warn't for Betty I 'd 'a' stayed, but the little gal's so lonesome 't ain't right to leave her. I don' know what Lacey 'd done but for Betty. Did ye see 'er, Lonny, when she come in that night?" All the little by-paths of Caleb's talk led to Betty.

It was the same old question, but Lonny, seated on the other side of the deck, fell in willingly with Caleb's mood.

"See 'er? Wall, I guess! I thought she'd keel over when the doctor washed Billy's face. He did look ragged, an' no mistake, Caleb; but she held on an' never give in a mite."

Carleton sat close enough to hear what Lonny said.

"Why should n't she?" he sneered, behind his hand, to the man next him. "Lacey's a blamed sight better looking fellow than what she's got. The girl knows a good thing when she sees it. If it was me, I 'd" —

He never finished the sentence. Caleb overheard the remark, and rose from his seat, with a look in his eyes that could not be misunderstood. Sanford, watching the group, and not knowing the cause of Caleb's sudden anger, said afterwards that the diver looked like an old gray wolf gathering himself for a spring, as he stood over Carleton with hands tightly clenched.

The superintendent made some sort of half apology to Caleb, and the diver took his seat again, but did not forgive him; neither did the older men, who had seen Betty grow up, and who always spoke of her somehow as if she belonged to them.

"'T ain't decent," said Lonny Bowles to Sanford when he had joined him later in the cabin of the Screamer and had repeated Carleton's remark, "for a man to speak agin a woman; such fellers ain't no better 'n rattlesnakes an' ought'er be trompled on, if they is in guv'ment pay."

When the sloop reached Keyport harbor, the men were landed as near as pos-

sible to their several homes. Caleb, in his kindly voice, bade good-night to Sanford, to Captain Brandt, to the crew, and to the working gang. To Carleton he said nothing. He would have forgiven him or any other man an affront put upon himself, but not one upon Betty.

"She ain't got nobody but an ol' feller like me," he often said to Captain Joe, — "no chillen nor nothin', poor little gal. I got to make it up to her some way."

As he walked up the path he was so engrossed with Carleton's flippant remark, conning it over in his mind to tell Betty, — he knew she did not like him, — that he forgot for the moment that she was not at the garden gate.

"She ain't sick, is she?" he said to himself, hurrying his steps, and noticing that the shades were pulled down on the garden side of the house. "I guess nussin' Lacey's been too much for her. I ought'er knowed she'd break down. 'Pears to me she did look peaked when I bid her good-by las' Monday."

"Ye ain't sick, little woman, be ye?" he called out as he opened the door.

There was no response. He walked quickly through the kitchen, passed into the small hall, calling her as he went, mounted the narrow stairs, and opened the bedroom door softly, thinking she might be asleep. The shutters were closed; the room was in perfect order. The bed was empty; the sheet and covering were turned neatly on his side of it. He stooped mechanically, still wondering why Betty had turned the sheet, his mind relieved now that she was not ill.

He noticed that the bedding was clean and had not been slept in. At the foot of the bed, within reach of his hand, lay the big carpet slippers that she had made for him. Then he remembered that it was not yet dark, and that, on account of the coming storm, he was an hour earlier than usual in getting home. His

face lightened. He saw it all now: Betty had not expected him so soon, and would be home in a little while. He would "clean up" right away, so as to be ready for her.

When he entered the kitchen again he saw the table. There was but one plate laid, with the knife and fork beside it. This was covered by a big china bowl. Under it was some cold meat with the bread and butter. Near the table, by the stove, a freshly ironed shirt hung over a chair.

He understood it all. She had put his supper and his shirt where he would find them, and was not coming home till late.

When he had washed, dressed himself in his house clothes, and combed his big beard, he dragged a chair out on the front porch, to watch for her up and down the road.

The men going home, carrying their dinner-pails, nodded to him as they passed, and one stopped and leaned over the gate long enough to wonder whether the big August storm would break that night. "We generally has a blow 'bout this time."

The butcher stopped to leave the weekly piece of meat for Sunday, — the itinerant country butcher, with his shop in one of the neighboring villages, and his customers up and down all the roads that led out of it; supplies for every household in his wagon, and the gossip of every family on his lips.

His wagon had sides of canvas painted white, with "Fish, Meat and Poultry" in a half-moon of black letters arching over the owner's name, and was drawn by a horse that halted and moved on, not by the touch of the lines, — they were always caught to a hook in the roof of the wagon, — but by a word from the butcher, who stood at the tail-board, where the scales dangled, sorting fish, hacking off pieces of red meat, or weighing scraggly chickens proportionate to the wants and means of his various cus-



tomers. He was busying himself at this tail-board, the dripping of the ice pock-marking the dusty road below, when he caught sight of Caleb.

"Wall, I kind'er hoped somebody'd be hum," he said to himself, wrapping the six-pound roast in a piece of yellow paper. Giving a tuck to his blue oversleeves, he swung open the gate. "So ye did n't go 'long, Caleb, with Mis' West? I see it begin to blow heavy, and was wond'rin' whether you'd get in — best cut, you see," opening the paper for Caleb's inspection, "and I broke them ribs jes' 's Mis' West allers wants 'em. Then I wondered agin how ye could leave the Ledge at all to-day. Mis' Bell tol' me yesterday the cap'n was goin' to set them derricks. I see 'em a-layin' on the dock 'fore that Cape Ann sloop loaded 'em, an' they was monstrous, an' no mistake. Have some butter? She did n't order none this mornin', but I got some come in this forenoon, sweet 's a nut, — four pounds for a dollar, an' " —

Caleb looked at him curiously. "Where did the wife say she was a-goin'?" he interrupted.

"Wall, she did n't say, 'cause I did n't ketch up to her. I was comin' down Nollins Hill over to Noank, when I see her ahead, walkin' down all in her Sunday rig, carryin' a little bag like. I tho't maybe she was over to see the Nollins folks, till I left seven pounds fresh mackerel nex' door to Stubbins's, an' some Delaware eggs. Then I see my stock of ice was nigh gone, so I druv down to the steamboat dock, an' there I caught sight of 'er agin jes' goin' aboard. I knowed then, of course, she was off for Greenport an' New York, an' was jes' sayin' to myself, Wall, I'll stop an' see if anybody's ter hum, an' if they're all gone I won't leave the meat, but " —

"Put the meat in the kitchen," said Caleb, without rising from his chair.

When the butcher drove off, the diver

had not moved. His gaze was fixed on the turn of the road. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead; a faint sickness unnerved him when he thought that Betty had gone without telling him. Had he been cross or impatient with her the last time he was at home, that she should serve him so? Then a surge of anxiety filled him. Why should she walk all the way to Noank and take the boat across the Sound, twenty miles away, if she wanted to go to New York? The station was nearer and the fare through was cheaper. He would have taken her himself, if he had only known she wanted to go. He would have asked Captain Joe to give him a couple of days off, and would have gone with her, if she had asked him. If she had only left some message, or sent some word by the men to the Ledge! Then, as his thoughts traveled in a circle, catching at straws, his brain whirling, his eye fell upon the clump of trees shading Captain Joe's cottage. Aunty Bell would know, of course; why had he not thought of that before? Betty told Aunty Bell everything.

The cheery little woman sat on the porch shelling peas, as Caleb came up the board walk.

"Why, ye need n't 'er give yerself the trouble, Caleb, to come all the way down!" she called out as he came within hearing. "Lonny Bowles's jest been here and told me cap'n ain't comin' home till Monday. I'm 'mazin' glad them derricks is up. He ain't done nothin' but worrit about 'em since spring opened, 'fraid somebody'd get hurted when he set 'em. Took a lantern, here, night 'fore last, jest as we was goin' to bed, after he'd been loadin' 'em aboard the Screamer all day, an' went down to the dock to see if Bill Lacey'd shrunk them collars on tight enough. Guess Betty's glad ye're home. I ain't see her to-day, but I don't lay it up agin her. I knowed she was busy cleanin' up 'gin ye come."

Caleb's heart leaped into his throat. If Betty had not told Auntie Bell, there was no one else who would know her movements. It was on his lips to tell her what the butcher had seen, when something in his heart choked his utterance. If Betty had not wanted any one to know, there was no use in his talking about it.

A man of different temperament, a nervous or easily alarmed or suspicious man, would have caught at every clue and followed it to the end. Caleb waited and kept still. She would telegraph or write him and explain it all, he said to himself, or send some one to see him before bedtime. So he merely said he was glad Auntie Bell knew about Captain Joe, nodded good-night, and passed slowly down the board walk and up the road, his head on his chest, his big beard blowing about his neck in the rising wind.

It was dark when he reached home. He lit the kerosene lamp and pulled down the shades. He did not want passers-by to know he was alone. For an hour or more he strode up and down the kitchen, his thumbs in his suspenders, his supper untouched. Now and then he would stop as if listening for a foot-fall, or fix his eye minutes at a time on some crack in the floor or other object, gazing abstractedly at it, his thoughts far away. Once he drew the lamp close and picked up the evening paper, adjusting his big glasses; reading the same lines over and over, until the paper fell of itself from his hands. Soon, worn out with the hard fight of the day, he fell asleep in his chair, awaking some hours after, his mind torn with anxiety. He took off his shoes and crept upstairs in his stocking feet, holding to the balustrade as a tired man will do, entered the bedroom, and dropped into a chair.

All through the night he slept fitfully; waking with sudden starts, roused by the feeling that some horrible shadow had settled upon him, that something he could not name to himself was standing

behind him — always there. He was afraid to turn and look. When he was quite awake, and saw the dim outlines of the untouched bed with its smooth white pillows, the fear would take shape, and he would say as if convincing himself, "Yes, I know, Betty's gone." Then, overcome with fatigue, he would doze again.

When the day broke, he sprang from his chair, half dazed, threw up the narrow sash to feel the touch of the cool, real world, and peered between the slats of the shutters, listening to the wind outside, now blowing a gale and dashing against the house.

All at once he turned and tiptoed downstairs. With nervous, trembling fingers he took a suit of tarpaulins and a sou'wester from a hook behind the porch door, and walked down to the dock. Some early lobstermen, bailing a skiff, saw him stand for a moment, look about him, and spring aboard a flat-bottomed sharpie, the only boat near by, — a good harbor boat, but dangerous in rough weather. To their astonishment, he raised the three-cornered sail and headed for the open sea.

"Guess Caleb must be crazy," said one man, resting his scoop involuntarily, as he watched the boat dip almost bow under. "The sharpie ain't no more fit-in' for thet slop sea 'n ever was. What do ye s'pose ails him, anyhow? Gosh A'mighty! see her take them rollers. If it was anybody else but him he would n't git to the P'int. Don't make no difference, tho', to him. He kin git along under water jes' 's well 's on top."

As the boat flew past Keyport Light and Caleb laid his course to the Ledge, the keeper, now that the dawn had come, was in the lantern putting out the light and drawing down the shades. Seeing Caleb's boat tossing below him, he took down his glass.

"What blamed fool is that tryin' to get himself measured for a coffin?" he said half aloud to himself.

The men were still asleep when Caleb reached the Ledge and threw open the door of the shanty, — all but Nickles, who was preparing breakfast. He looked at Caleb as if he had been an apparition, and followed him to the door of Captain Joe's cabin, a little room by itself. He wanted to hear what dreadful news he brought. Unless some one was dead or dying no man would risk such a sea alone, — not even an old sailor like the diver.

Caleb closed the door of the captain's room tight behind him, without a word to the cook. The captain lay asleep in his bunk, his big arm under his head, his short curly hair matted close.

"Cap'n Joe," said Caleb, laying his hand on the sleeping man's shoulder and shaking him gently, — "Cap'n Joe, it's me, Caleb."

The captain raised his head and stared at him. Then he sat upright, trying to collect his thoughts.

"Cap'n, I had to come for ye, — I want ye."

"It ain't Aunty Bell, is it?" said Captain Joe, springing to the floor. The early hour, the sough of the wind and beating of the rain on the roof of the shanty, Caleb dripping wet, with white drawn face, standing over him, told him in a flash the gravity of the visit.

"No, it's my Betty. She's gone, — gone without a word."

"Gone! Who with?"

Caleb sunk on Captain Joe's sea-chest, and buried his face in his blistered hands. He dared not trust himself to answer at once.

"I don't know — I don't know" — The broken words came between his rough fingers. Big tears rolled down his beard.

"Who says so? How do you know she's gone?"

"The butcher seen 'er goin' 'board the boat at Noank yesterday mornin'. She fixed everythin' at home 'fore she went. I ain't been to bed all night. I

don't know what ye kin do, but I had to come. I thought maybe you'd go home with me."

The captain did not answer. Little scraps of gossip that he had heard now and then among the men floated through his memory. He had never paid any attention to them, except once when he had rebuked Nickles for repeating some slurring remark that Carleton had made one night at table. But even as he thought of them Betty's face rose before him, — her sweet, girlish face with its dimples.

"It's a dirty lie, Caleb, whoever said it. I would n't believe it if I see it myself. Ain't no better gal 'n Betty ever breathed. Go with you! Course I will's soon's I get my clo'es on." He dressed hurriedly, caught up his oilskins, flung wide the shanty door, and made his way over the platforms towards the wharf.

When they reached the little cove in the rocks below, where the smaller boats were always sheltered, and he saw the sharpie, he stopped short.

"You ain't come out here in that, Caleb?" he asked in astonishment.

"It was all I could get; there warn't nothin' else handy, Cap'n Joe."

The captain looked the frail sharpie over from stem to stern, and then called to Nickles: "Bring down one 'er them empty ker'sene five-gallon cans; we got some bailin' to do, I tell ye, 'fore we make Keyport Light. No, there ain't nothin' up," noticing Nickles's anxious face. "Caleb wants me to Keyport, — that's all. Get breakfast, and tell the men, when they turn out, that I'll be back to-morrow in the Screamer, if it smooths down."

Caleb took his seat on the windward side of the tossing boat, holding the sheet. The captain sat in the stern, one hand on the tiller. The kerosene-can lay at their feet. The knees of the two men touched.

No better sailors ever guided a boat,

and none ever realized more clearly the dangers of their position.

The captain settled himself in his seat in silence, his eyes on every wave that raced by, and laid his course towards the white tower five miles away, its black band blurred gray in the driving rain. Caleb held the sheet, his face turned towards the long, low line of hills where his cabin lay. As he hauled the sheet closer a heavy sigh broke from him. It was the first time since he had known Betty that he had set his face homeward without a thrill of delight filling his heart. Captain Joe heard the smothered sigh, and, without turning his head, laid his great hand with its stiff tholepin fingers tenderly on Caleb's wrist. These two men knew each other.

"I would n't worry, Caleb," he said, after a little. "That butcher sees too much, an' sometimes he don't know nothin'. He's allers got some cock-an'-bull story 'bout somebody 'r other. Only las' week he come inter Gardiner's drug store with a yarn 'bout the old man bein' pisened, when it warn't nothin' but cramps. Ease a little, Caleb—s-o. Seems to me it's blowin' harder."

As he spoke, a quick slash of the cruel wind cut the top from a pursuing wave and flung it straight at Caleb's face. The diver combed the dripping spray from his beard with his stiffened fingers, and without a word drew his tarpaulins closer. Captain Joe continued:—

"Wust 'r them huckster fellers is they ain't got no better sense 'an to peddle everythin' they know 'long with their stuff. Take in—*take in, Caleb!*" in a quick voice. "That *was* a soaker." The big wave that had broken within a foot of the rail had drenched them from head to foot. "Butcher did n't say nobody was with Betty, did he?" he asked, with a cant of his sou'wester to free it from sea-water.

Caleb shook his head.

"No, and there warn't nobody. I tell ye this thing 'll straighten itself out.

Ye can't tell what comes inter women's heads sometimes. She might'er gone over to Greenport to git some fixin's for Sunday, an' would'er come back in the afternoon boat, but it blowed so. Does she know anybody over there?"

Caleb did not answer. Somehow since he had seen Captain Joe the little hope that had flickered in his heart had gone out. He had understood but too clearly the doubting question that had escaped the captain's lips, as he sprang from the bed and looked into his eyes. Caleb was not a coward; he had faced without a quiver many dangers in his time; more than once he had cut his air-hose, the last desperate chance of a diver when his lines are fouled. But his legs had shaken as he listened to Captain Joe. There was something in the tone of his voice that had unmanned him.

For a mile or more the two men did not speak again. Wave after wave pursued them and tossed its angry spray after them. Captain Joe now managed the sail with one hand, and steered with the other. Caleb bailed incessantly.

When they ran under the lee of the lighthouse the keeper hailed them. He had recognized Captain Joe. Indeed, he had followed the sharpie with his glass until it reached the Ledge, and had watched its return, "with two fools instead of one," he said.

"Anybody sick?" he shouted.

Captain Joe shook his head, and the sharpie plunged on and rounded the Point into the perfect calm of the protecting shore.

The captain sprang out, and when Caleb had made fast the boat they both hurried up the garden walk to the cabin door.

There was no change in the house. The white china bowl still lay over the supper, the newspaper on the floor; no one had entered since Caleb had left.

The captain began a close search through the rooms: inside the clock, all over the mantelpiece, and on the sitting-

room table. No scrap of writing could he find that shed a ray of light on Betty's movements. Then he walked upstairs, Caleb following him, and opened the bedroom closet door. Her dresses hung in their usual places, — all but the one she wore and her cloak, Caleb said.

"She ain't gone for long," declared the captain thoughtfully, looking into the closet. "You wait here, Caleb, and git yerself some breakfast. I may be gone two hours, I may be gone all day. When I find out for sure I'll come back. I'm goin' to Noank fust, to see them hands aboard the boat. It's Sunday, an' she ain't a-runnin'."

Hour after hour went by. Caleb sat by the fireless stove and waited. Now and then he would open the front door and peer down the road, trying to make out the captain's burly, hurrying form. When it grew dark he put a light in the window, and raised one shade on the kitchen side of the house, that the captain might know he was still at home and waiting.

About nine o'clock Caleb heard the whistle of a tug, and a voice calling for some one to catch a line. He opened the kitchen door and looked out on the gloom, broken here and there by the masthead lights rocking in the wind. Then he recognized one of the big Medford tugs lying off the dock below his garden; the hands were making fast to a dock spile. Captain Joe sprang ashore, and the tug steamed off.

The captain opened the garden gate and walked slowly towards the porch. He entered the kitchen without a word, and sank heavily into a chair. Caleb made no sound; he stood beside him, waiting, one hand grasping the table.

"She's gone, ain't she?"

The captain nodded his head.

"Gone! Who with?" asked Caleb, unconsciously repeating the words that had rung in his ears all day.

"Bill Lacey," said the captain, with choking voice.

## X.

### STRAINS FROM BOCK'S 'CELLO.

Midsummer in New York, to those who know its possibilities, is by far its most delightful season. Then one can sleep from four to six in the afternoon without a ring at the bell, or dine at any hour one sees fit, and at home, without a waiting cab and a hurried departure at the bidding of somebody else. Then is the eleven o'clock morning lecturer silent, the afternoon tea a memory, and the ten-course dinner a forgotten plague. Then thin toilettes prevail, cool mattings and chintz-covered divans and lounges. Then, for those who know and can, begin long days and short nights, — long days and short nights of utter idleness, great content, and blessed peace of mind.

If we could impress the reality of these truths upon all the friends we love, and they, and only they, could tiptoe back into their houses, keep their blinds closed and their servants hidden, and so delude the balance of the world — those they do not love, the uncongenial, the tiresome, the bumptious, and the aggressive — into believing that they had fled; if this little trick could be played on the world every June, and those we do love could for three long happy months spread themselves over space and eat their lotus in peace (and with their fingers, if they so pleased), then would each one discover that New York in summer could indeed be made the Eldorado of one's dreams.

Mrs. Leroy had long since recognized these possibilities. Her front door on Gramercy Park was never barricaded in summer, nor was her house dismantled. She changed its dress in May and put it into charming summer attire, making it a rare and refreshing retreat; and more than half her time she spent within its walls, running down from Medford

whenever the cares of that establishment seemed onerous, or a change of mood made a change of scene desirable.

While the men were at work on her new dining-room she remained in town, and since the visit when Captain Joe had dismissed her with his thanks from the warehouse hospital at Keyport she had not left New York again.

The major had been a constant visitor, and Jack Hardy and his fiancée, Helen Shirley, had on more than one occasion hidden themselves, on moonlight nights, in the shadows of the big palms fringing her balcony overlooking the Park. Sanford had not seen her as often as he wished. He had spent a night at her house in Medford, but the work on the Ledge kept him at Keyport, and allowed him but little time in the city.

With the setting of the derricks, however, he felt himself at liberty for a holiday, and he had looked forward with a feeling of almost boyish enthusiasm — which he never quite outgrew — to a few days' leisure in town, and a morning or two with Mrs. Leroy.

She was at her desk when the maid brought up his card. The little boudoir in which she sat, with its heaps of silk cushions, its disorder of books, and its windows filled with mignonette and red geraniums, looked straight into the trees of the Park. Here the sun shone in winter, and the moonlight traced the outlines of bare branches upon her window-shades, and here in summer the coolest of shadows fell.

"Why, I expected you yesterday, Henry," she said, holding out her hand, seating Sanford upon the divan, and drawing up a chair beside him. "What happened?"

"Nothing more serious than an elopement."

"Not Jack and Helen Shirley?" she said, laughing.

"No; I wish it were; they would go on loving each other; but this elopement

brings misery. It's Caleb West's wife. Captain Joe is half crazy about it, and poor Caleb is heartbroken. She has gone off with that young fellow she was nursing the day you came up with the major."

"Eloped! Pretty doings, I must say. Yes, I remember her, — a trim little woman with short curly hair. I saw Caleb, too, as he came in from the Ledge. He looked years older than she. What had he done to her?"

"Nothing, so far as I know, except love her and take care of her. Poor Caleb! He is one of the best men in the gang. I think the world of him."

"What did he let her go for, then? I'm sorry for the old diver, but it was his fault, somewhere. That girl had as good a face as I ever looked into. She never left her husband without some cause, poor child. He beat her, no doubt, when nobody could see, and she has run away because she was ashamed to let anybody know. What else has happened at Keyport?"

"Kate, don't talk so. Caleb could n't be brutal to any human being. I know, too, that he loves this girl dearly. They've only been married two years. She's treated him shamefully."

Mrs. Leroy bent her head and looked out under the awnings for a moment in a thoughtful way. "Only two years?" she said, with some bitterness. "The poor child was impatient. When she had tried it for fifteen she would have become accustomed to it. Don't blame her altogether, Henry. It is the same old story, I suppose. We hear it every day. He ugly and old and selfish, never thinking of what she would like and what she longed for, keeping her shut up to sing for him when she wanted now and then to sing for herself; and then she found the door of the cage open, and out she flew. Poor little soul! I pity her. She had better have borne it; it is a poor place outside for a tired foot; and she's nothing but a child." Then



musings, patting her slipper impatiently, "What sort of a man has she gone with? I could n't see him that morning, she hung over him so close; his head was so bandaged."

"I don't know much about him. I have n't known him long," replied Sanford carelessly.

"Good-looking, is n't he, and alive, and with something human and manlike about him?" she said, leaning forward eagerly, her hands in her lap.

"Yes, I suppose so. He could climb like a cat, anyway," said Sanford.

"Yes, I know, Henry. I see it all. I knew it was the same old story. She wanted something fresh and young, — some one just to play with, child as she is, some one nearer her own age to love. Don't hate her. She was lonely. Nothing for her to do but sit down and wait for him to come home. Poor child," with a sigh, "her misery only begins now. But what else have you to tell me?"

"Nothing, except that all of the dericks tumbled. I wired you about it. They are all up now, thank goodness." He knew her interest was only perfunctory. Her mind, evidently, was still on Betty, but he went on with his story: "Everybody got soaking wet. Captain Joe was in the water for hours. But we stuck to it. Narrowest escape the men have had this summer, Kate, except the Screamer's. It's a great mercy nobody was hurt. I expected every minute some one would get crushed. No one but Captain Joe could have got them up that afternoon. It blew a gale for three days. When did you get here? I thought you had gone back to Medford until Sam brought me your note."

"No, I am still here, and shall be here for a week. Now, don't tell me your're going back to-night?"

"No, I'm not, but I can't say how soon; not before the masonry begins, anyhow. Jack Hardy is coming to-morrow night to my rooms. I have asked

a few fellows to meet him, — Smeary, and Curran, and old Bock with his 'cello, and some others. Since Jack's engagement he's the happiest fellow alive."

"They all are at first, Henry," said Mrs. Leroy, laughing, her head thrown back. The memory of Jack and Helen was still so fresh and happy a one that it instantly changed her mood.

They talked of Helen's future, of the change in Jack's life, of his new house-keeping, and of the thousand and one things that interested them both, — the kind of talk that two such friends indulge in who have been parted for a week or more, and who, in the first ten minutes, run lightly over their individual experiences, so that they may start fresh again with nothing hidden in either life. When he rose to go, she kept him standing while she pinned in his button-hole a sprig of mignonette picked from her window-box, and said, with the deepest interest, "I can't get that poor child out of my mind. Don't be too hard on her, Henry; she's the one who will suffer most."

When Sanford reached his rooms again, Sam had arranged the most delightful of luncheons: cucumbers sliced lengthwise and smothered in ice, soft-shell crabs, and a roll of cream cheese with a dash of Kirsch and sugar. "Oh, these days off!" he sighed contentedly, sinking into his chair.

The appointments of his own apartments seemed never so satisfying and so welcome as when he had spent a week with his men, taking his share of the exposure with all the discomforts that it brought. His early life had fitted him for these changes, and a certain cosmopolitan spirit in the man, a sort of underlying stratum of Bohemianism, had made it easy for him to adapt himself to his surroundings, whatever they might be. Not that his restless spirit could long have endured any life that repeated itself day after day. He could idle with the idlest, but he must also work

when the necessity came, and that with all his might.

"Major's done been hyar 'mos' ebery day you been gone, sah," said Sam, when he had drawn out Sanford's chair and announced luncheon as served. "How is it, sah, — am I to mix a cocktail *ebery* time he comes? An' dat box ob yo' big cigars am putty nigh gone; ain't no more 'n fo'r 'r five 'r 'em lef'." The major, Sam forgot to mention, was only partly to blame for these two shrinkages in Sanford's stores.

"What does he come so often for, Sam?" asked Sanford, laughing.

"Dat 's mor' 'an I know, sah, 'cept he so anxious to git you back, he says. He come twice a day to see if you're yere. Co'se dere ain't nuffin cooked, an' so he don't git nuffin to eat; but golly! he's powerful on jewlips. I done tole him yesterday you would n't be back till to-morrow night. Dat whiskey's all gin out; he saw der empty bottle hisse'f; he ain't been yere agin to-day," with a chuckle.

"Always give the major whatever he wants, Sam," said Sanford. "By the bye, a few gentlemen will be here to supper to-morrow night. Remind me in the morning to make a list of what you will want," dipping the long slices of cucumber into the salt.

The morning came: the list was made out, and a very toothsome and cooling list it was, — a frozen melon tapped and filled with a pint of Pommery sec, by way of beginning. The evening came: the hanging lanterns and silver lamps were lighted, all the trays and small tables with their pipes and smokables were brought out, a music-stand was opened and set up near a convenient shaded candle, and the lid of the piano was lifted and propped up rabbit-trap fashion.

With the early-rising moon came Smearily in white flannels and flaming tie, just from his studio, where he had been at work on a ceiling for a millionaire's salon; and Jack in correct evening dress;

and Curran from his office, in a business suit; and the major in a nondescript combination of yellow nankeen and black bombazine, that made him an admirable model for a poster in two tints. He was still full of his experiences at the warehouse hospital after the accident to the Screamer. Every visitor at his downtown office had listened to them by the hour. To-night, however, the major had a new audience, and a new audience always added fuel to the fire of his eloquence.

When the subject of the work at the Ledge came up, and the sympathy of everybody was expressed to Sanford over the calamity to the Screamer, the major broke out: —

"You ought to have gone with us, my dear Jack." (To have been the only eye-witness at the front, except Sanford himself, gave the major great scope.) "Giants, suh, — every man of 'em; a race, suh, that would do credit to the Vikings; bifurcated walruses, suh; amphibious titans, that can work as well in water as out of it. 'No wonder our dear Henry' (this term of affection was not unusual with the major) "accomplishes such wonders. I can readily understand why you never see such fellows anywhere else: they dive under water when the season closes," he continued, laughing, and, leaning over Curran's shoulder, helped himself to one of the cigars Sam was just bringing in. His little trip to Keyport as acting escort to Mrs. Leroy had not only opened his eyes to a class of working men of whose existence he had never dreamed, but it had also furnished him with a new and inexhaustible topic of conversation.

"And the major outdid himself, that day, in nursing them," interrupted Sanford. "You would have been surprised, Jack, to see him take hold. When I turned in for the night, he was giving one of the derrickmen a sponge bath."

"Learned it in the army," said Curran, with a sly look at Smearily. Both

of them knew the origin of the major's military title.

The major's chin was upturned in the air; his head was wreathed in smoke, the match, still aflame, held aloft with outstretched hand. He always lighted his cigars in this lordly way.

"Many years ago, gentlemen," the major replied, distending his chest, throwing away the match, and accepting the compliment in perfect good faith; "but these are things one never forgets." The major had never seen the inside of a camp hospital in his life.

The guests now distributed themselves, each after the manner of his likes: Curran full length on a divan, the afternoon paper in his hand; Jack on the floor, his back to the wall, a cushion behind his head; Smearly in an armchair; and the major bolt upright on a camp-stool near a table which held a select collection of drinkables, presided over by a bottle of seltzer in a silver holder. Sam moved about like a restless shadow, obedient to the slightest lifting of Sanford's eyebrows, when a glass needed filling or a pipe replenishing.

At ten o'clock, lugging in his great 'cello, came Bock, — a short, round, oily Dane, with a red face that beamed with good humor, and puffy hands that wrinkled in pleats when he was using his bow. A man with a perpetually moist forehead, across which was pasted a lock of black hair. A greasy man, if you please, with a threadbare coat spattered with spots, baggy black trousers, and a four-button brown holland vest, never clean. A man with a collar so much ashamed of the condition of its companion shirt-front that it barely showed its face over a black stock that was held together by a spring. A man with the kindly, loyal nature of a St. Bernard dog, who loved all his kind, spoke six languages, wrote for the *Encyclopædia*, and made a 'cello sing like an angel.

To Sanford this man's heart was dearer than his genius.

"Why, Bock, old man, we did n't expect you till eleven."

"Yes, I know, Henri, but ze first wiolin, he take my place. Zey will not know ze difference." One fat hand was held up deprecatingly, the fingers outspread. "Everybody fan and drink ze beer. Ah, Meester Hardy, I have hear ze news; so you will leave ze brotherhood. And I hear," lowering his voice and laying his other fat hand affectionately on Jack's, "zat she ees most lofely. Ah, it ees ze best zing," his voice rising again. "When ve get old and ugly like old Bock, and so heels over head wiz all sorts of big zings to build like Mr. Sanford, or like poor Smearly paint, paint, all ze time paint, it ees too late to zink of ze settle down. Ees it not so, you man Curran over zere, wiz your newspaper over your head?" This time his voice was flung straight at the recumbent editor as a climax to his breezy salutation.

"Yes, you're right, Bock: you're ugly enough to crowd a dime museum, but I'll forgive you everything if you'll put some life into your strings. I heard your orchestra the other night, and the first and second violins ruined the overture. What the devil do you keep a lot of" —

"What ees ze matter wiz ze overture, Meester Ole Bull?" said Bock, pitching his voice in a high key, squeezing down on the divan beside Curran, and pinching his arm.

"Everything was the matter. The brass drowned the strings, and Reynier might have had hair-oil on his bow for all the sound you heard. Then the tempo was a beat too slow."

"Henri Sanford, do you hear zis crazy man zat does not know one zing, and lie flat on his back and talk such nonsense? Ze violon, Meester Musical Editor Curran, must be pianissimo, — only ze leetle, ze ve'y leetle, you hear. Ze aria is carried by ze reeds."

"Carried by your grandmother!" said

Curran, springing from the divan. "Here, Sam, put a light on the piano. Now listen, you pagan," running his fingers over the keys. "Beethoven would get out of his grave if he could hear you murder his music. The three bars are so," touching the keys, "not so!" And thus the argument went on.

Out on the balcony, Smeary and Quigley, the marine painter, who had just come in, were talking about the row at the Academy over the rejection of Morley's picture, while the major was in full swing with Hardy, Sanford, and some of the later arrivals, including old Professor Max Shutters, the biologist, who had been so impressively introduced by Curran to the distinguished Pocomokian that the professor had at once mistaken the major for a brother scientist.

"And you say, Professor Slocumb," said the savant, his hand forming a sounding-board behind his ear, "that the terrapin, now practically extinct, was really plentiful in your day?"

"My learned suh, I have gone down to the edge of my lawn, overlooking the salt-marsh, and seen 'em crawling around like potato bugs. The niggahs could n't walk the shore at night without trampling on 'em. This craze of yo'r millionaire epicures for one of the commonest shell-fish we have is" —

"Amphibia," said the professor, as if he had recognized a mere slip of the tongue. "I presume you are referring to the *Malaclemmys palustris*, — the diamond-back species."

"You are right, suh," said the major. "I had forgotten the classification for the moment," with an air of being perfectly at home on the subject. "The craze for the palustris, my dear suh, is one of the unaccountable signs of the times; it is the beginning of the fall of our institutions, suh. We cannot forget the dishes of peacock tongues in the old Roman days, — a thousand peacocks at a cou'se, suh."

The major would have continued down through Gibbon and Macaulay if Curran had not shouted out, "Keep still, every soul of you! Bock is going to give us the Serenade."

The men crowded about the piano. Despite his frowziness, everybody who knew Bock liked him; those who heard him play loved him. There was a pathos, a tender sympathetic quality in his touch, that one never forgot: it always seemed as if, somehow, ready tears lingered under his bow. "With a tone like Bock's" was the highest compliment one could pay a musician.

Bock had uncovered the 'cello and was holding it between his knees, one of his fat hands resting lightly on the strings. As Curran, with a foot on the pedal of the piano, passed his hand rapidly over the keys, Bock's head sank to the level of his shoulders, his straggling hair fell over his coat collar, his raised fingers balanced for a moment the short bow, and then Schubert's masterpiece poured out its heart.

A profound hush, broken only by the music, fell on the room. The old professor leaned forward, both hands cupped behind his ears. Sanford and Jack smoked on, their eyes half closed, and even the major withheld his hand from the well-appointed tray and looked into his empty glass.

At a time when the spell was deepest and the listeners held their breath, the perfect harmony was broken by a discordant ring at the outer door. Curran turned his head angrily, and Sanford looked at Sam, who glided to the door with a catlike tread, opening it without a sound, and closing it gently behind him. The symphony continued, the music rising in interest, and the listeners forgot the threatened interruption.

Then the door opened again, and Sam, making a wide detour, bent over Sanford and whispered in his ear. Sanford started, as if annoyed, arose from his seat, and again the knob was noiselessly

turned and the door as noiselessly closed, shutting him into the corridor.

Seated in a chair under the old swinging lantern was a woman wrapped in a long cloak. Her face was buried in her hands.

"Do you wish to see me, madam?" he asked, crossing to where she sat, wondering at the visit at such an hour, and from a stranger too.

The woman turned her head towards him without raising her eyelids.

"And you don't know me any more, Mr. Sanford? I'm Betty West."

"You here!" said Sanford, looking in astonishment at the half-crouching figure before him.

"I had to come, sir. The druggist at the corner told me where you lived. I was a-waitin' outside in the street below, hopin' to see you come in. Then I heard the music and knew you were home." The voice shook with every word. The young dimpled face was drawn and pale, the pretty curly hair in disorder about her forehead. She had the air of one who had been hunted and had just found shelter.

"Does Lacey know you are here?" said Sanford, a dim suspicion rising in his mind. It was Caleb's face of agony that came before him.

Betty shivered slightly, as if the name had hurt her. "No, sir. I left him two nights ago. I got away while he was asleep. All I want now is a place for to-night, and then perhaps to-morrow I can get work."

"And you have no money?"

Betty shook her head. "I had a little of my own, but it's all gone, and I'm so tired, and — the city frightens me so — when the night comes." The head dropped lower, the sobs choking her. After a little she went on, drying her eyes with her handkerchief, rolled tight in one hand, and resting her cheek on the bent fingers: "I did n't know nobody but you, Mr. Sanford. I can pay it back." The voice was scarcely audible.

Sanford stood looking down upon her bowed head. The tired eyelids were half closed, the tears glistening in the light of the overhanging lamp, the shadows of her black curls flecking her face. The cloak hung loosely about her, the curve of her pretty shoulders outlined in its folds. Then she lifted her head, and, looking Sanford in the eyes for the first time, said in a broken, halting voice. "Did you — did you — see — Caleb — Mr. Sanford?"

Sanford nodded slowly in answer. He was trying to make up his mind what he should do with a woman who had broken the heart of a man like Caleb. Through the closed door could be heard the strains of Bock's cello, the notes vibrating plaintively.

"Betty," he said, leaning over her, "how could you do it?"

The girl covered her face with her hands and shrank within her cloak. Sanford went on, his sense of Caleb's wrongs overpowering him: "What could Lacey do for you? If you could once see Caleb's face you would never forgive yourself. No woman has a right to leave a man who was as good to her as your husband was to you. And now what has it all come to? You've ruined yourself, and broken his heart."

The girl trembled and bent her head, cowering under the pitiless words; then, in a half-dazed way, she rose from her seat, and, without looking at Sanford, said in a tired, hopeless voice, as if every word brought a pain, "I think I'll go, Mr. Sanford."

She drew her cloak about her and turned to the door. Sanford watched her silently. The pathos of the shrinking girlish figure overcame him. He began to wonder if there were something under it all that even Captain Joe did not know of. Then he remembered the tones of compassion in Mrs. Leroy's voice when her heart had gone out to this girl the morning before, as she said to him, "Poor child, her misery only be-

gins now; it is a poor place outside for a tired foot."

For an instant he stood irresolute. "Wait a moment," he said at last.

Betty stood still, without raising her head.

Sanford paused in deep thought, with averted eyes.

"Betty," he said in a softened voice, "you can't go out like this alone. I'll take you, child, where you will be safe for the night."

*F. Hopkinson Smith.*

*(To be continued.)*

### STATE UNIVERSITIES AND CHURCH COLLEGES.

THE growth of state universities, especially in the West and South, within recent years, is one of the most noteworthy facts in the progress of higher education in our country. The number of students in eight representative Western state universities — those of California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Wisconsin — in 1885 was 4230; in 1895 it was 13,500. This was an increase of more than threefold. During the same period the increase in the number of students in eight representative "denominational" colleges (colleges under church control) in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa was less than fifteen per cent. The increase during the same decade in the attendance at eight New England colleges and universities (which are not state schools nor under direct church control) was twenty per cent. At all the state universities, last year, there were nearly twenty thousand students.

Quite as remarkable as the increased attendance at these institutions have been the large appropriations made for them by the States. In Illinois, for instance, large sums have been appropriated for buildings and permanent improvements; in Michigan and Wisconsin, the universities receive every year, without special enactment, the income of a tax bearing a fixed ratio to the wealth of the State. From other sources than the State they

have received donations which in the aggregate already exceed three and one half millions of dollars.

I do not propose to discuss the causes which have contributed to the growth of the state university, but a mere glance at the subject will convince any one that this growth is in keeping with our national development. Under existing conditions, it is hardly possible to imagine that these causes will become inoperative. On the contrary, every indication points to still further increase in the size and influence of the educational institutions maintained by the States; and their rapid development involves a readjustment of the state university, as an educational type, to its environment. It would be easy to point out results of far-reaching importance that are directly due to the commanding position which some of these institutions have reached, as the capstone of the system of state education; but at present no change of the old relations is more important than the changing relation of the state university and the great religious sects. The peculiar conditions of our life, when the need of higher education first began to be generally felt in the United States, naturally caused schools and colleges to be established either directly under the control of the religious bodies, or under the inspiration of their teachings; and it seemed then as if our higher educa-



tion were to be left almost entirely to privately endowed universities, most of which would be immediately susceptible to denominational influence.

Even now it is frequently assumed that, under ordinary circumstances, students from families identified with a particular religious denomination will pursue their advanced studies in a denominational institution; that the attendance at the state universities must come mainly from those families which are without religious convictions; and that the absence of denominational control in a state institution implies indifference to religious matters. Indeed, it is believed by many that the influence of a state university must be inimical to religion.

The moral and religious atmosphere of every university is determined to a great degree by its students. The character and convictions of the student body play the most important part in giving tone to the religious life of any college. At the beginning of the college year 1896-97, President Angell, of the University of Michigan, invited the presidents of the different state universities to coöperate with him in taking a religious census of the students. The response was prompt and cordial, and statistics have been obtained for sixteen state universities. A fund of information has thus been collected which seems valuable and convincing.<sup>1</sup>

We will first examine the distribution, among the religious denominations, of the students in a group of five state universities, selected as representative in regard to size and geographical distribution, — the universities of Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Washington, and West Virginia.

<sup>1</sup> It is to be regretted that President Angell's duties as Minister to Turkey have made it impossible that he should discuss this "census" himself. The statistical tables will be published in full in a pamphlet, copies of which may be obtained by addressing the Secretary of the Students' Christian Association, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The total enrollment of these five institutions was 5173. There were 211 students, counted as "unreached," whose religious status was not ascertained; a considerable number of these were absent. Of the 4962 whose ecclesiastical status was ascertained, 4407 placed themselves on record as affiliated, by membership or attendance, with some religious body; and 2851 (fifty-five per cent of the whole number enrolled) were church members. Among them, the Methodist Episcopal church had 1098 members and adherents; the Presbyterian church, 854; the Congregational church, 612; the Episcopal church, 484; the Baptist church, 352; the Church of Christ, or Disciples, 227; the Unitarian church, 166; and the Roman Catholic church, 165.<sup>2</sup>

In point of numerical representation, the eight denominations just mentioned bear nearly the same relation to one another, if we extend the comparison to all the state universities in which a religious census was taken. In the sixteen state universities, with a total attendance of 14,637 students, 10,517, or a little more than seventy per cent, were church members or adherents, as follows: the Methodist Episcopal church was credited with 2659 members and adherents, the Presbyterian with 2284, the Congregational with 1730, the Episcopal with 1215, the Baptist with 1063, the Church of Christ with 607, the Roman Catholic with 528, and the Unitarian with 431. In these universities, taken together, every sixth student belongs, by membership or affiliation, to the Methodist church, every seventh to the Presbyterian, and every ninth to the Congregational church. About one half of all the students reached by the census were reported as

<sup>2</sup> The other denominations represented were: English Lutheran, 63; Friends, 57; Jewish, 44; German Lutheran, 43; Seventh Day Advent, 35; Universalist, 24; Reformed Church, 22; Latter Day Saints, 6; Dunkard, 5; and miscellaneous sects, 150.

members of the so-called evangelical churches.

Among women who are students the proportion of church communicants is everywhere greater than among men. The difference varies from twelve to twenty-five per cent: for example, at the University of Indiana, fifty-two per cent of the men and seventy-four per cent of the women are members of churches; at the University of Michigan, fifty-two per cent of the men and seventy per cent of the women.<sup>1</sup>

It is important to notice that in the same university the proportion of church members is often somewhat greater in the collegiate department than in the professional schools; but at the University of Michigan the percentage of communicants is higher in the department of medicine and surgery than in any other department.

It would be interesting to make a comparison of the number of students of each of the larger religious denominations in attendance at the state universities and at the denominational colleges. It must be remembered that more state colleges than denominational colleges have professional schools; but in them all the collegiate is far the largest department, and in some cases the number of professional students is so small that they hardly need to be taken into consideration. I have selected the Presbyterian church as representative, partly because of the large number and wide distribution of its colleges, and partly because of their generally broad curricula and high standard. For these reasons even the smaller Presbyterian colleges may properly be compared with the state universities.

In the United States, at the present time, there are thirty-seven Presbyterian institutions of advanced education, in

which 3679 students of collegiate rank were enrolled in 1896-97; Princeton University heading the list with a total registration of 1045 students. Eight of these institutions are for men only, the attendance of two being restricted to colored men; seven are women's colleges; and twenty-two are open to both men and women. In these thirty-seven colleges, with the exception of one (Lincoln University), a religious census was taken contemporaneously with the census of the state universities. The returns (including a fair estimate for Lincoln) give a total of 2388 Presbyterian students in attendance. Of this number, more than three fourths were members of the church, and the rest were "adherents." In sixteen state universities there were enrolled 2284 Presbyterian students; in all the colleges under the control of the Presbyterian denomination there were at the same time only 2388. We are thus brought face to face with the fact that the majority of Presbyterian students of collegiate rank in the United States are no longer in Presbyterian institutions. If we take into account the 150 members and adherents of this church reported at the University of California, there are in seventeen state universities more Presbyterian students than in the thirty-seven Presbyterian colleges taken together.

Is the spiritual welfare of the Presbyterian students at state universities less a matter of concern to the Presbyterian church than the spiritual welfare of the students at church colleges? The average number of Presbyterian students in each of the denominational colleges is a fraction less than 65; if we exclude Princeton University from the reckoning, 49. The average number of Presbyterian students in the sixteen state uni-

<sup>1</sup> The total number of male students at the University of Michigan, at the time the census was taken, was 2263. Of these, 1185 were church members, 718 church adherents, 298 not adherents; leaving 62 unreached. Of the

total number of women students (662), 461 were church members, 168 church adherents, 31 not adherents. The percentage of church members among the male students, therefore, was 52.3; among the women students, 69.6.

versities is a trifle above 142; or, leaving out of consideration the six state universities having less than one hundred Presbyterian students each, we may look upon the remaining ten as containing ten Presbyterian colleges with an average of 205 students each. At the University of Michigan alone, last year, there were more than three fourths as many Presbyterian students as at Princeton, and exactly fifteen times as many as in the Presbyterian college in Michigan. At the state universities of Indiana and Illinois there were more than twice as many Presbyterian students as at the four Presbyterian colleges in the two States; at the University of Iowa, more than in the five Presbyterian colleges in the same State. The case of Ohio is exceptional: there were nearly twice as many Presbyterian students in the church colleges as in the state university.

The religious statistics of Princeton University are worthy of special consideration. The religious denominations represented are almost as numerous as in the larger state universities; but only two churches, the Presbyterian and the Episcopal, can claim more than a hundred students each. The percentage of Princeton students who are church members is about the same as that of the University of Kansas (fifty-five per cent), but less than in the University of Michigan (fifty-six per cent) and several of the smaller state universities.<sup>1</sup>

The service which the Presbyterian colleges have rendered, and are rendering, to higher education is of incalculable value. They are placed, for the most part, at "strategic points," and most of them have been generously supported. Especially have the newer institutions been wisely planted with refer-

ence to the future development of the States in which they are situated. Last year the Presbyterian Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies reported more than \$70,000 given to its aided institutions, mostly for their current expenses; sixteen of them being small colleges, the rest academies. The endowments of the older Presbyterian institutions compare favorably with the endowments of the colleges of any other denomination. It is possible for a Presbyterian student, in any of the sixteen States in which the state universities of our list are situated, easily to reach a college either of the Presbyterian denomination or of some church holding substantially the same creed.

Why, then, do Presbyterian students attend the state universities? A certain proportion go because some state universities possess departments wholly lacking in the denominational schools, but most of them because they are attracted by the wider range of studies and the better equipment of the state institutions. To equip and to maintain ten colleges which should provide for the 2053 Presbyterian students, in the ten state universities having more than one hundred each, educational facilities approximately as extensive as they have at the state universities, would require, at the lowest estimate, an investment of twenty-seven millions of dollars, or \$2,700,000 for each institution. If the Presbyterian students were thus to be segregated in small schools, they would still lose much, for only universities with large numbers of students can afford to make provision for work in the more minute subdivisions of the special fields into which true university instruction is now everywhere divided. Students do not choose their

<sup>1</sup> The students of Princeton University are divided among the denominations as follows: Presbyterian (374 members, 240 adherents), 614; Episcopal (115 members, 108 adherents), 223; Baptist (19 members, 27 adherents), 46; Methodist (28 members, 9 adherents), 37; Con-

gregational (13 members, 14 adherents), 27; Reformed Church (13 members, 7 adherents), 20; Roman Catholic, 12; Jewish, 8; German Lutheran, 8; Friends, English Lutheran, and Universalist, each 3; other denominations, 9; not adherents, 14.

colleges aimlessly. Many of them obtain information about a number of universities, and parents in most cases consult the wishes of their children in regard to the choice of a college. In those States in which the high school system is fully developed, it is natural to pass from a high school maintained by the town to a university maintained by the State. It is to be expected that most students for the ministry will attend denominational institutions, both by preference and because of the substantial assistance usually offered by these schools. But the number of students in the state universities who are studying for the ministry is greater than one would be likely to guess. In the half-century ending in 1894 the University of Michigan sent out 301 clergymen and missionaries, an average of six for every graduating class.<sup>1</sup> Of 252 ministers 40 belonged to the Presbyterian church. Within the past few years the number of students preparing for the Presbyterian ministry who have entered the University of Michigan has shown a decided increase.

What has been said of the Presbyterian colleges in relation to the state universities is true, in a greater or less degree, of the higher educational institutions of the other religious denominations as well. If the young men and women of any particular sect attended only the professional departments of the state universities, we should be justified in assuming that denominational preference played a much more important part in the selection of a college than it does play. But there is still another fact to be taken into consideration. Most of the larger and stronger universities, including those maintained by endowment as well as those maintained by the States, are rapidly growing larger. Many of the smaller colleges find it increasingly difficult to hold their patronage. In some cases

their falling back is due not so much to a lack of resources as to a lack of students. In much of their work the state university and the denominational college are brought into competition by force of circumstances, particularly in the Western States. At present the state universities are gaining. No one can for a moment doubt that the denominational schools have a mission of the highest importance to society; but "there is no hope that the State will ever withdraw from so critical and extensive a portion of the educational field as that occupied by collegiate education." It would be the part of wisdom for all concerned to waste no more time in fruitless discussion, but rather, facing the facts as they stand, to make serious effort to solve the problem how these apparently conflicting interests may be reconciled to the greatest good of those for whom all our institutions of advanced education have been established.

Most of the state universities are in the Western States; their student life has the freshness and vigor of the West. The standard of conduct is high. The freedom of life stimulates religious effort on the part of the students. The earliest Students' Christian Association was founded at the University of Michigan; the second, at the University of Virginia. Associations for religious work flourish in the state universities, directed and supported in large measure by the members of the faculties. As President Draper well says, "The fact doubtless is that there is no place where there is a more tolerant spirit, or freer discussion of religious questions, or a stronger, more unrestrained, and healthier religious life than in the state universities." At all institutions of higher education, small as well as great, there will be found some weak or vicious young men who will go astray; in most cases their evil tendencies are settled — often without the knowledge of their parents — before they enter college. On the other hand, it is

<sup>1</sup> The statistics are given in my pamphlet on *The Presbyterian Church and the University of Michigan*, pages 11, 37-39.

the testimony of those who have a direct knowledge of the facts that the state universities have sent forth a considerable proportion of the students stronger morally and religiously, as well as intellectually, than when they entered.

Notwithstanding the large contributions which the religious denominations are making to the student body of the state universities, it has often been asserted that these institutions are irreligious in the character of their instruction. This subject was so fully discussed by President Angell in the *Andover Review* for April, 1890, that it will be sufficient here to make reference to his paper, quoting one paragraph in which he presents certain facts regarding the religious status of professors and instructors:—

"In twenty of the state institutions—all from which I have facts on this point—it appears that seventy-one per cent of the teachers are members of churches, and not a few of the others are earnestly and even actively religious men who have not formally joined any communion. When we remember that colleges not under state control—certainly this is true of the larger ones—do not now always insist on church membership as the condition of an appointment to a place in the faculties, and that no board of regents or trustees of any state university will knowingly appoint to a chair of instruction a man who is not supposed to be of elevated moral character, it must be conceded that the pupils in the state institutions are not exposed to much peril from their teachers. That a few men whose influence was calculated to disturb or weaken the Christian faith of students have found their way into the faculties of the state institutions is true. But it is also true that such men have been, and still are, I fear, members of faculties of other colleges. Men appointed in denominational colleges have, after taking office, changed their faith or lost their faith, and retained their

positions. No doubt, however, in the faculties of such institutions, a somewhat larger percentage of church members is likely to be found than in the state universities. But the great majority of men who choose teaching as their profession always have been, and are likely to be, reverent, earnest, even religious men. So it has come to pass that seven or eight of every ten men in the corps of teachers in the state universities are members of Christian churches. And if you go to the cities where those universities are planted, you will find a good proportion of these teachers superintending Sunday-schools, conducting Bible classes, sometimes supplying pulpits, engaged in every kind of Christian work, and by example and word stimulating their pupils to a Christian life."

It is not enough that the standard of conduct, the moral tone of our universities, should be high. The chief danger to student life in the collegiate and university period lies, not, as is so often assumed, in the tendency of those naturally weak or wayward to be led astray by evil companions, but rather in the fact that the highest and best minds, the most earnest and candid souls, are, from their devotion to the pursuit of knowledge, likely to suffer a deadening of the spiritual consciousness. Some students who have great capacity for large service to humanity may thus go forth with the highest part of their natures undeveloped, lacking that spiritual force which multiplies tenfold the influence of every kind of ability for good work in the world. Intensity of intellectual life, from the very friction of minds interested in many fields of thought, but all bent upon like ends, increases with the size of universities. The opportunities for specialization afforded by the development of the elective system in the larger universities permit the more advanced student to devote himself wholly to that branch or subject in which he is interested. But surely no one would

affirm that students in great institutions of private endowment are less subject to this atrophy of the spiritual nature than those in state universities of the same size.

Denominational control of state universities is not possible nor desirable, but they need the vitalizing touch of spiritual forces, which can be assured only by contact with the living church. At all great centres of learning there should be a concentration of spiritual light, a gathering of the forces that make for righteousness. Cant and time-serving ecclesiastical connections are not likely to be encouraged in the atmosphere of freedom and frankness in a state university, but no class of students anywhere are more open-hearted or more ready to respond to the quickening and uplifting influence of the highest moral and spiritual ideals.

The churches have a duty toward the state universities. It grows out of the general duty of the churches as guardians of the highest interests of society. Do not Christian people pay taxes? Even if it were granted that the state universities have an irreligious atmosphere, to whom should we look to change it? Should the churches approach the state universities in a spirit of criticism, or with a deep feeling of responsibility and a willingness to coöperate in the promotion of the supreme interests of youth? At the very least, it is reasonable to ask that the religious bodies see to it that men of marked spiritual and intellectual power be placed in the pulpits of uni-

versity towns. But in more than one university town churches fail to keep their footing, not because of an unfavorable environment, but because the work is left in charge of men who are not equal to it.

The most vital interests of the churches are at stake in the state universities. These are strategic points. The greater part of their students come from the religious denominations. Is it expedient for a church to give attention to the spiritual welfare of those only who are affiliated with it in the denominational schools, and to neglect perhaps a far greater number of members and adherents in a state university? If students come from the churches to the great universities, and are there weaned from the things of the spirit, and through an unsymmetrical development permit the training of intellect to choke out the spiritual life, who shall justify the churches for their indifference and neglect? In the class-rooms of a state university sectarian instruction can have no place. Thomas Jefferson "thought that it was the duty of each sect," at the University of Virginia, "to provide its own theological teaching in a special school, to which students might go for special instruction as they did to their various denominational churches."<sup>1</sup> But this subject is too large to enter upon here. The first condition of a solution of the problem must lie in the willingness of the churches themselves to consider the matter. From the nature of the case the initiative must be taken by them.

*Francis W. Kelsey.*

<sup>1</sup> H. B. Adams, Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia, page 91.



## PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

## HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

## PART FIRST. IN TOWN.

## VIII.

Two or three days ago we noted an unusual though subdued air of excitement at 22 Breadalbane Terrace, where for a week we have been the sole lodgers. Mrs. Mingess has returned to Kinyukkar; Miss Coburn-Sinkler has purchased her wedding outfit and gone back to Inverness; the Hebburn-Sheens will be leaving to-morrow; and the sound of the scrubbing-brush is heard in the land. In corners where all was clean and spotless before, Mrs. M'Collop is digging with the broom, and the maiden Boots is following her with a damp cloth. The stair carpets are hanging on lines in the back garden, and Susanna, with her cap rakishly on one side, is always to be seen polishing the stair rods. Whenever we traverse the halls we are obliged to leap over pails of suds, and Miss Diggity-Dalgety has given us two dinners which bore a curious resemblance to washing-day repasts in suburban America.

"Is it spring house-cleaning?" I ask the M'Collop.

"Na, na," she replies hurriedly; "it's the meenisters."

On the 19th of May we are a maiden castle no longer. Black coats and hats ring at the bell, and pass in and out of the different apartments. The hall table is sprinkled with letters, visiting-cards, and programmes which seem to have had the alphabet shaken out upon them, for they bear the names of professors, doctors, reverends, and very reverends, and fairly bristle with A. M.'s, M. A.'s, A. B.'s, D. D.'s, and LL. D.'s. The voice of prayer is lifted up from the dining-room floor, and paraphrases of the

Psalms float down the stairs from above. Their Graces the Lord High Commissioner and the Marchioness of Heatherdale will arrive to-day at Holyrood Palace, there to reside during the sittings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and to-morrow the Royal Standard will be hoisted at Edinburgh Castle from reveille to retreat. His Grace will hold a levee at eleven. Directly His Grace leaves the palace after the levee, the guard of honor will proceed by the Canongate to receive him on his arrival at St. Giles' Church, and will then proceed to Assembly Hall to receive him on his arrival there. The 6th Inniskilling Dragoons and the 1st Battalion Royal Scots will be in attendance, and there will be unicorns, carrieks, pursuivants, heralds, mace-bearers, ushers, and pages, together with the Purse-Bearer and the Lyon King-of-Arms and the national anthem and the royal salute; for the palace has awakened and is "mimicking its past."

In such manner enters His Grace the Lord High Commissioner to open the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and on the same day there arrives by the railway (but traveling first class) the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Free, to convene its separate Supreme Courts in Edinburgh. He will have no Union Jacks, Royal Standards, Dragoons, bands, or pipers; he will bear his own purse and stay at a hotel; but when the final procession of all comes, he will probably march beside His Grace the Lord High Commissioner, and they will talk together, not of dead-and-gone kingdoms, but of the one at hand, where there are no more divisions in the ranks,

and where all the soldiers are simply "king's men," marching to victory under the inspiration of a common watchword.

It is a matter of regret to us that the U. P.'s, the third branch of Scottish Presbyterianism, could not be holding an Assembly during this same week, so that we could the more easily decide in which flock we really belong. 22 Breadalbane Terrace now represents all shades of religious opinion within the bounds of Presbyterianism. We have an Elder, a Professor of Biblical Criticism, a Majesty's Chaplain, and even an ex-Moderator under our roof, and they are equally divided between the Free and the Established bodies.

Mrs. McCollop herself is a pillar of the Free Kirk, but she has no prejudice in lodgers, and says so long as she "mak's her rent she doesna care aboot their reelegious principles." Miss Diggity-Dalgety is the sole representative of United Presbyterianism in the household, and she is somewhat gloomy in Assembly time. To belong to a dissenting body, and yet to cook early and late for the purpose of fattening one's religious rivals, is doubtless trying to the temper; and then she asserts that "meenisters are aye toom [empty]."

"You must put away your Scottish ballads and histories now, Salemina, and keep your Concordance and your umbrella constantly at hand."

This I said as we stood on George IV. Bridge and saw the ministers glooming down from the Mound in a dense Assembly fog. As the presence of any considerable number of priests on an ocean steamer is supposed to bring rough weather, so the addition of a few hundred parsons to the population of Edinburgh is believed to induce rain, — or perhaps I should say, more rain.

"Our first duty, both to ourselves and to the community," I continued to Salemina, "is to learn how there can be three distinct kinds of proper Presbyte-

rianism. Perhaps it would be a graceful act on our part if we should each espouse a different kind; then there would be no feeling among our Edinburgh friends. And again, what is the Union of which we hear murmurs? Is it religious or political? Is it an echo of the 1707 Union you explained to us last week, or is it a new one? What is Disestablishment? What is Disruption? Are they the same thing? What is the Sustentation Fund? What was the Non-Intrusion Party? What was the Dundas Despotism? What is the argument at present going on about taking the Shorter Catechism out of the schools? What is the Shorter Catechism, anyway, — or at least, what have they left out of the Longer Catechism to make it shorter, — and is the length of the Catechism one of the points of difference? Then when we have looked up Chalmers and Candlish, we can ask the ex-Moderator and the Professor of Biblical Criticism to tea; separately, of course, lest there should be ecclesiastical quarrels."

Salemina and Francesca both incline to the Established Church, I lean instinctively toward the Free; but that does not mean that we have any knowledge of the differences that separate them. Salemina is a conservative in all things; she loves law, order, historic associations, old customs; and so when there is a regularly established national church, — or for that matter, a regularly established anything, — she gravitates to it by the law of her being. Francesca's religious convictions, when she is away from her own minister and native land, are inclined to be flexible. The church that enters Edinburgh with a marquis and a marchioness representing the Crown, the church that opens its Assembly with splendid processions and dignified pageants, the church that dispenses generous hospitality from Holyrood Palace, — above all, the church that escorts its Lord High Commissioner from place to place with bands and pipers, — that is

the church to which she pledges her constant presence and enthusiastic support.

As for me, I believe I am a born protestant, or "come-outer," as they used to call dissenters in the early days of New England. I have not yet had time to study the question, but as I lack all knowledge of the other two branches of Presbyterianism, I am enabled to say unhesitatingly that I belong to the Free Kirk. To begin with, the very word "free" has a fascination for the citizen of a republic; and then my theological training was begun this morning by a certain gifted young minister of Edinburgh whom we call the Friar, because the first time we saw him in his gown and bands (the little spot of sheer whiteness beneath the chin that lends such added spirituality to a spiritual face) we fancied that he looked like some pale brother of the Church in the olden time. His pallor, in a land of rosy redness and milky whiteness; his smooth, fair hair, which in the light from the stained-glass window above the pulpit looked reddish gold; the Southern heat of passionate conviction that colored his slow Northern speech; the remoteness of his personality; the weariness of his deep-set eyes, that bespoke such fastings and vigils as he probably never practiced, — all this led to our choice of the name.

As we walked toward St. Andrew's Church and Tanfield Hall, where he insisted on taking me to get the "proper historical background," he told me about the great Disruption movement. He was extremely eloquent, — so eloquent that the image of Willie Beresford tottered continually on its throne, and I found not the slightest difficulty in giving an unswerving allegiance to the principles such an orator represents.

We went first to St. Andrew's, where the General Assembly met in 1843, and where the famous exodus of the Free Protestant Church took place, — one of the most important events in the modern history of the United Kingdom.

The movement was mainly promoted by the great Dr. Chalmers to put an end to the connection of church and state; and as I am not accustomed to seeing them united, I could sympathize the more cordially with the tale of their disruption. The Friar took me into a particularly chilly historic corner, and, leaning against a damp stone pillar, painted the scene in St. Andrew's when the Assembly met in the presence of a great body of spectators, while a vast throng gathered without, breathlessly awaiting the result. No one believed that any large number of ministers would relinquish livings and stipends and cast their bread upon the waters for what many thought a "fantastic principle." Yet when the Moderator left his place, after reading a formal protest signed by one hundred and twenty ministers and seventy-two elders, he was followed first by Dr. Chalmers, and then by four hundred and seventy men, who marched in a body to Tanfield Hall, where they formed themselves into the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Free. When Lord Jeffrey was told of it an hour later, he exclaimed, "Thank God for Scotland! There is not another country on earth where such a deed could be done!" And the Friar reminded me proudly of Macaulay's saying that the Scots had made sacrifices for the sake of religious opinion for which there was no parallel in the annals of England. I said "Yea" most heartily, for the spirit of Jenny Geddes stirred within me that morning, and I positively gloried in the valiant achievements of the Free Church, under the spell of the Friar's kindling eye and eloquent voice. When he left me in Breadalbane Terrace, I was at heart a member of his parish in good (and irregular) standing, ready to teach in his Sunday-school, sing in his choir, visit his aged and sick poor, and especially to stand between him and a too admiring feminine constituency.

When I entered the drawing-room,

I found that Salemina had just enjoyed an hour's conversation with the ex-Moderator of the opposite church wing.

"Oh, my dear," she sighed, "you have missed such a treat! You have no conception of these Scottish ministers of the Establishment, — such culture, such courtliness of manner, such scholarship, such spirituality, such wise benignity of opinion! I asked the doctor to explain the Disruption movement to me, and he was most interesting and lucid, and most affecting, too, when he described the misunderstandings and misconceptions that the Church suffered in those terrible days of 1843, when its very life-blood, as well as its integrity and unity, was threatened by the foes in its own household; when breaches of faith and trust occurred on all sides, and dissents and disloyalties shook it to its very foundation! You see, Penelope, I have never fully understood the disagreement about the matter of state control before, but here is the whole matter in a nut-sh—"

"My dear Salemina," I interposed, with dignity, "you will pardon me, I am sure, when I tell you that any discussion on this point would be intensely painful to me, as I now belong to the Free Kirk."

"Where have you been this morning?" she asked, with a piercing glance.

"To St. Andrew's and Tanfield Hall."

"With whom?"

"With the Friar."

"I see! Happy the missionary to whom you incline your ear, *first!*" — which I thought rather inconsistent of Salemina, as she had been converted by precisely the same methods and in precisely the same length of time as had I, the only difference being in the ages of our respective missionaries, one being about five and thirty, the other five and sixty.

## IX.

Religion in Edinburgh is a theory, a convention, a fashion (both humble and

aristocratic), a sensation, an intellectual conviction, an emotion, a dissipation, a sweet habit of the blood; in fact, it is, it seems to me, every sort of thing it can be to the human spirit.

When we had finished our church toilettes, and came into the drawing-room, on the first Sunday morning, I remember that we found Francesca at the window.

"There is a battle, murder, or sudden death going on in the square below," she said. "I am going to ask Susanna to ask Mrs. M'Collop what it means. Never have I seen such a crowd moving peacefully, with no excitement or confusion, in one direction. Where can the people be going? Do you suppose it is a fire? Why, I believe . . . it cannot be possible . . . yes, they certainly are disappearing in that big church on the corner; and millions, simply millions and trillions, are coming in the other direction, — toward St. Knox's."

Impressive as was this morning church-going, a still greater surprise awaited us at seven o'clock in the evening, when the crowd blocked the streets on two sides of a church near Breadalbane Terrace; and though it was quite ten minutes before service when we entered, Salemina and I only secured the last two seats in the aisle, and Francesca was obliged to sit on the steps of the pulpit or seek a sermon elsewhere.

It amused me greatly to see Francesca sitting on pulpit steps, her Redfern gown and smart toque in close juxtaposition to the rusty bonnet and bombazine dress of a respectable elderly tradeswoman. The church officer entered first, bearing the great Bible and hymn-book, which he reverently placed on the pulpit cushions; and close behind him, to our entire astonishment, came the Reverend Ronald Macdonald, who was exchanging with the regular minister of the parish, whom we had come especially to hear. I pitied Francesca's confusion and embarrassment, but I was too far from her

to offer an exchange of seats, and through the long service she sat there at the feet of her foe, so near that she could have touched the hem of his gown as he knelt devoutly for his first silent prayer.

Perhaps she was thinking of her last interview with him, when she descanted at length on that superfluity of naughtiness and Biblical pedantry which, she asserted, made Scottish ministers preach from out-of-the-way texts.

"I've never been able to find my place in the Bible since I arrived," she complained to Salemina, when she was quite sure that Mr. Macdonald was listening to her; and this he generally was, in my opinion, no matter who chanced to be talking. "What with their skipping and hopping about from Haggai to Philemon, Habakkuk to Jude, and Micah to Titus, in their readings, and then settling on seventh Nahum, sixth Zephaniah, or second Calathumpians for the sermon, I do nothing but search the Scriptures in the Edinburgh churches, — search, search, search, until some Christian by my side or in the pew behind me notices my hapless plight, and hands me a Bible opened at the text. Last Sunday it was Obadiah first, fifteenth, 'For the day of the Lord is near upon all the heathen.' It chanced to be a returned missionary who was preaching on that occasion; but the Bible is full of heathen, and why need he have chosen a text from Obadiah, poor little Obadiah one page long, slipped in between Amos and Jonah where nobody but a deacon could find him?" If Francesca had not seen with delight the Reverend Ronald's expression of anxiety, she would never have spoken of second Calathumpians; but of course he has no means of knowing how unlike herself she is when in his company.

To go back to our first Sunday worship in Edinburgh. The church officer closed the door of the pulpit on the Reverend Ronald, and I thought I heard the clicking of a lock; at all events, he re-

turned at the close of the services to liberate him and escort him back to the vestry; for the entrances and exits of this beadle, or "minister's man," as the church officer is called in the country districts, form an impressive part of the ceremonies. If he did lock the minister into the pulpit, it is probably only another national custom like the occasional locking in of the passengers in a railway train, and may be positively necessary in the case of such magnetic and popular preachers as Mr. Macdonald or the Friar.

I have never seen such attention, such concentration, as in these great congregations of the Edinburgh churches. As nearly as I can judge, it is intellectual rather than emotional; but it is not a tribute paid to eloquence alone; it is habitual and universal, and is yielded loyally to insufferable dullness when occasion demands.

When the text is announced, there is an indescribable rhythmic movement forward, followed by a concerted rustle of Bible leaves; not the rustle of a few Bibles in a few pious pews, but the rustle of all the Bibles in all the pews, — and there are more Bibles in an Edinburgh Presbyterian church than one ever sees anywhere else, unless it be in the warehouses of the Bible Societies.

The text is read twice clearly, and another rhythmic movement follows when the Bibles are replaced on the shelves. Then there is a delightful settling back of the entire congregation, a snuggling comfortably into corners and a fitting of shoulders to the pews, — not to sleep, however; an older generation may have done that under the strain of a two-hour "wearifu' dreich" sermon, but these church-goers are not to be caught napping. They wear, on the contrary, a keen, expectant, critical look, which must be inexpressibly encouraging to the minister, if he has anything to say. If he has not (and this is a possibility in Edinburgh as it is everywhere else), then I am sure it is wisdom for the beadle to

lock him in, lest he flee when he meets those searching eyes.

The organ is finding its way rapidly into the Scottish kirks (how can the shade of John Knox endure a "kist o' whistles" in old St. Giles'?), but it is not used yet in some of those we attend most frequently. There is a certain quaint solemnity, a beautiful austerity, in the unaccompanied singing of hymns that touches me profoundly. I am often carried very high on the waves of splendid church music, when the organ's thunder rolls "through vaulted aisles" and the angelic voices of a trained choir chant the aspirations of my soul for me; but when an Edinburgh congregation stands, and the precentor leads in the second paraphrase of the Psalms, that splendid

"God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race,"

there is a certain ascetic fervor in it that seems to me the perfection of worship. It may be that my Puritan ancestors are mainly responsible for this feeling, or perhaps my recently adopted Jenny Geddes is a factor in it; of course, if she were in the habit of flinging fault-stules at Deans, she was probably the friend of truth and the foe of beauty so far as it was in her power to separate them.

There is no music during the offertory in these churches, and this too pleases my sense of the fitness of things. It cannot soften the woe of the people who are disinclined to the giving away of money, and the cheerful givers need no encouragement. For my part, I like to sit, quite undistracted by soprano solos, and listen to the refined tinkle of the sixpences and shillings, and the vulgar chink of the pennies and ha'pennies, in the contribution-boxes. Country ministers, I am told, develop such an acute sense of hearing that they can estimate the amount of the collection before it is counted. There is often a huge pewter plate just within the church door, in

which the offerings are placed as the worshipers enter or leave; and one always notes the preponderance of silver at the morning, and of copper at the evening services. It is perhaps needless to say that before Francesca had been in Edinburgh a fortnight she asked Mr. Macdonald if it were true that the Scots continued coining the farthing for years and years, merely to have a coin serviceable for church offerings!

As to social differences in the congregations we are somewhat at sea. We tried to arrive at a conclusion by the hats and bonnets, than which there is usually no more infallible test. On our first Sunday we attended the Free Kirk in the morning, and the Established in the evening. The bonnets of the Free Kirk were so much the more elegant that we said to one another, "This is evidently the church of society, though the adjective 'Free' should by rights attract the masses." On the second Sunday we reversed the order of things, and found the Established bonnets much finer than the Free bonnets, which was a source of mystification to us, until we discovered that it was a question of morning or evening service, not of the form of Presbyterianism. We think, on the whole, that, taking town and country congregations together, millinery has not flourished under Presbyterianism, — it seems to thrive better in the Romish atmosphere of France; but the Disruption, at least, has had nothing to answer for in the matter, as it seems simply to have parted the bonnets of Scotland in twain, as Moses divided the Red Sea, and left good and evil on both sides.

I can never forget our first military service at St. Giles'. We left Breadalbane Terrace before nine in the morning, and walked along the beautiful curve of street that sweeps around the base of Castle Rock, — walked on through the poverty and squalor of the High Street, keeping in view the beautiful lantern tower as a guiding star, till we heard



"The murmur of the city crowd;  
And, from his steeple, jingling loud,  
St. Giles's mingling din."

X.

We joined the throng outside the venerable church, and awaited the approach of the soldiers from the Castle parade-ground; for it is from there they march in detachments to the church of their choice. A religion they must have, and if, when called up and questioned about it, they have forgotten to provide themselves, or have no preference as to form of worship, they are assigned to one by the person in authority. When the regiments are assembled on the parade-ground of a Sunday morning, the officer's first command is, "Church of Scotland, right about face, quick march!" — the bodies of men belonging to other denominations standing fast until their turn comes to move. It is said that a new sergeant once gave the command, "Church of Scotland, right about face, quick march! Fancy reelegions stay where ye are!"

Just as we were being told this story by an attendant squire, there was a burst of scarlet and a blare of music, and down into Parliament Square marched hundreds of redcoats, the Highland pipers (otherwise the Olympian gods) swinging in front, leaving the American female heart prostrate beneath their victorious tread. The strains of music that in the distance sounded so martial and triumphant we recognized in a moment as "Abide with me," and never did the fine old tune seem more majestic than when it marked a measure for the steady tramp, tramp, tramp, of those soldierly feet. As The March of the Cameron Men, piped from the green steeps of Castle Hill, had aroused in us thoughts of splendid victories on the battlefield, so did this simple hymn seem to breathe the spirit of the church militant; a no less stern, but more spiritual soldiery, in which "the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

Even at this time of Assemblies, when the atmosphere is almost exclusively clerical and ecclesiastical, the two great church armies represented here certainly conceal from the casual observer all rivalries and jealousies, if indeed they cherish any. As for the two dissenting bodies, the Church of the Disruption and the Church of the Secession have been keeping company, so to speak, for some years, with a distant eye to an eventual union.

Since Scottish hospitality is well-nigh inexhaustible, it is not strange that from the moment Edinburgh streets began to be crowded with ministers, our drawing-room table began to bear shoals of engraved invitations of every conceivable sort, all equally unfamiliar to our American eyes.

"The Purse-Bearer is commanded by the Lord High Commissioner and the Marchioness of Heatherdale to invite Miss Hamilton to a Garden Party at the Palace of Holyrood House, on the 27th of May. *Weather permitting.*"

"The General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland admits Miss Hamilton to any gallery on any day."

"The Marchioness of Heatherdale is At Home on the 26th of May from a quarter past nine in the evening. Palace of Holyrood House."

"The Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland is At Home in the Library of the New College on Saturday, the 22d May, from eight to ten in the evening."

"The Moderator asks the pleasure of Miss Hamilton's presence at a Breakfast to be given on the morning of the 25th of May at Dunedin Hotel."

We determined to go to all these functions impartially, tracking thus the Presbyterian lion to its very lair, and observing its home as well as its company manners. In everything that related to the distinctively religious side of the pro-

ceedings we sought advice from Mrs. M'Collop, while we went to Lady Baird for definite information on secular matters. We also found an unexpected ally in the person of our own ex-Moderator's niece, Miss Jean Dalziel (Deeyell). She had been educated in Paris, but she must always have been a delightfully breezy person, quite too irrepressible to be affected by Scottish haar or theology. "Go to the Assemblies, by all means," she said, "and be sure and get places for the heresy case. These are no longer what they once were, — we are getting lamentably weak and gelatinous in our beliefs, — but there is an unusually nice one this year; the heretic is very young and handsome, and quite wicked, as ministers go. Don't fail to be presented at the Marchioness's court at Holyrood, for it is a capital preparation for the ordeal of Her Majesty and Buckingham Palace. 'Nothing fit to wear'? You have never seen the people who go, or you would n't say that! I even advise you to attend one of the breakfasts; it can't do you any serious or permanent injury so long as you eat something before you go. Oh no, it does n't matter, — whichever one you choose, you will cheerfully omit the other; for I avow as a Scottish spinster, and the niece of an ex-Moderator, that to a stranger and a foreigner the breakfasts are worse than Arctic explorations."

It is to Mrs. M'Collop that we owe our chief insight into technical church matters, although we seldom agree with her "opeenions" after we gain our own experience. She never misses hearing one sermon on a Sabbath, and oftener she listens to two or three. Neither does she confine herself to the ministrations of a single preacher, but roves from one sanctuary to another, seeking the bread of life; often, however, according to her own account, getting a particularly indigestible "stane."

She is thus a complete guide to the Edinburgh pulpit, and when she is mak-

ing a bed in the morning she dispenses criticism in so large and impartial a manner that it would make the flesh of the "meenistry" creep did they overhear it. I used to think Ian Maclaren's sermon-taster a possible exaggeration of an existent type, but I now see that she is truth itself.

"Ye'll be tryin' anither kirk the morn?" suggests Mrs. M'Collop, spreading the clean Sunday sheet over the matress. "Wha did ye hear the Sawbath that's bye? Dr. A? Ay, I ken him ower weel; he's been there for fifteen years an' mair. Ay, he's a gifted mon — *off an' on!*" with an emphasis showing clearly that, in her estimation, the times when he is "off" outnumber those when he is "on." . . . "Ye have na heard auld Dr. B yet?" (Here she tucks in the upper sheet tidily at the foot.) "He's a graund strachtforrit mon, is Dr. B, forbye he's growin' maist awfu' dreich in his sermons, though when he's that wearisome a body canna heed him wi'oot takin' peppermints to the kirk, he's nane the less, at seeventy-sax, a better mon than the new asseestant. Div ye ken the new asseestant? He's a wee-bit, finger-fed mannie, too sma' maist to wear a goon! I canna thole him, wi' his lang-nebbit words, explainin' an' expoundin' the gude Book as if it had jist come oot! The auld doctor gies us fu' meesure, pressed down an' rinnin' over, nae bit-pickin's like the haverin' asseestant; it's my opeenion he's no soond! . . . Mr. C?" (Now comes the shaking and straightening and smoothing of the first blanket.) "Ay, he's weel eneuch! I mind ance he prayed for our Free Assembly, an' then he turned roun' an' prayed for the Established, maist in the same breath, — he's a broad, leebereal mon is Mr. C! . . . Mr. D? Ay, I ken him fine; he micht be waur, but he reads his sermon from the paper, an' it's an auld sayin', 'If a meenister canna mind [remember] his ain discourse, nae mair can the congregation be

expectit to mind it.' . . . Mr. E? He's my ain meenister." (She has a pillow in her mouth now, but though she is shaking it as a terrier would a rat, and drawing on the linen slip at the same time, she is still intelligible between the jerks.) "Susanna says his sermon is like claith made o' soond 'oo [wool] wi' a gude twined thread, an' wairpit an' weftit wi' doctrine. Susanna kens her Bible weel, but she's never gaed forrit." (To "gang forrit" is to take the communion.) "Dr. F? I ca' him the greetin' doctor! He's aye dingin' the dust oot o' the poopit cushions, an' greetin' ower the sins o' the human race, an' eespecialy of his congregation. He's waur syne his last wife sickened an' slippit awa'. 'Twas a chastenin' he'd put up wi' twice afore, but he grat nane the less. She was a bonnie bit-body, was the thurd Mistress F! E'nbro could 'a' better spared the greetin' doctor than her, I'm thinkin'."

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, according to his good will and pleasure," I ventured piously, as Mrs. McCollop beat the bolster and laid it in place.

"Ou ay," responded that good woman, as she spread the counterpane over the pillows in the way I particularly dislike, — "ou ay, but I sometimes think it's a peety he couldna be guided!"

## XI.

We were to make our bow to the Lord High Commissioner and the Marchioness of Heatherdale in the evening, and we were in a state of republican excitement at 22 Breadalbane Terrace.

Francesca had surprised us by refusing to be presented at this semi-royal Scottish court. "Not I," she said. "The Marchioness represents the Queen; we may discover, when we arrive, that she has raised the standards of admission, and requires us to 'back out' of the

throne-room. I don't propose to do that without London training. Besides, I hate crowds, and I never go to my own President's receptions; and I have a headache, anyway, and don't feel like coping with the Reverend Ronald to-night!" (Lady Baird was to take us under her wing, and her nephew was to escort us, Sir Robert being in Inveraray.)

"Sally, my dear," I said, as Francesca left the room with a bottle of smelling-salts somewhat ostentatiously in evidence, "methinks the damsel doth protest too much. In other words, she devotes a good deal of time and discussion to a gentleman whom she heartily dislikes. As she is under your care, I will direct your attention to the following points:—

"Ronald Macdonald is a Scotsman; Francesca disapproves of international alliances.

"He is a Presbyterian; she is a Swedenborgian.

"His father was a famous old school doctor; Francesca is a homœopathist.

"He is serious; Francesca is gay.

"I think, under all the circumstances, their acquaintance will bear watching. Two persons so utterly dissimilar, and, so far as superficial observation goes, so entirely unsuited to each other, are quite liable to drift into marriage unless diverted by watchful philanthropists."

"Nonsense!" returned Salemina brusquely. "You think because you are under the spell of the tender passion yourself that other people are in constant danger. Francesca detests him."

"Who told you so?"

"She herself," triumphantly.

"Salemina," I said pityingly, "I have always believed you a spinster from choice; don't lead me to think that you have never had any experience in these matters! The Reverend Ronald has also intimated to me as plainly as he dared that he cannot bear the sight of Francesca. What do I gather from this statement? The general conclusion that

if it be true, it is curious that he looks at her incessantly."

"Francesca would never live in Scotland," remarked Salemina feebly.

"Not unless she were asked, of course," I replied.

"He would never ask her."

"Not unless he thought he had a chance of an affirmative answer."

"Her father would never allow it."

"Her father allows what she permits him to allow. You know that perfectly well."

"What shall I do about it, then?"

"Consult me."

"What shall *we* do about it?"

"Let Nature have her own way."

"I don't believe in Nature."

"Don't be profane, Salemina, and don't be unromantic, which is worse; but if you insist, trust in Providence."

"I would rather trust Francesca's hard heart."

"The hardest hearts melt if sufficient heat be applied. I think Mr. Macondald is a volcano."

"I wish he were extinct," said Salemina petulantly, "and I wish you would n't make me nervous."

"If you had any faculty of premonition, you would n't have waited for me to make you nervous."

"Some people are singularly omniscient."

"Others are singularly deficient" — And at this moment Susanna came in to announce Miss Jean Deeyell, who had come to see sights with us.

It was our almost daily practice to walk through the Old Town, and we were now familiar with every street and close in that densely crowded quarter. Our quest for the sites of ancient landmarks never grew monotonous, and we were always reconstructing, in imagination, the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Lawnmarket, and the High Street, until we could see Auld Reekie as it was in bygone centuries. Every corner bristles with memories. Here is the Stamp

Office Close, from which the lovely Susanna, Countess of Eglinton, was wont to issue on Assembly nights; she, six feet in height, with a brilliantly fair complexion and a "face of the maist bewitching loveliness." Her seven daughters and stepdaughters were all conspicuously handsome, and it was deemed a goodly sight to watch the long procession of eight gilded sedan-chairs pass from the Stamp Office Close, bearing her and her stately brood to the Assembly Room, amid a crowd that was "hushed with respect and admiration to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chairs on the pavement."

Here itself is the site of those old Assemblies presided over at one time by the famous Miss Nicky Murray, a directress of society affairs, who seems to have been a feminine premonition of Count d'Orsay and our own McAllister. Rather dull they must have been, those old Scotch balls, where Goldsmith saw the ladies and gentlemen in two dismal groups divided by the length of the room.

"The Assembly Close received the fair —  
Order and elegance presided there —  
Each gay Right Honourable had her place,  
To walk a minuet with becoming grace.  
No racing to the dance with rival hurry,  
Such was thy sway, O famed Miss Nicky  
Murray!"

It was half past nine in the evening when Salemina and I drove to Holyrood, our humble cab-horse jogging faithfully behind Lady Baird's brougham, and it was the new experience of seeing Auld Reekie by lamplight that called up these gay visions of other days, — visions and days so thoroughly our mental property that we resented the fact that women were hanging washing from the Countess of Eglinton's former windows, and popping their unkempt heads out of the Duchess of Gordon's old doorway.

The Reverend Ronald is so kind! He enters so fully into our spirit of inquiry, and takes such pleasure in our

enthusiasms! He even sprang lightly out of Lady Baird's carriage and called to our "lämiter" to halt while he showed us the site of the Black Turnpike, from whose windows Queen Mary saw the last of her kingdom's capital.

"Here was the Black Turnpike, Miss Hamilton!" he cried; "and from here Mary went to Loch Leven, where you Hamiltons and the Setons came gallantly to her help. Don't you remember the 'far ride to the Solway sands'?"

I looked with interest, though I was in such a state of delicious excitement that I could scarce keep my seat.

"Only a few minutes more, Salemina," I sighed, "and we shall be in the palace courtyard; then a probable half-hour in crowded dressing-rooms, with another half-hour in line, and then, then we shall be making our best republican bow in the Gallery of the Kings! How I wish Mr. Beresford and Francesca were with us! What do you suppose was her real reason for staying away? Some petty disagreement with our young minister, I am sure. Do you think the dampness is taking the curl out of our hair? Do you suppose our gowns will be torn to ribbons before the Marchioness sees them? Do you believe we shall look as well as anybody? Privately, I think we must look better than anybody; but I always think that on my way to a party, never after I arrive."

Mrs. M'Collop had asserted that I was "bonnie enuech for ony court," and I could not help wishing that "mine ain dear Somebody" might see me in my French frock embroidered with silver thistles, and my "shower bouquet" of Scottish bluebells tied loosely together. Salemina wore pinky-purple velvet; a real heather color it was, though the Lord High Commissioner would probably never note the fact.

When we had presented our cards of invitation at the palace doors, we joined the throng and patiently made our way up the splendid staircases, past powdered

lackeys without number, and, divested of our wraps, joined another throng on our way to the throne-room, Salemina and I pressing those cards with our names "legibly written on them" close to our palpitating breasts.

At last the moment came when, Lady Baird having preceded me, I handed my bit of pasteboard to the usher; and hearing "Miss Hamilton" called in stentorian accents, I went forward in my turn, and executed a graceful and elegant but not too profound curtsy, carefully arranged to suit the semi-royal, semi-ecclesiastical occasion. I had not divulged the fact even to Salemina, but I had worn Mrs. M'Collop's carpet quite threadbare in front of the long mirror, and had curtsied to myself so many times in its crystal surface that I had developed a sort of fictitious reverence for my reflected image. I had only begun my well-practiced obeisance when Her Grace the Marchioness, to my mingled surprise and embarrassment, extended a gracious hand and murmured my name in a particularly kind voice. She is fond of Lady Baird, and perhaps chose this method of showing her friendship; or it may be that she noticed my silver thistles and Salemina's heather-colored velvet,—they certainly deserved special recognition; or it may be that I was too beautiful to pass over in silence,—in my state of exaltation I was quite equal to the belief.

The presentation over, we wandered through the beautiful apartments; leaning from the open windows to hear the music of the band playing in the courtyard below, looking at the royal portraits, and chatting with groups of friends who appeared and reappeared in the throng. Finally Lady Baird sent for us to join her in a knot of personages more and less distinguished, who had dined at the palace, and who were standing behind the receiving party in a sort of sacred group. This indeed was a ground of vantage, and one could have stood there for hours, watching all sorts and

conditions of men and women bowing before the Lord High Commissioner and the Marchioness, who, with her Cleopatra-like beauty and scarlet gown, looked like a gorgeous cardinal-flower.

Salemina and I watched the curtsying narrowly, with the view at first of improving our own obeisances for Buckingham Palace; but truth to say we got no added light, and plainly most of the people had not worn threadbare the carpets in front of their dressing-mirrors.

Suddenly we heard a familiar name announced, "Lord Colquhoun," a distinguished judge who had lately been raised to the peerage, and whom we often met at dinners; then "Miss Rowena Colquhoun;" and then, in the midst, we fancied, of an unusual stir at the entrance door — "Miss Francesca Van Buren Monroe." I almost fainted against the Reverend Ronald's shoulder in my astonishment, while Salemina lifted her tortoise-shell lorgnette, and we gazed silently at our recreant charge.

After presentation, each person has fifteen or twenty feet of awful space to traverse in solitary and defenseless majesty; scanned meanwhile by the maids of honor (who, if they were truly honorable, would turn their eyes another way), ladies-in-waiting, Purse-Bearer (who, be it known, bears no trace of purse in public, but keeps it in his upper bureau drawer at home), and the sacred group in the rear. Some of the victims waddle, some hurry; some look up and down nervously, others glance over the shoulder as if dreading to be apprehended; some turn red, others pale, according to complexion and temperament; some swing their arms, others trip on their gowns; some twitch the buttons of a glove, or tweak a flower or a jewel. Francesca rose superior to all these weaknesses, and I doubt if the Gallery of the Kings ever served as a background for anything lovelier or more high-bred than that untitled slip of a girl from "the States." Her trailing gown

of dead white satin fell in unbroken lustrous folds behind her. Her beautiful throat and shoulders rose in statuesque whiteness from the shimmering drapery that encircled them. Her dark hair showed a moonbeam parting that rested the eye, weary from the contemplation of waves and frizzes. Her mother's pearls hung in ropes from neck to waist, and the one spot of color about her was the single American Beauty rose she carried. There is a patriotic florist in Paris who grows this long-stemmed empress of the rose-garden, and Mr. Beresford sends one to me every week. Francesca had taken the flower without permission, and I must say she was as worthy of it as it was of her.

She curtsied deeply, with no exaggerated ceremony, but with a sort of innocent and childlike gravity, while the satin of her gown spread itself like a great lily over the floor. Her head was bowed until the dark lashes swept her crimson cheeks; then she rose again from the heart of the satin lily, with the one splendid flower glowing against all her dazzling whiteness, and floated slowly across the dreaded space to the door of exit as if she were preceded by invisible heralds and followed by invisible train-bearers.

"Who is she?" we heard whispered here and there. "Look at the rose!" "Look at the pearls! Is she a princess or only an American?"

I glanced at the Reverend Ronald. I imagined he looked pale; at any rate, he was gnawing his mustache, and I believe he was in fancy laying his serious, Scottish, allopathic, Presbyterian heart at Francesca's gay, American, homœopathic, Swedenborgian feet.

"It is a pity Miss Monroe is such an ardent republican," he said; "otherwise she ought to be a duchess. I never saw a head that better suited a coronet, nor one that contained more caprices."

"It is true she flatly refused to accompany us here," I allowed, "but per-



haps she has some explanation more or less silly and serviceable; meantime, I defy you to say she is n't a beauty, and I implore you to say nothing about its being only skin-deep. Give me a beautiful exterior, say I, and I will spend my life in making the hidden things of mind and soul conform with it; but deliver me from all forlorn attempts to make my beauty of character speak through a large mouth, breathe through a fat nose, and look at my neighbor through crossed eyes!"

Mr. Macdonald agreed with me, with some few ministerial reservations. He always agrees with me, and why he is not tortured at the thought of my being the promised bride of another, but continues to squander his affections upon a quarrelsome girl, is more than I can comprehend.

Francesca appeared presently in our group, and Salemina did not even attempt to scold her. One cannot scold an imperious young beauty in white satin and ropes of pearls.

It seems that shortly after our departure (we had dined with Lady Baird) Lord Colquhoun had sent a note to me, requiring an answer. Francesca had opened it, and found that he offered an extra card of invitation to one of us, and said that he and his sister would gladly serve as escort to Holyrood, if desired. She had had an hour or two of solitude by this time, and was well weary of it, and the last vestige of headache disappeared under the temptation of appearing at court with all the *éclat* of unexpectedness. She dispatched a note of acceptance to Lord Colquhoun, called Mrs. M'Collop, Susanna, and the maiden Boots to her assistance, spread the trays of her Saratoga trunks about our three bedrooms, grouped all our candles on her dressing-table, and borrowed any little elegance of toilette which we chanced to have left behind. Her own store of adornments was much greater than ours, but we pos-

sessed certain articles for which she had a childlike admiration: my white satin slippers embroidered with seed pearls, Salemina's pearl-topped comb, my rose, Salemina's Valenciennes handkerchief and diamond belt-clasp, my pearl frog with ruby eyes. We identified our property on her impertinent young person, and the list of her borrowings so amused the Reverend Ronald that he forgot his injuries.

"It is really an ordeal, that presentation, no matter how strong one's sense of humor may be, nor how well rooted one's democracy," chattered Francesca to a serried rank of officers who surrounded her to the total routing of the ministry. "It is especially trying if one has come unexpectedly and has no idea of what is to happen. I was flustered at the most supreme moment, because, at the entrance of the throne-room, I had just shaken hands reverently with a splendid person who proved to be a footman. I took him for the Commander of the Queen's Guards, or the Keeper of the Dungeon Keys, or the Most Noble Custodian of the Royal Moats, Drawbridges, and Portcullises. When he put out his hand I had no idea it was simply to waft me onward, and so naturally I shook it, — it's a mercy that I did n't kiss it! Then I curtsied to the Royal Usher, and overlooked the Lord High Commissioner, having no eyes for any one but the beautiful scarlet Marchioness; I hope they were too busy to notice my mistakes! Did you see the child of ten who was next to me in line? She is Mrs. Macstronachlacher; at least that was the name on the card she carried, and she was thus announced. As they tell us the Purse-Bearer is most rigorous in arranging these functions and issuing the invitations, I presume she must be Mrs. Macstronachlacher; but if so, they marry very young in Scotland, and her skirts should really have been longer!"

*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

*(To be continued.)*

## NOTABLE RECENT NOVELS.

WITH the publication of St. Ives the catalogue of Stevenson's important writings has closed.

In truth it closed several years ago, — in 1891, to be exact, — when *Catriona* was published. Nothing which has appeared since that date can modify to any great extent the best critical estimate of his novels. Neither *Weir of Hermiston* nor *St. Ives* affects the matter. You may throw them into the scales with his other works, and then you may take them out; beyond a mere trembling the balance is not disturbed. But suppose you were to take out *Kidnapped*, or *Treasure Island*, or *The Master of Ballantrae*, the loss would be felt at once and seriously. And unless he has left behind him, hidden away among his loose papers, some rare and perfect sketch, some letter to posterity which shall be to his reputation what *Neil Paraday's* lost novel in *The Death of the Lion* might have been to *his*, St. Ives may be regarded as the epilogue.

Stevenson's death and the publication of this last effort of his fine genius may tend to draw away a measure of public interest from that type of novel which he, his imitators, and his rivals have so abundantly produced. This may be the close of a "period" such as we read about in histories of literature.

If the truth be told, has not our generation had enough of duels, hair-breadth escapes, post-chaises, and highwaymen, mysterious strangers muffled in great-coats, and pistols which always miss fire when they should n't? To say positively that we *have* done with all this might appear extravagant in the light of the popularity of certain modern heroic novels. But it might not be too radical a view if one were to maintain that these books are the expression of something temporary and accidental, that

they sustain a chronological relation to modern literature rather than an essential one.

Matthew Arnold spoke of Heine as a sardonic smile on the face of the *Zeitgeist*. Let us say that these modern stories in the heroic vein are a mere heightening of color on the cheeks of that interesting young lady, the *Genius* of the modern novel — a heightening of color *on* the cheeks, for the color comes from without and not from within. It is a matter of no moment. Artificial red does no harm for once, and looks well under gaslight.

These novels of adventure which we buy so cheerfully, read with such pleasure, and make such a good-natured fuss over, are for the greater part an expression of something altogether foreign to the deeper spirit of modern fiction. Surely the true modern novel is the one which reflects the life of to-day. And life to-day is easy, familiar, rich in material comforts, and on the whole without painfully striking contrasts and thrilling episodes. People have enough to eat, reasonable liberty, and a degree of patience with one another which suggests indifference. A man may shout aloud in the market-place the most revolutionary opinions, and hardly be taken to task for it; and then on the other hand we have got our rulers pretty well under control. This paragraph, however, is not the peroration of a eulogy upon "our unrivaled happiness." It attempts merely to lay stress on such facts as these, that it is not now possible to hang a clergyman of the Church of England for forgery, as was done in 1765; that a man may not be deprived of the custody of his own children because he holds heterodox religious opinions, as happened in 1816. There is widespread toleration; and civilization in the sense

in which Ruskin uses the word has much increased. Now it is possible for a Jew to become Prime Minister, and for a Roman Catholic to become England's Poet Laureate.

If, then, life is familiar, comfortable, unrestrained, and easy, as it certainly seems to be, how are we to account for the rise of this semi-historic, heroic literature? It is almost grotesque, the contrast between the books themselves and the manner in which they are produced. One may picture the incongruous elements of the situation — a young society man going up to his suite in a handsome modern apartment house, and dictating romance to a type-writer. In the evening he dines at his club, and the day after the happy launching of his novel he is interviewed by the representative of a newspaper syndicate, to whom he explains his literary method, while the interviewer makes a note of his dress and a comment on the decoration of his mantelpiece.

Surely romance written in this way — and we have not grossly exaggerated the way — bears no relation to modern literature other than a chronological one. The *Prisoner of Zenda* and *A Gentleman of France*, to mention two happy and pleasing examples of this type of novel, are not modern in the sense that they express any deep feeling or any vital characteristic of to-day. They are not instinct with the spirit of the times. One might say that these stories represent the novel in its theatrical mood. It is the novel masquerading. Just as a respectable bookkeeper likes to go into private theatricals, wear a wig with curls, a slouch hat with ostrich feathers, a sword and ruffles, and play a part to tear a cat in, so does the novel like to do the same. The day after the performance the whole artificial equipment drops away and disappears. The bookkeeper becomes a bookkeeper once more and a natural man. The hour before the footlights has done him no harm.

True, he forgot his lines at one place, but what is a prompter for if not to act in such an emergency? Now that it is over the affair may be pronounced a success — particularly in the light of the gratifying statement that a clear profit has been realized towards paying for the new organ.

This is a not unfair comparison of the part played by these books in modern fiction. The public likes them, buys them, reads them; and there is no reason why the public should not. In proportion to the demand for color, action, posturing, and excessive gesticulation, these books have a financial success; in proportion to the conscientiousness of the artist who creates them they have a literary vitality. But they bear to the actual modern novel a relation not unlike that which *The Castle of Otranto* bears to *Tom Jones* — making allowance of course for the chronological discrepancy.

From one point the heroic novel is a protest against the commonplace and stupid elements of modern life. According to Mr. Frederic Harrison there is no romance left in us. Life is stale and flat; yet even Mr. Harrison would hardly go to the length of declaring that it is also commercially unprofitable. The artificial apartment-house romance is one expression of the revolt against the duller elements in our civilization; and as has often been pointed out, the novel of psychological horrors is another expression.

There are a few men, however, whose work is not accounted for by saying that they love theatrical pomp and glitter for its own sake, or that they write fiction as a protest against the times in which they live. Stevenson was of this number. He was an adventurer by inheritance and by practice. He came of a race of adventurers, adventurers who built lighthouses and fought with that bold outlaw, the Sea. He himself honestly loved, and in a measure lived, a wild life. There is no truer touch of nature

than in the scene where St. Ives tells the boy Rowley that he is a hunted fugitive with a price set upon his head, and then enjoys the tragic astonishment depicted in the lad's face.

Rowley "had a high sense of romance and a secret cultus for all soldiers and criminals. His traveling library consisted of a chap-book life of Wallace, and some sixpenny parts of the Old Bailey Sessions Papers; . . . and the choice depicts his character to a hair. You can imagine how his new prospects brightened on a boy of this disposition. To be the servant and companion of a fugitive, a soldier, and a murderer, rolled in one—to live by stratagems, disguises, and false names, in an atmosphere of midnight and mystery so thick that you could cut it with a knife—was really, I believe, more dear to him than his meals, though he was a great trencher-man and something of a glutton besides. For myself, as the peg by which all this romantic business hung, I was simply idolized from that moment; and he would rather have sacrificed his hand than surrendered the privilege of serving me."

One can believe that Stevenson was a boy with tastes and ambitions like Rowley. But for that matter Rowley stands for universal boy-nature.

Criticism of St. Ives becomes both easy and difficult by reason of the fact that we know so much about the book from the author's point of view. He wrote it in trying circumstances, and never completed it; the last six chapters are from the pen of a practiced storyteller, who follows the author's known scheme of events. Stevenson was almost too severe in his comment upon his book. He says of St. Ives:—

"It is a mere tissue of adventures; the central figure not very well or very sharply drawn; no philosophy, no destiny, to it; some of the happenings very good in themselves, I believe, but none of them *bildende*, none of them

constructive, except in so far perhaps as they make up a kind of sham picture of the time, all in italics, and all out of drawing. Here and there, I think, it is well written; and here and there it's not. . . . If it has a merit to it, I should say it was a sort of deliberation and swing to the style, which seems to me to suit the mail-coaches and post-chaises with which it sounds all through. 'T is my most prosaic book."

One must remember that this is epistolary self-criticism, and that it is hardly to be looked upon in the nature of an "advance notice." Still more confidential and epistolary is the humorous and reckless affirmation that St. Ives is "a rudderless hulk." "It's a pagoda," says Stevenson in a letter dated September, 1894, "and you can just feel—or I can feel—that it might have been a pleasant story if it had only been blessed at baptism."

He had to rewrite portions of it in consequence of having received what Dr. Johnson would have called "a large accession of new ideas." The ideas were historical. The first five chapters describe the experiences of French prisoners of war in Edinburgh Castle. St. Ives was the only "gentleman" among them, the only man with ancestors and a right to the "particle." He suffered less from ill treatment than from the sense of being made ridiculous. The prisoners were dressed in uniform—"jacket, waistcoat, and trousers of a sulphur or mustard yellow, and a shirt of blue-and-white striped cotton." St. Ives thought that "some malignant genius had found his masterpiece of irony in that dress." So much is made of this point that one reads with unusual interest the letter in which Stevenson bewails his "miserable luck" with St. Ives; for he was halfway through it when a book, which he had ordered six months before, arrived, upsetting all his previous notions of how the prisoners were cared for. Now he must change

the thing from top to bottom. "How could I have dreamed the French prisoners were watched over like a female charity school, kept in a grotesque livery, and shaved twice a week?" All his points had been made on the idea that they were "unshaved and clothed anyhow." He welcomes the new matter, however, in spite of the labor it entails. And it is easy to see how he has enriched the earlier chapters by accentuating St. Ives's disgust and mortification over his hideous dress and stubbly chin.

The book has a light-hearted note in it as a romance of the road should have. The events take place in 1813; they might have occurred fifty or seventy-five years earlier. For the book lacks that convincing something which fastens a story immovably within certain chronological limits. It is the effect which Thomas Hardy has so wonderfully produced in that little tale describing Napoleon's night-time visit to the coast of England; the effect which Stevenson himself was equally happy in making when he wrote the piece called *A Lodging for a Night*.

St. Ives has plenty of good romantic stuff in it, though on the whole it is romance of the conventional sort. It is too well bred, let us say too observant of the forms and customs which one has learned to expect in a novel of the road. There is an escape from the castle in the sixth chapter, a flight in the darkness towards the cottage of the lady-love in the seventh chapter, an appeal to the generosity of the lady-love's aunt, a dragon with gold-rimmed eyeglasses, in the ninth chapter. And so on. We would not imply that all this is lacking in distinction, but it seems to want that high distinction which Stevenson could give to his work. Ought one to look for it in a book confessedly unsatisfactory to its author, and a book which was left incomplete?

There is a pretty account of the first meeting between St. Ives and Flora.

One naturally compares it with the scene in which David Balfour describes his sensations and emotions when the spell of Catriona's beauty came upon him. Says David:—

"There is no greater wonder than the way the face of a young woman fits in a man's mind and stays there, and he could never tell you why; it just seems it was the thing he wanted."

This is quite perfect, and in admirable keeping with the genuine simplicity of David's character:—

"She had wonderful bright eyes like stars; . . . and whatever was the cause, I stood there staring like a fool."

This is more concise than St. Ives's description of Flora; but St. Ives was a man of the world who had read books, and knew how to compare the young Scotch beauty to Diana:—

"As I saw her standing, her lips parted, a divine trouble in her eyes, I could have clapped my hands in applause, and was ready to acclaim her a genuine daughter of the winds."

The account of the meeting with Walter Scott and his daughter on the moors does not have the touch of reality in it that one would like. Here was an opportunity however of the author's own making.

There are flashes of humor, as when St. Ives found himself locked in the poultry-house "alone with half a dozen sitting hens. In the twilight of the place all fixed their eyes on me severely, and seemed to upbraid me with some crying impropriety."

There are sentences in which, after Stevenson's own manner, real insight is combined with felicitous expression. St. Ives is commenting upon the fact that he has done a thing which most men learned in the wisdom of this world would have pronounced absurd; he has "made a confidant of a boy in his teens and positively smelling of the nursery." But he had no cause to repent it. "There is none so apt as a boy to be

the adviser of any man in difficulties like mine. To the beginnings of virile common sense he adds the last lights of the child's imagination."

Men have been known to thank God when certain authors died — not because they bore the slightest personal ill will, but because they knew that as long as the authors lived nothing could prevent them from writing. In thinking of Stevenson, however, one cannot tell whether he experiences the more a feeling of personal or of literary loss, whether he laments chiefly the man or the author. It is not possible to separate the various cords of love, admiration, and gratitude which bind us to this man. He had a multitude of friends. He appealed to a wider audience than he knew. He himself said that he was read by journalists, by his fellow novelists, and by boys. Envious admiration might prompt a less successful writer to exclaim, "Well, is n't that enough?" No, for to be truly blest one must have women among one's readers. And there are elect ladies not a few who know Stevenson's novels; yet it is a question whether he has reached the great mass of female novel-readers. Certainly he is not well known in that circle of fashionable maidens and young matrons which justly prides itself upon an acquaintance with Van Bibber. And we can hardly think he is a familiar name to that vast and not fashionable constituency which battens upon the romances of Marie Corelli under the impression that it is perusing literature, while he offers no comfort whatever to that type of reader who prefers that a novel shall be filled with hard thinking, with social riddles, theological problems, and "sexual theorems." Stevenson was happy with his journalists and boys. Among all modern British men of letters he was in many ways the most highly blest; and his career was entirely picturesque and interesting. Other men have been more talked about, but the one thing which he did not lack was dis-

criminating praise from those who sit in high critical places.

He was prosperous, too, though not grossly prosperous. It is no new fact that the sales of his books were small in proportion to the magnitude of his contemporary fame. People praised him tremendously, but paid their dollars for entertainment of another quality than that supplied by his fine gifts. An *Inland Voyage* has never been as popular as *Three Men in a Boat*, nor *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* as *King Solomon's Mines*. While *The Black Arrow*, which Mr. Lang does not like, and which Professor Saintsbury insists is "a wonderfully good story," has not met a wide public favor at all. *Travels with a Donkey*, which came out in 1879, had only reached its sixth English edition in 1887. Perhaps that is good for a book so entirely virtuous in a literary way, but it was not a success to keep a man awake nights.

We have been told that it is wrong to admire Jekyll and Hyde, that the story is "coarse," an "outrage upon the grand allegories of the same motive," and several other things; nay, it is even hinted that this popular tale is evidence of a morbid strain in the author's nature. Rather than dispute the point it is a temptation to urge upon the critic that he is not radical enough, for in Stevenson's opinion all literature might be only a "morbid secretion."

The critics, however, agree in allowing us to admire without stint those smaller works in which his characteristic gifts displayed themselves at the best. *Thrawn Janet* is one of these, and the story of *Tod Lapraik*, told by Andie Dale in *Catriona*, is another. Stevenson himself declared that if he had never written anything except these two stories he would still have been a writer. We hope that there would be votes cast for Will o' the Mill, which is a lovely bit of literary workmanship. And there are a dozen besides these.



He was an artist of undoubted gifts, but he was an artist in small literary forms. His longest good novels are after all little books. When he attempted a large canvas he seemed not perfectly in command of his materials, though he could use those materials as they could have been used by no other artist. There is nothing in his books akin to that large and massive treatment which may be felt in a novel like *Rhoda Fleming* or in a tragedy like *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Andrew Lang was right when he said of Stevenson: He is a "Little Master," but of the Little Masters the most perfect and delightful.

The interest always attaching to a posthumous publication is enhanced in the case of George du Maurier's *Martian* by the peculiar circumstances which have attended his brief and brilliant literary career. Suddenly, late in life, an artist of established reputation turns author, and uses the pen with exactly the same ease and distinction with which he had previously used the pencil. He associates the two arts as they have never quite been associated before, illustrating either by the other with equal facility. Thackeray had done something of the kind, but in Thackeray the literary faculty was so transcendent, and so very superior to the pictorial, that the latter acquired, by comparison, a certain air of burlesque. With Du Maurier the implement seems absolutely indifferent; the characteristic and, to many, irresistibly fascinating style is always the same. It is not invariably true that the style is the man. There is a kind of preoccupation with style, which may have very fine and even exquisite results, but which spoils it as a transcript of character, just as effectually as an over-stately pose or studied expression spoils the likeness in a portrait. In Du Maurier's case, however, the style was the man. Some happy instinct taught him, what would never

have come by observation, how to be himself in his writings; that he was capable of no better achievement than this, and that this would prove enough for his fame. It came near indeed to proving quite too much. For all the charm of his personality, Du Maurier was not formed by nature to be the idol of the masses; and the one great popular success which he achieved by a species of fluke obscured his happiness, and unquestionably shortened his life. It is a strange and rather pathetic story.

To the few who perfectly understood him, there has been nothing more novel and moving and altogether delightful in recent literature than that gay and tender tale of a French boyhood with which Peter Ibbetson began. The very polyglot which Mr. du Maurier half unconsciously employed, and which would have been insupportable in anybody else, appeared a natural and graceful form of expression in him, and the twofold nationality of the man, French by affection and tradition, English by habit and conviction, seemed to multiply instead of dividing his sympathies, and gave a wonderful sort of stereoscopic roundness and relief to the subjects of his delineation. The obstinate "lands intersected by a narrow frith" had hardly ever found so impartial and persuasive a mutual interpreter.

Even the "esoteric" part of Peter Ibbetson — the fantastic theory that the soul may relive, in dreams, its own and the entire life of its race in time, and anticipate both in eternity — appealed to the imagination by the simple fervor with which it was set forth, and melted the heart by a sweet if deceitful glimpse of consoling and compensating possibilities. Peter Ibbetson was the sort of book which one reads and decides to keep, and does not lend to everybody.

And it was followed by — *Trilby*! Well, there is happily no need to say much about *Trilby*. Every possible comment, wise and unwise, fair and unfair,

Mr. du Maurier's *The Martian*.

has already been made upon that ubiquitous book by critics competent and incompetent. Those who had become enamored of the author through the medium of his first ingenuous and dreamy tale still saw his chivalric likeness in this transcript of his more purely Bohemian experience, and heard his generous and manly accents; but the million readers were caught, it is to be feared, by collateral and less legitimate attractions. One excellent use the book may well have, in the way of exposing the more offensive side of hypnotism, which has put on scientific airs and taken a high tone of late, but which is really only a genteel disguise for what was long since tabooed under its uglier though more descriptive name of animal magnetism. A greater novelist than Du Maurier and a complete Frenchman had treated the same *risqué* theme a generation before his day in a book called *Joseph Balsamo*, and once was really enough. The universal vogue of Trilby was deeply depressing to its author, than whom no man ever lived more intolerant of essential vulgarity, and one is almost glad that he had passed beyond the sphere of the illustrated newspaper before a Trilby exhibition of young ladies' feet was organized, to repair the tottering finances of a so-called religious society!

It has been a source of sorrowful pleasure to every sincere Du Maurian to find him returning, in his third and last novel, to the theme which he had treated so delicately in his first, and to discover how far he was from having exhausted its interest and charm. To have been a schoolboy in Paris in the forties! — there will be a glamour about that thought forevermore, and Tom Brown has a formidable rival in a most unexpected quarter. Du Maurier has done nothing more masterly with the pen which he wielded for so short a time than the descriptions of the Institution F. Brossard in the last days of the citizen-king (whose own sons were not sent to so grand a

school!) and of the joyous summer vacation in the Department of La Sarthe. Let us make room for one sunny, racy page of the author's own, in which he sketches the household of his provincial host M. Laferté: —

"It was the strangest country household I have ever seen, in France or anywhere else. They were evidently very well off, yet they preferred to eat their midday meal in the kitchen, which was immense; and so was the midday meal — and of a succulency!

"An old wolf-hound always lay by the huge log-fire; often with two or three fidgety cats fighting for the soft places on him, and making him growl; five or six other dogs, non-sporting, were always about at meal-time.

"The servants, three or four peasant women who waited on us, talked all the time, and were *tutoyées* by the family. Farm laborers came in and discussed agricultural matters, manures, etc., quite informally, squeezing their *bonnets de coton* in their hands. The postman sat by the fire and drank a glass of cider and smoked his pipe up the chimney while the letters were read — most of them out loud — and were commented upon by everybody in the most friendly spirit. All this made the meal last a long time.

"M. Laferté always wore his blouse, except in the evening, and then he wore a brown woolen *vareuse* or jersey; unless there were guests, when he wore his Sunday morning best. He nearly always spoke like a peasant, although he was really a decently educated man — or should have been.

"His old mother, who was of good family and eighty years of age, lived in a quite humble cottage, in a small street in La Tremblaye, with two little peasant girls to wait on her; and the La Tremblayes, with whom M. Laferté was not on speaking terms, were always coming into the village to see her, and bring her fruit and flowers and game. She was a most accomplished old lady, and an ex-

cellent musician, and had known Monsieur de Lafayette."

There, once for all, is the perfect manner for a story-teller; the manner which each one of us knows, theoretically, to be the very best, but which the vast majority are too self-conscious, or too ambitious, or too careful and troubled about effect ever properly to attain. And the Belgian scenes are almost equally good; especially the picture of life in the high, clerical circle of stately and sleepy old Malines, so simple and immaculate, so graceful in its quiet detachment; so refined and so resigned!

But if the qualities of Du Maurier never shone brighter than in some pages of *The Martian*, his limitations also are here most clearly and conclusively defined. He could never, by any possibility, have constructed a plot, or developed a character by scientific methods; and this tale has even less of coherence and plausibility than its predecessors. Barty Josselin, the hero, so engaging in his brilliant boyhood and more or less vagabond youth, becomes a mere abstraction from the moment his being is invaded and his brain utilized by his invisible Egeria. The very list of the books which he wrote under the inspiration of the magnetic lady from Mars fills us with unspeakable ennui, and we rejoice as one who awaketh from a nightmare at the recollection that we can never be constrained to read those books, — not even by the domineering insistence of the most infatuated clique. Something in his own experience of the sudden discovery of an unrealized faculty doubtless led to Du Maurier's inveterate preoccupation by the weird fancy of exchangeable personalities, and the working within us of a will not our own. It is evident, moreover, that the "possessed" Barty Josselin is to be regarded less as a unique individual than as a type of the coming race, and we learn from the descriptions of life at Marsfield what sort of folk Du Maurier hoped that the children of the

millennial state might be. First, and most important, they are to average taller, by a foot, than we, their miserable forbears, and to be all supremely handsome. They will have beautiful, though unconventional manners, and talk a kind of glorified slang. They will be wealthy without effort, and witty without spleen; musical and athletic; healthy, of course, and happy in their home affections, free from social prejudices and all manner of cant and unencumbered by book-learning.

It is not at all a bad ideal; and among the many Utopias which have, of late, been handed in for competition, who would not prefer Du Maurier's to Bulwer's or Bellamy's, or even the amiable and shadowy Nowhere of the late William Morris? We have already seen this one foreshadowed in the pages of *Punch*, where the elegant and debonair creatures who lounge under the palms or descend the palace stair are well-nigh impossible, anatomically, just at present, but may not be so in the good time coming. One need not be abnormally clever to perceive that the elements of Du Maurier's ideal state are derived in about equal proportions from the only two provinces of our manifold modern life, which, to him, were worth inhabiting — from Bohemia and Belgravia. He found his physical types in the latter, and his moral types, to the scandal of all outlying Philistia, chiefly in the former. But his heart embraced the whole; and in his resolute assertion of the comparative impotence of exact science, and the gross inadequacy to the needs of man of any merely material scheme of things, there was the essence of true religion.

And so we say our *ave atque vale* to one whose very whims and imperfections endeared him the more to those who cared for him at all; who did something, while he stayed with us, toward assuaging by sympathy and promise the trouble of the world and our own; and whose like — take him for all in all — we shall not soon look upon again.

There is a peculiarly happy, mellow quality in Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's latest novel, *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, a story of the American Revolution. It purports to be the memoirs of its chief character, written many years after the events he describes, and the sense of old age is admirably conveyed. Even in descriptions of the thick of the *mêlée* at Germantown, or of the charge over the redoubts at Yorktown, one is conscious of the flow of the tranquil pen of the narrator rather than of the waving sword of the actor. It is much as if the old Quaker virus, temporarily neutralized by the hot blood of youth, were once more in the ascendant; and though we have endless incidents, duels, battles, captures, escapes, plots, and counterplots, there is never the sense of excitement, scarcely of suspense, that such a succession of incidents presupposes. And Dr. Mitchell's style, perfected for this particular book by a choice of enough of the vernacular of the time, is so well suited to the task that it is difficult to realize that it is not the autobiography of the *Free Quaker*.

Another reason for this lack of intensity is undoubtedly a structural defect. *Hugh Wynne*, his cousin Arthur, and his dearest friend Jack all love the same girl, and the story is the usual one. In addition, the three lovers all fight in the Revolution, and we have much to do with the movements of Washington's army and of the war in general. There is really no connection, however, between the love and the fighting, and page after page of description might be cut out without loss to the story as a story; not that these very pages are uninteresting, for they make delightful reading as glimpses of the war, whether military or social; but they are not germane, and try as the author has, he cannot make them knit into his work or seem a part of it.

The use of too many such incidents has led to many slips of fact, which,

however unimportant, are regrettable because needless. It seems almost as if the author had gone out of his way to bring in the first Congress, in order that he might introduce as members men who were not elected to it. He makes the Conway cabal collapse because of Lee's capture, which occurred a full year before the cabal was heard of; he puts Washington into uniform when there were no troops yet thought of; and he embodies a military force in Pennsylvania before the battle of Lexington was fought. If these and many other errors and perversions were necessary, or even advantageous to the tale, no objection would be made to them, but they are as gratuitous and unessential as well could be. In short, in the endeavor to give a quality of truthfulness by the use of irrelevant minutiae, the author has injured his story in a technical sense, without obtaining the "atmosphere" for which he strove. Probably Henry Esmond and *The Virginians* were the models, but Thackeray never made this mistake with his material.

There is a second distant resemblance to the novels of Thackeray, for in *Hugh Wynne* we have a voluntary resignation of English estates to a younger branch of the family, and an emigration to America of the elder one. Then we have the scoundrelly cadet — a deep intriguer who gains the hand of the heroine, the fortune of the father, and almost the life of the hero; a most scoundrelly British villain, indeed, patriotically to contrast with his American cousins. Here, too, is a Damon and Pythias affection between *Hugh Wynne* and Jack that approximates to the relations between George and Harry, and *Hugh* tells the tale of both, much as George did. Finally, we have Washington, Lafayette, and the other like accessories, the former admirably drawn and far excelling in accuracy and humanness the portrait in *The Virginians*.

Neither *Hugh* nor *Jack* wins the read-

er very strongly. Yet it is not altogether easy to say why they do not, for both are meant to be sympathetic, and the contrast of character between the two is well done. The best character is Darthea, whose capricious liking of all men and resolute good faith to the worst man really make the story. Scarcely less good is the conception of Gainor Wynne, though we are required to revise our impressions of old-time views of spinsterhood before accepting her as a possibility of the last century. Nor is her liking for cards and all that they imply so much typical of the Whigs as of the Tories, the partisans of the Revolution for the most part disapproving of all frivolity.

It is as a picture that the book achieves its greatest success — an essay, as it were, on the old-time life that centred in the city of brotherly love, in the days when that desirable and Christian feeling was sadly embarrassed by party, religious, and personal rancor; the breaking up of the old society, the disruption of families, the waning of old faiths, old ties, and old methods. Few spots were so shaken and torn by the stress of those years as the old Quaker city, and this fact is most admirably brought out.

Viewed as a novel, the story lacks structure. From the beginning to the end one is never in doubt that all is not to be as it should be: that Hugh is to win Darthea; that Jack, the friend and lover, is to let his love fade into a proper emotion for his Damon's wife; and finally, that Arthur Wynne, a most proper villain, is to receive a proper punishment at the proper moment. But as a picture of eighteenth-century life the book has at once value and charm.

The story of Mr. Kipling's *Captains Courageous* is one of those simple, vigorous conceptions which we have come to expect from him, and the motive is one to which we are all ready to respond. Redemption by a strong hand pleases our

willful philanthropy. To drag a putty-faced, impudent fifteen-year-old heir to thirty millions away, by the winds of heaven and the deep sea, from his devil of indulgence, though the devil be in this instance also his mother, and by the same winds and sea to instill manliness into him, is a grim and delicious idea. The gorgeous simplicity of it would befit the Arabian Nights. A big, soft-armed wave picks the boy from the deck of an ocean steamer, and drops him into a dory which happens with fairy-tale appropriateness to come by, and this convenient conveyance delivers him over to a crew of stern-faced, laconic fishermen, who knock the nonsense out of him and put him in the way of learning the two lessons that in Mr. Kipling's eyes make up the chief duty of man — to work and not to be afraid. This is the whole story. The task, to be sure, requires nine months, and the account of it stretches over three hundred and twenty pages, but after the first twenty pages there is no plot, no development, no surprise. It awakens neither suspense nor hope nor fear. Everybody is reasonably safe, and the redemptive process apparent from the first goes on without check or hindrance.

The theme, however, gives an opportunity for dealing with a phase of life which Mr. Kipling has never before attempted to portray, and we have as a result the most vivid and picturesque treatment of New England fishermen that has yet been made. The atmosphere is unlike that in any other of Mr. Kipling's books; it is sober almost to sombreness, for the New England fisherman does not countenance hilarity or undue mirth. From the doleful chanter of *Disko Troop* in the cabin of the *We're Here* to the funereal Memorial Day at Gloucester and Mrs. Troop's despairing plaint of the sea, the tone of the book is never thoroughly merry. Neither is the movement of it ever swift, for the story is of men to whom time is seldom

Mr. Kipling's  
Captains  
Courageous.

pressing, and whose lives are ruled by the moods of the unshifting sea. Perhaps it is by reason of this that there is in the book greater restraint and serenity of language than in much of Mr. Kipling's earlier writing. There is less prodigality of words and of figures than in some earlier work, and the charm is that of fitness rather than form. These good things there are in *Captains Courageous*: a theme that is healthy and satisfying, a mood and an atmosphere that fit the occasions, and a measure of that serenity of manner which many of Mr. Kipling's critics have missed and almost despaired of. Yet this last excellence is paid for with a great price. Though it may bring relief from the go-fever and insistence of the earlier work, it is relief procured at the cost of life. We miss here the throb of impatient power that made the *Light that Failed* and *The Man who Would be King* intoxicants.

Two incidents arouse a perceptible degree of excitement — the rush over the mountains in the private car, and the weeping of the widows of Gloucester. But these have nothing to do with the story proper, and are manifestly dragged in. For the rest, the slow words are most unlike the tense sentences that the maker of *Mulvaney* was used to write.

The characters of the book are hardly less disappointing. To be sure the boy Harvey has disadvantages as a hero. He has not the plasticity of Wee Willie Winkie to be moulded into a child knight-errant, nor the hardness of Dick Helder to be hammered into fierce heroism. He is just an ordinary boy at the hobbledohoy stage, and it is due him to say that he appears as he is.

Most of the characters with the exception of Disko Troop are mere outlines, distinguishable by Dickens-like tags. Tom Platt was on the Ohio and Long Jack is from East Boston. What the inner natures of these men are, whether they have like passions with the men we know, is a matter of assump-

tion. Disko Troop, however, is more than an outline. Though the workings of his heart are curiously concealed through three hundred pages we come to feel that he has a certain individuality, as of a mingling of the wiliness of the much-enduring Ulysses with a stern, Puritan sense of justice. Manuel and Salters are little more than dummy figures, and Mrs. Troop is hardly more than a voice that complains against the sea. At the end of *The Courting of Dinah Shadd* we knew *Mulvaney* as we know none of the characters of *Captains Courageous*.

The essence of the book is to be found, apart from the healthy, masculine notion of it, in its exploitation of the Grand Bankers. We can understand that these toilers of the deep, holding a part of the ocean almost to themselves and living lives separate and full of peril, must have appealed powerfully to Mr. Kipling's imagination. And he has laid bare the conditions of their toil and the fog-wrapped wastes in which it falls as no other writer has done, as perhaps no other writer could have done. Few other men, indeed, know the sea as he knows it, and in describing it he discovers always some of his peculiar witchery of probing words, some of his familiar and expected thrust of phrase.

The first dressing-down on the tilting decks of the *We're Here* and her run home when her hold was full, — "when the jib-boom solemnly poked at the low stars" and "she cuddled her lee-rail down to the crashing blue" in a pace that is joyous to every one who loves the lift and slide of a ship at sea, — these remain like the flavor of a well-known wine. Such passages, however, are all too rare. The style of this book is not as the style of the others. Some measure of beauty it retains, but it is not the bloom that we have known. Nowhere between its covers is there a passage to match the description of the sleeping city in *The City of Dreadful Night*.



Yet there are bits that are thoroughly good, like this about an iceberg: "A whiteness moved in the whiteness of the fog with a breath like the breath of the grave, and there was a roaring, a plunging and spouting;" and this about a ship: "Now a bark is feminine beyond all other daughters of the sea, and this tall, hesitating creature, with her white and gilt figurehead, looked just like a bewildered woman half lifting her skirts to cross a muddy street under the jeers of bad little boys." One looks and listens in vain, however, for language chaste and rhythmic like the style of *The Spring Running*, or for the melancholy grace of words that made *Without Benefit of Clergy* half-intoxicating and all pitiful.

Captains Courageous has not the sweep of power that of right belongs to the handiwork of its maker, — the old-time rush and energy, the straining pace of syllables doubly laden, the silences that come where words fail for weakness. One misses the eager thrill of phrases like this from *The Light that Failed*, "the I — I — I's flashing through the records as telegraph-poles fly past the traveler." There is an almost incredible lack of significance in parts of it, as if it were a steamer under-engined for its length. Some chapters are floated by mere description, and go crippled like an ocean-liner relying on its sails. It is matter of doubt whether in all Mr. Kipling's other books together one could find so many barren pages as are here. Page after page drags on after the story is told, like the latter joints of a scotched snake. Some of Mr. Kipling's early short stories, *The Courting of Dinah Shadd*, *Love O' Women*, and *Beyond the Pale*, have greater wealth of human interest, more import of life, death, and destiny, than this whole volume carries. The power of humor in *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney*, the glare of race feeling in *The Man who Was*, and the splendid reaches of imagination in *The Man who Would be King* are

all lacking here. Captains Courageous awakens no hot emulation to make one up and tread the floor like the Nilghai's choruses in *The Light that Failed*, nor any grim joy of fight to endanger table-tops as Ortheris's fight with the captain in *His Private Honor* does, nor any gulp of suspense to catch your throat such as rises at the charge at Silver's Theatre in *With the Main Guard*.

We take Mr. Kipling very seriously, for he is the greatest creative mind that we now have: he has the devouring eye and the portraying hand. And Captains Courageous is badly wrought and is less than the measure of his power. It may be when he sent it out some words of his own had been forgotten — words with which he dedicated one of his earliest books, —

"For I have wrought them for Thy sake  
And breathed in them mine agonies."

It seems to us to lack this sort of inspiration.

A good way to judge the structure of a story is to examine it as if you intended turning it into a play. To do so is to ask about it two very searching questions: Is it well constructed? Is its theme strongly based upon the verities of human nature? Looking upon the story with the eye of the dramatist, you will see all its superfluities fade away, — all the "analysis of character," all the author's wise or humorous reflections, all the episodic incidents. Everything by which writers of novels are enabled to blind their readers to the structural weakness of their productions, or to the essential improbability or triviality of their themes, seems to detach itself and vanish, leaving the substance and the form naked to the eye.

It is interesting to apply this test, which seems fair, although severe, to Miss Wilkins's latest story, *Jerome*. The plot, reduced to its simplest terms, is this: Jerome, a poor young man who is not likely ever to have any property

Miss Wilkins's *Jerome*.

to call his own, promises that he will give away to the poor of the town all his wealth if he ever becomes rich. Two incredulous rich men, taunted and stung thereto by the gibes of the company, declare that if, within ten years, Jerome receives and gives away as much as ten thousand dollars, they on their side will give away to the poor one fourth of their property. Jerome becomes possessed of a fortune, and does with it as he had promised to do. The two rich men thereupon fulfill their agreements.

This is the keystone of the novel, the central fact of the story which supports the whole structure. All that precedes is preparatory, all that follows is explanatory.

Now, to revert to the test of a play, this is not an idea upon which a serious drama could be founded. That such a bargain should be made and kept may be within the possibilities of human nature; few things, indeed, lie outside the possibilities of human nature. But it is not within the probabilities. Any serious play which should be based upon it would inevitably seem artificial. It is an idea for a farce, or, on a higher level, for a satirical comedy; for each of these species of composition may be based upon an absurdity, if, when once started, it is developed naturally and logically. A serious play, however, if it is not to miss its effect, must treat a serious theme; one of which no spectator for an instant will question the reality. By such a test as this Miss Wilkins's novel fails because its theme lacks probability and dignity.

The theme, in fact, is of the right proportion for a short story, and this, indeed, is what Miss Wilkins has made; but she has prefixed to it a series of short stories and sketches dealing with preceding events, and has added another series of short stories and sketches dealing with subsequent events. These are all rather loosely bound together, and the result is that the reader, thinking over the story,

does not have an idea of it as a unit; he thinks now of one part, now of another; and by the mere fact of his so thinking of it he confesses that he has not found it a good novel, but a bad novel by a good writer of short stories. Miss Wilkins employs in Jerome her short-story methods, and has not mastered the technique of a larger structure. She is, as it were, Meissonier trying to paint a large, bold canvas.

The mention of Meissonier calls to mind the merits of the story, which, as any reader of her work may guess, are neither few nor small. There are many admirable human portraits in the book, many excellently dramatic bits of action, much strong, nervous, natural dialogue. Always the work is that of a keenly observant eye, and of the brooding type of mind that is most surely dowered with the creative imagination. A single excellent passage will illustrate our meaning. Jerome's mother is speaking to him of the report that he has given away his wealth:—

"‘I want to know if it's true,’ she said.

"‘Yes, mother, it is.’

"‘You've given it all away?’

"‘Yes, mother.’

"‘Your own folks won't get none of it?’

"Jerome shook his head. . . .

"Ann Edwards looked at her son, with a face of pale recrimination and awe. She opened her mouth to speak, then closed it without a word. ‘*I never had a black silk dress in my life,*’ said she finally, in a shaking voice, and that was all the reproach which she offered.”

The longer you consider Ann Edwards's comment, the more admirable you must think it.

One tendency shows itself in this latest novel by Miss Wilkins which should not pass without mention, and which must be lamented by every reader who wishes well to the literary art. The book, as may be guessed even from this

brief synopsis of its plot, is a weak attempt to question the present economic system. It sets off the wickedness or the selfishness of the rich against the virtue and helplessness of the poor after the manner of the sentimental socialist. A brief literary criticism is hardly the place to treat of economics, but one may pause to remark how odd it is that the novelist, since his business is particularly the study of human nature, and his capital a knowledge of it, should not perceive that the economic trouble lies, not in the present system of property, but in human nature itself.

Mr. Howells has been for a long period so anxiously and almost morbidly preoccupied with American types and social portents and problems that it is a great pleasure to find him, in *An Open-Eyed Conspiracy*, dropping into something like the gay and engaging manner of former days. We are glad to meet Mr. and Mrs. March again upon their summer travels, and to perceive how lightly, after all, that worthy pair have been touched by the twenty-five years or so that have intervened since they kindly took Kitty Ellison to Canada, and made, to that good girl's temporary cost, the chance acquaintance of the *fude* and futile Mr. Arbuton.

We know now that Mrs. March, at least, will never grow old; and that we should find her after another quarter century, were any of us to live so long, as defiantly impulsive and illogical, as inconsistently concerned, and as incurably sympathetic with youthful romance, as ever. There is an accent of deep conviction underlying the final *bonmot* with which Mr. March concludes the *Saratoga Idyl*: "The girlhood passes, but the girl remains." Yet it is rather base of him to say it plaintively, when the results, in his own wife's case, have been so charming; and Mr. March appears to us upon the whole not quite as clearly unspotted from the world as his

constructively mundane consort. He was ever prone, beneath his outward *bonhomie*, to fix a somewhat too sad and haggard eye upon those contrasts of material condition in our American life, which hardly deserve to be called social distinctions. Both the Marches ought to have known, by the present decade, that two such clear-headed and final-secular young persons as Miss Gage and Mr. Kendrick would assuredly arrange their own little affairs, and work out unassisted their own salvation or the reverse. The scenery of the beautiful but no longer fashionable spa where the idyl takes place is portrayed with photographic precision, and a disdain of the methods of mere impressionism which warms one's heart; while the fatal occasion of the hop at the Grand Union Hotel and the conspicuously ineffectual chaperonage of Mr. March are described with a deal of quaint humor, quite in the irresistible manner of the author's best period. The *Saratoga Idyl* is as light as those unattached gossamers which float about in the warm air on dreamy October days, and are sometimes called *Virgin's Thread*. But like them it seems a true though slight product of the "season of rest and mellow fruitfulness," and the leisurely reader will find it haunted by all the peculiar and penetrating charm of the *alienis mensibus æstas*.

The cause for the success of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* is not far to seek. It is a story of brave action, performed by persons at once beautiful and young. To prove that they are beautiful, we have Mr. Davis's word and our own opinion, but chiefly Mr. Gibson's most suitable illustrations. That they are young, there can be no doubt upon any ground. It were pitiful if these two qualities of youth and beauty did not touch at least forty thousand of the great public. To all this it must be added that Mr. Davis has an excel-

Mr. Howells's *An Open-Eyed Conspiracy*.

Mr. Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*.

lent gift of narrative, and speaks a language which is especially grateful to many ears, whether by custom or through curiosity, for it is the language of the world of which Mr. Davis's own Van Bibber is the recognized type.

How strong this appeal must be one realizes when the book's elements of weakness, through unreality and a failure to convince, are considered even for a moment. It is needful only to look at the central figure, a hero such as "never was on sea or land." He is defined as "a tall broad-shouldered youth," and surely he cannot be far beyond thirty at the utmost. At sixteen he embarked at New Orleans as a sailor before the mast. From the diamond fields of South Africa, where he landed from his first voyage, he went on to Madagascar, Egypt, and Algiers. It must have been in this period of his life that he was an officer in the English army, "when they were short of officers" in the Soudan, received a medal from the Sultan of Zanzibar, since "he was out of cigars the day I called," and won the Legion of Honor while fighting as a *Chasseur d'Afrique* against the Arabs. It was presumably later that he built a harbor fort at Rio, and, because it was successfully reproduced on the Baltic, was created a German baron. In a later year, possibly, he was president of an International Congress of Engineers at Madrid; but in his casual accounts of himself it is a little difficult to keep track of the years, and to know just where he had time for his visits to Chili and Peru, and incidentally for his experiences as a cowboy on our own plains, and as the builder of the Jalisco and Mexican Railroad. When a youth has done all these things, there is no reason why he should not take the further steps, in which we follow him, as the head of an enormous mining enterprise in South America, the temporary, and of course successful, commander in a revolution at Olancho, and the perfectly "turned out" man of the world, who

soon discovers the superiority of his employer's younger daughter, and wins her hand without having to ask for it.

It should be said in justice to this Admirable Crichton that he defines some of his own actions as "gallery plays." In like manner, when the cloud of the revolution is about to burst, the heroine appears on the scene, protesting, "I always ride over to polo alone at Newport, at least with James;" her brother says, "It reminds me of a football match, when the teams run on the field;" and the hero himself likens it to a scene in a play. When a revolution begins on this wise, with such participants, one is well prepared to see it go forward somewhat like a performance of amateur theatricals, in which the players enjoy themselves exceedingly, but make very timid and incipient approaches to reality. Indeed, for all of Mr. Davis's brave and familiar habit of speech, as if from the very core of things, the real scene of the revolution seems to be the author's study-table, and the merit of the book grows sensibly less as the fight proceeds.

The inherent elements of its structure, already mentioned, go far to redeem the book. But not only by their means has Mr. Davis shown his strength. In the sisters, Alice and Hope Langham, he has made two excellent types of the girl spoiled and unspoiled by the world. In MacWilliams, with his "barber-shop chords" and his good vulgarity, he has drawn a picture admirably true to life. In the vivid reproduction of scenes, in none more notably than that of the killing of Stuart and the leaving of his dead body in the empty room, he has sometimes shown the hand almost of a master in description.

It is no disheartening sign of the times that such a book is read, for youth and beauty and prowess march across its pages, and behind them one feels the creator's honest sympathy with these things.

